Life After est: Inside the Self-Improvement Biz

Kevin Cahill, New York's Shadow Governor

ONE DOLLAR JULY 24, 1978

NEW YORK

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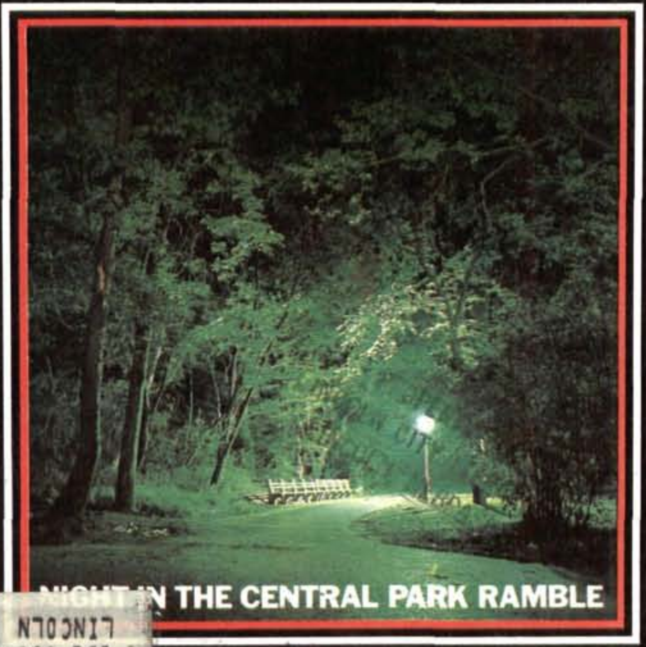
—Cole Porter, 1935

'We killed a faggot!'

—Park gang, 1978



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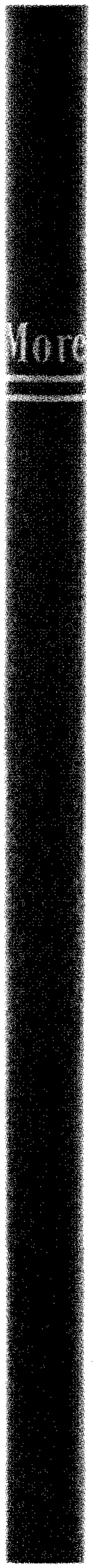

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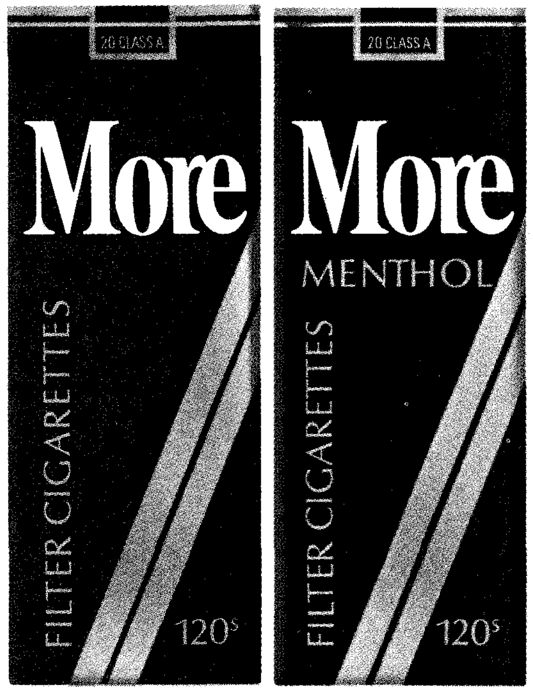
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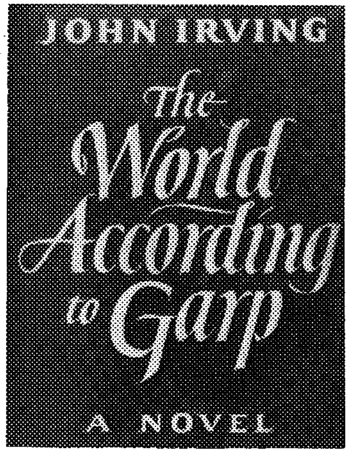
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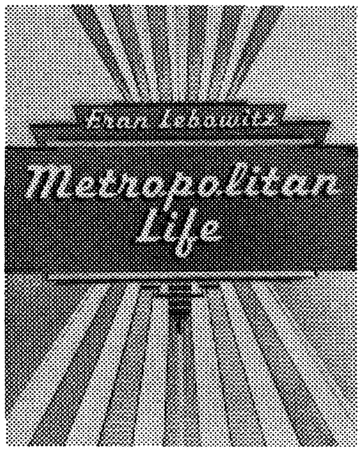
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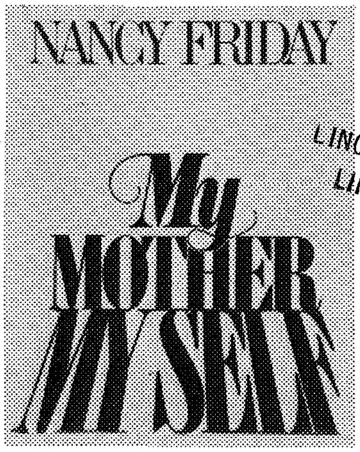
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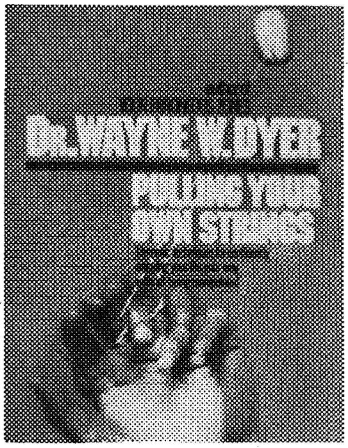
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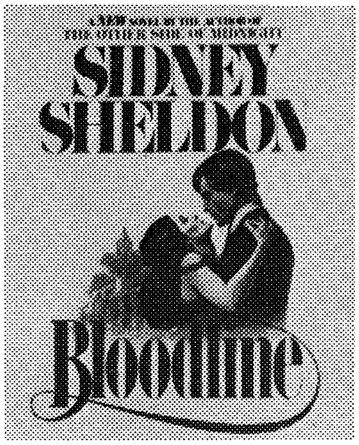
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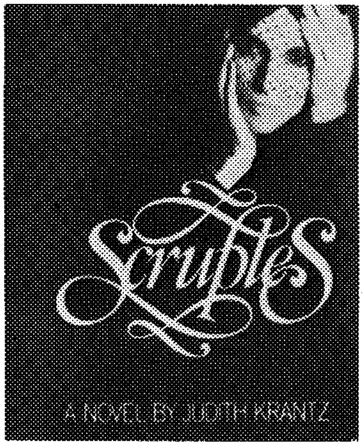
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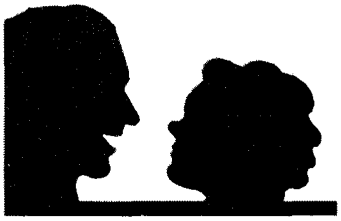
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By Barbara Grizzuti Harrison

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By Joyce Purnick

Dr. Kevin Cahill is, by training, a specialist in tropical diseases, but his practice ranges wider than that. He has become the personal physician, and one of the closest political confidants, of Governor Carey; his clientele also includes a surprising number of other highly placed personages. These people can't all be worried about the tsetse fly, so who is Dr. Cahill and what are his secrets?

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LETTERS

Margin for Error

Carolyn Kay Brancato's excellent review of the 1977 blackout ["Where Will You Be When the Lights Go Out This Summer?" July 17] certainly presents a damning picture of Con Edison's ineptitude. But it misses two factors frequently ignored in a world where lawyers and economists are called upon to judge the world of engineers.

The simple fact is that it is impossible to create a risk-free society. And as one moves closer toward that goal, it becomes increasingly expensive to reduce the chance of failure. Every structure and every machine ever created has a finite chance of failure.

Although it is true that larger and more expensive systems can afford a degree of control and reliability not possible in smaller systems, it's likewise true that, as systems grow more complex, their reliability is reduced accordingly, and as systems attempt to serve more people with a single unit, the chances of reducing an entire area or region to helplessness increases greatly. Thus we should move toward a multitude of service units, such as total energy systems for housing projects and shopping centers, rather than depending totally on a massive, complex central system. And we should move toward simpler technology, such as solar energy, wherever possible.

Robert N. Rickles
Institute for Public Transportation
Manhattan

Minority Rights

I would like to take the opportunity of this letter to praise Orde Coombs and *New York* Magazine for the recent article on mulattoes ["Mulatto Pride," June 26]. I am heartened to see that an item of such monumental and crucial importance to the black community was included in the magazine rather than an article dealing with such insignificant issues as directionless black youth, unemployment, black-infant mortality, *Bakke*, racism in New York, etc.

Unfortunately, there is one small note of criticism that I must add. Since Mr. Coombs and *New York* Magazine saw fit to write and publish an article dealing with an important and outspoken minority within the black community, it is only fitting that other minorities within our community also be given similar recognition, including quadroons, octoroons, macaroons (the descendants of black-Irish unions), and kangaroons (the descendants of black-Australian unions).

Wallace L. Ford II
President
The Harlem Lawyers Association
Manhattan

He's Just My Bill

"Gingerly," by Harold J. Kennedy [July 3], was a delight. However, Mr. Kennedy errs slightly on two points.

As stage manager at Skowhegan, I was introduced to Miss Rogers on her arrival. She instantly informed me that for the run of the show I would be "Mr. Hackett," because "there is only one 'Bill' in my life."

Later she complained to me about the backstage crew's unnerving calling of "Bill" and their "being around all the time. Isn't it possible to mask them somehow?" she asked.

Maureen O'Sullivan was right. Except for opening night, we all wore masks, and for the entire run of the show the crew called me "Guillaume."

Bill Hackett
Manhattan

Beach Buffs

I was disappointed that the Rockaways were ignored in Nancy McKeon's "On the Beaches: New York's Top Day Trips" [June 26].

Stretching from Beach 1st to 149th Street are miles of glorious sand, cool water, jetties for birds and bird watchers, and a boardwalk for strolling. Separate sections are set aside for surfing, fishing, snorkeling, and picnicking. There's a city park which offers concerts, folk-dancing classes, and special events. Despite its proximity to Manhattan—via A train, Long Island Rail Road, or Green Bus Lines—many parts of this area are virtually deserted.

Suzan Schultz
Far Rockaway

The city of Long Beach boasts one of the finest sand beaches in the Long Island area, a two-and-a-half-mile boardwalk, and a location only 50 minutes away from Penn Station.

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NEW YORK INTELLIGENCER

Patts: Little girl, big movie.

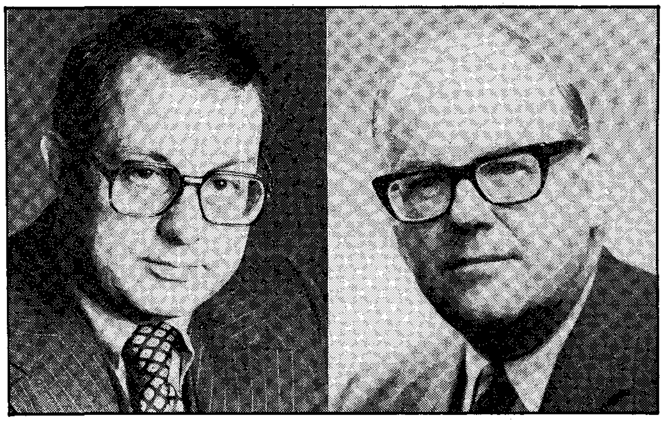
Tot Tapped for Future Stardom

The search for a kid to play the title role in Columbia's movie version of the Broadway hit *Annie* may already be over. Columbia (which paid a record $9.5-million for the rights) is high on Patricia Ann Patts, who's starring in the new West Coast production of the show. The movie won't be made until 1981, but Patricia Ann is only ten years old and will still be eligible. (Andrea McArdle, the original Annie, will be fifteen this year; Shelley Bruce, her replacement, just turned thirteen.)

Publishing Notes From All Over

It just had to happen to Jackie O. After hanging out with literary types as an editor at Viking and Doubleday, Jackie has finally put pen to paper and come up with something of her own—the outline for a movie. Jackie and two co-writers have shown their idea to Columbia Pictures, which likes it. The trio is now hammering out a full-fledged "treatment" for the studio. All we know about the property is that it's "contemporary." . . . Also trying his hand at scriptwriting is Nobel-prize winner Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, who has two agents pushing his opus around the studios. So far there's been no interest shown. Solzy's script is all about prisoners in the Gulag and is thought to be depressing. . . . There's a big publishing tie-in with the show that's being touted as the hottest of the new TV season, ABC's *Battlestar Galactica.* Berkley will publish a book about the show in August, a month before it airs. Berkley has already rushed out a first print of 100,000 in Canada to link up with the cinema version of *Battlestar Galactica,* which has just been released up north and which is outgrossing *Star Wars.* . . . Poor Marilyn Monroe is getting another going-over, this time from someone who claims she was M.M.'s maid for seven years. Simon and Schuster is now preparing the book. Among the "revelations" is the claim that Frank Sinatra was her one true love and that she left Arthur Miller for him. The book also has it that at the time of her death Marilyn was planning a reconciliation with Joe DiMaggio. . . . Physician, Heal Thyself Department: Writer Tracy Cabot and psychologist Dr. Zev Wanderer were signed by Putnam's to write a book called *Letting Go: A 12-Week Personal Action Program to Overcome a Broken Heart.* According to Tracy, they were lovers before they began the book. "Then we started fighting over money and how the book should be finished," Tracy tells us. "Now Zev's so mad at me he won't even appear on the same TV shows to promote the book. This is the first time I've had an ex-lover hating me. Avoiding this sort of thing is what the book's all about."

Tandem to Head Up 'Daily News'



Barletta, James of News: *Top job at biggest paper to be split.*

It's said that Stanton Cook, president of the *Daily News*'s parent company in Chicago, has been introducing *News* general manager Joe Barletta as "our next publisher." If that is so, where would that leave editor Mike O'Neill, who is supposed to succeed Tex James as president and publisher sometime soon? The way we hear it, they're going to split James's titles between O'Neill and Barletta. Chicago wants their man Barletta right at the top to generate some more profits. At present the *News* yields a miserly 1.3 percent on an investment valued at $750 million. O'Neill has been somewhat hamstrung in his efforts to lift the profits, with Chicago reluctant to put up the money needed to brighten America's largest-selling newspaper. And there's a lot of deadwood on the staff that Newspaper Guild strength has prevented O'Neill from lopping. One of the first moves by O'Neill-Barletta could be to drop the 7:45 P.M. bulldog edition, allowing more time to produce a better paper later in the night.

Krupsak Losing Early Support

Mary Anne Krupsak may be leading the Democratic gubernatorial polls but she's going nowhere, according to experts assessing the first month of her campaign to unseat Hugh Carey. The first blow to the Krupsak hopes was struck when she failed to overturn the New Democratic Coalition's endorsement of Carey. She could have had the NDC endorsement except that she (or her advisers) chose to insult Bella Abzug. Bella then chose not to stump for Krupsak at the NDC.

Abzug, still angry over the rebuff, so fervently believes in women candidates that she won't speak out against the Krupsak effort, but she's not going to work hard for it, either. More pragmatic is Manhattan Borough President Andrew Stein. A bitter opponent of Carey's, Stein was about to endorse Krupsak. Now he's decided to stay on the fence. That means Krupsak can also forget about getting money from Andy's dad, Jerry Finkelstein. Another example of the general confusion in the Krupsak camp came after our reference last week to her search for a running mate. A somewhat embarrassed aide called to say that Krupsak denied the story, wasn't looking for a partner on her ticket, and would be thrilled to run with Mario Cuomo. Which will be news to those who think they're running Krupsak's campaign.

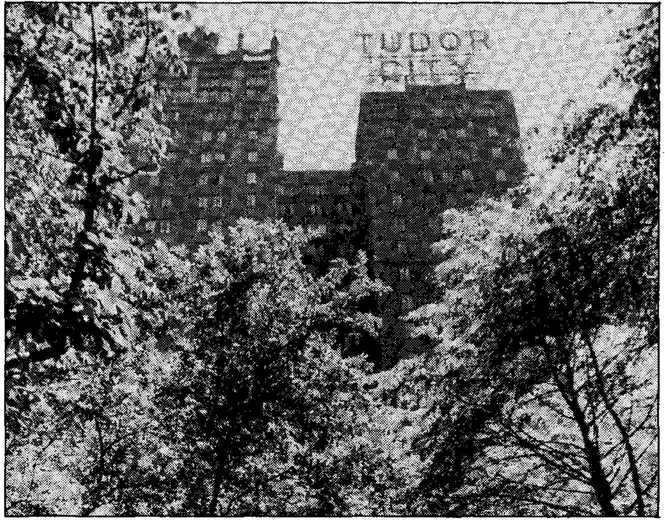
BY NEAL TRAVIS

Photo credit: left— Jay Thompson

Cold-Type 'Times' Freezes Readers

Hard times prevail at the *Times,* where staffers are trying to adjust to the conversion to cold type. A week after the changeover the paper was still running up to two hours late and news vendors were screaming. We checked a couple of major East Side dealers, who reported receiving only one twentieth of their normal allocation of papers. While *Times* management has been blaming the pressmen for some of the troubles, our sources say the company goofed by failing to buy enough machines to make the new plastic plates. During all the confusion important stories and sports results have missed editions, unrevised editions have been labeled "Late City," and circulation is down by tens of thousands. Soon after the conversion, executive vice-president Walter Mattson shouted at heads of the pressmen's union that he would close the paper if the slowdown continued. And on other nights Punch Sulzberger, chairman and president of the *Times,* has been seen and heard roaming through the composing room.

Helmsley Moves on Tudor City



Tudor City park: Trees will come down so apartments can go up.

The residents of Tudor City had better enjoy their view while they can. Harry Helmsley has just decided he's tired of paying for their park and will proceed at once with plans to build an apartment tower there. "Parks are very nice," Helmsley told us, "but not when you're paying the taxes on them yourself. I bought that land ten years ago for $9 million or $10 million. I've been getting no return and picking up the tax bill ever since. Well, enough." Helmsley's scheme can't be stopped. A couple of years ago the city fought a similar Helmsley plan for the apartment-house complex. The city lost, but the Tudor City residents were led to believe Helmsley himself would not proceed. Local politicians were appalled when we told them of Helmsley's plans and vowed to fight the construction. To which Helmsley says good luck. "I've got nothing against parks," he said. "I'd be delighted if the city would come along and give me a fair market price for the land and have it left as a park. But I can't afford to keep subsidizing the view from Tudor City."

Columnists Err On Bella Blast

Evans and Novak, the syndicated columnists who share Bill Buckley's philosophies (if not his erudition), recently turned their typewriters against Bella Abzug. They made much of Jimmy Carter's decision to appoint Abzug co-chair of his National Advisory Committee for Women, since, they said, she had appeared at a rally for Julius and Ethel Rosenberg. They suggested the president had been misadvised by aide Anne Wexler in making the appointment. Evans and Novak also reported that Rosalynn Carter opposed the Abzug appointment. The crusading columnists are now being informed (by indignant letters from Abzug supporters) that Bella didn't appear at the Rosenberg rally. She *was* a sponsor of it because, she says, she supports the principle of freedom of information, which, she claims, is what the rally was all about. As for the Rosalynn Carter reference, Evans and Novak needed only to consult the first lady's press releases to know that she is firmly on the record as supporting Abzug for the women's committee post.

Capote Doesn't Like His Story

So how does Truman Capote feel about the two-parter on his "private world" in *The New York Times Magazine*? "He's distressed," one of the Tiny Terror's closest friends tells us. "He feels the articles portray him as a home wrecker." Truman's also distressed with all those friends of his who talked so frankly with the article's author, Anne Taylor Fleming. "But from the questions she asked and the names she dropped, Truman had obviously given her every cooperation, so we cooperated too," says the friend. "All of us thought it was a positive piece. But then again, Truman's more sensitive than most."

Barbra's Beau Branching Out

Peters: Cutting his way to top in entertainment industry.

Jon Peters is moving into New York in a big way. The former hairdresser, through his J.P. Organization, plans to cozy up to the major publishing houses here and bid for their biggest books. "I've got as much money as any major studio and I want to make sure I get in the bidding with all the rest," Peters told us.

Peters, who for a while was best known as Barbra Streisand's boyfriend, says he's now being taken seriously in the entertainment industry. "People thought of me as some kind of hustler who was giving it to Streisand and that she was reciprocating by letting me take over her career," he recalls. But after the box-office success of *A Star Is Born,* they're stumbling over themselves to work with producer Peters. After his Faye Dunaway picture, *Eyes of Laura Mars,* Peters has no fewer than thirteen film projects lined up. His company is also handling the careers of Streisand and ABC-TV's Geraldo Rivera, among others. "Geraldo was of particular interest to me," says Peters. "I just renegotiated an ABC deal for him and I'm overseeing some screenplays he's writing."

Despite his success, however, some in the industry are still sniping at the 33-year-old Peters. "There's a lot of hypocrisy in this business," he says. "A creative producer with a lot of ideas is very frightening to a lot of people. The movies, for a long time, have been governed by agents who 'agent' deals. They hate those of us who are young with new ideas. But I had a great teacher: Barbra is a genius."

Photo credits: top—Richard Pan; bottom—Adam Scull/Black Star

The Capitol Letter/Ron Rubin

REPUBLICANS COURT THE JEWISH VOTE

GOP? Couldn't Hurt

Sunday, May 21, was a big day for GOP heavy hitters. With a Soviet Jewry Solidarity rally at Battery Park in the afternoon and a dinner of the Union of Orthodox Jewish Congregations of America that night at the New York Hilton, Bill Brock, Bob Packwood, and Chuck Mathias knew where to zero in on the yarmulke-wearing voters they were looking for. The Republican stampede for the Jewish vote had begun.

Six days earlier, thanks to President Carter's intense lobbying, the Senate had approved America's first sale of jet fighters to Saudi Arabia. The Republicans were here to cash in on Jewish fallout, and New York Jews didn't disappoint them. When Bob Lifschutz, President Carter's counsel, rose to address the Soviet Jewry rally, he found staring him in the face a handpainted bed sheet: God Forgive Us for Voting for Carter. Only after Ed Koch lectured the hecklers about the dictates of courtesy did Lifschutz meekly finish his message.

Under a midday sun, ripples of shifting political alignments could be detected as the crowd gave its heartiest cheers, not to a Jewish-establishment type or a champion of Jewish causes from the urban East, but to Bob Packwood, a senator from Oregon who represents 7,000 Jewish constituents.

Egged on by chants of "Dump Carter" from the crowd, Bob Packwood, also chairman of the National Republican Senatorial Committee, exclaimed, "I'm so damned sore at the State Department," and accused it of "long-standing and blatant" anti-Jewish bias.

Though the 1980 presidential race is still a while away, the Republican party, for the first time in modern history on the national level, is waging a deliberate campaign to woo the Jewish voter, proportionately America's heaviest-voting ethnic group. Because over 80 percent of American Jews live in eight states (New York, California, New Jersey, Florida, Illinois, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts) that hold 80 percent of the electoral vote necessary to capture the White House, driving even a minor wedge into Jewry's long-standing loyalty to the Democratic party might result in the election of a Republican president.

Chief strategist: *GOP's Larry Goldberg.*

"I think there is an opportunity to earn Jewish support, providing we put forth a sincere and concentrated effort," says Republican National Committee chairman Bill Brock. And Kansas Senator Bob Dole, who himself has emerged as an increasingly popular speaker on the Jewish lecture circuit, notes, "Whereas in the past not many doors in the Jewish community were open to us, a lot of Jews are now willing to listen."

The main technician responsible for edging Jews closer to the GOP camp is Larry Goldberg, a hard-driving Rhode Islander who first appeared in national politics in the 1972 election, when he engineered Richard Nixon's total of 40 percent of the Jewish vote.

Educated at Brown and Harvard Law School, Goldberg has a three-year arrangement with the Republican National Committee, between 1978 and 1980, for the purpose of wooing Jewish voters. "The Jewish community is not organized the same way a congressional district is laid out," he says. "Republican candidates may not know where Jewish voters live, how to find local people, which forums are available in the Jewish community, and what issues beyond the obvious ones Jews are interested in."

Currently, Goldberg, aided by five staffers and a budget of between $100,000 and $150,000, plans to scout the Jewish terrain on behalf of a hungry GOP. The budget covers Goldberg's winging across the country to advise Republican candidates and speak with Jewish voters, and his reproducing of nasty articles about Democrats.

"I'm a superactive Jew," says Goldberg. "For me this is a labor of love." Before attempting to bridge Republican politics and Jewish activism, Goldberg was a businessman; he put together a chain of 83 toy-and-sporting-goods stores based between Massachusetts and California. After leaving the business to a conglomerate in 1971, Goldberg found himself "looking for something different to do."

He was able to convince Detroit's Max Fisher, one of the wealthiest Jews in America and a mainstay of Republican politics, of his fitness for the launching of a separate drive in the 1972 presidential campaign for the Jewish vote. Fisher was impressed with Goldberg's volunteer work in Rhode Island politics and his having the right credentials—membership on the national cabinet of the UJA's Young Leadership Cabinet, the vice-presidency of the Jewish Federation of Rhode Island, a leadership role in the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith.

In 1972, Goldberg pitched his campaign to all strata of the Jewish community, but the real target population was the urban middle and lower middle class. Storefronts sprang up in Borough Park, Nixon campaign vans crisscrossed Williamsburg, and blue-and-white buttons bearing Nixon's name in Hebrew were seen on Hasidim along Ocean Parkway.

Despite such diligence, Goldberg did not escape the more heinous elements in the Nixon administration. Under consideration for a position there, he was investigated by satraps of John Dean because of his opposition to the 1969 Rogers Mideast peace plan and his activism on behalf of Soviet Jewry. Their report raised doubts about the appointment. It also included information based on an illegal use of Goldberg's tax returns, according to later allegations in the House Impeachment Committee's indictment case against Nixon. Ultimately, though, he did get the job.

After working on the White House staff under Jim Lynn, Goldberg left

Photo credit: Robert Emerson

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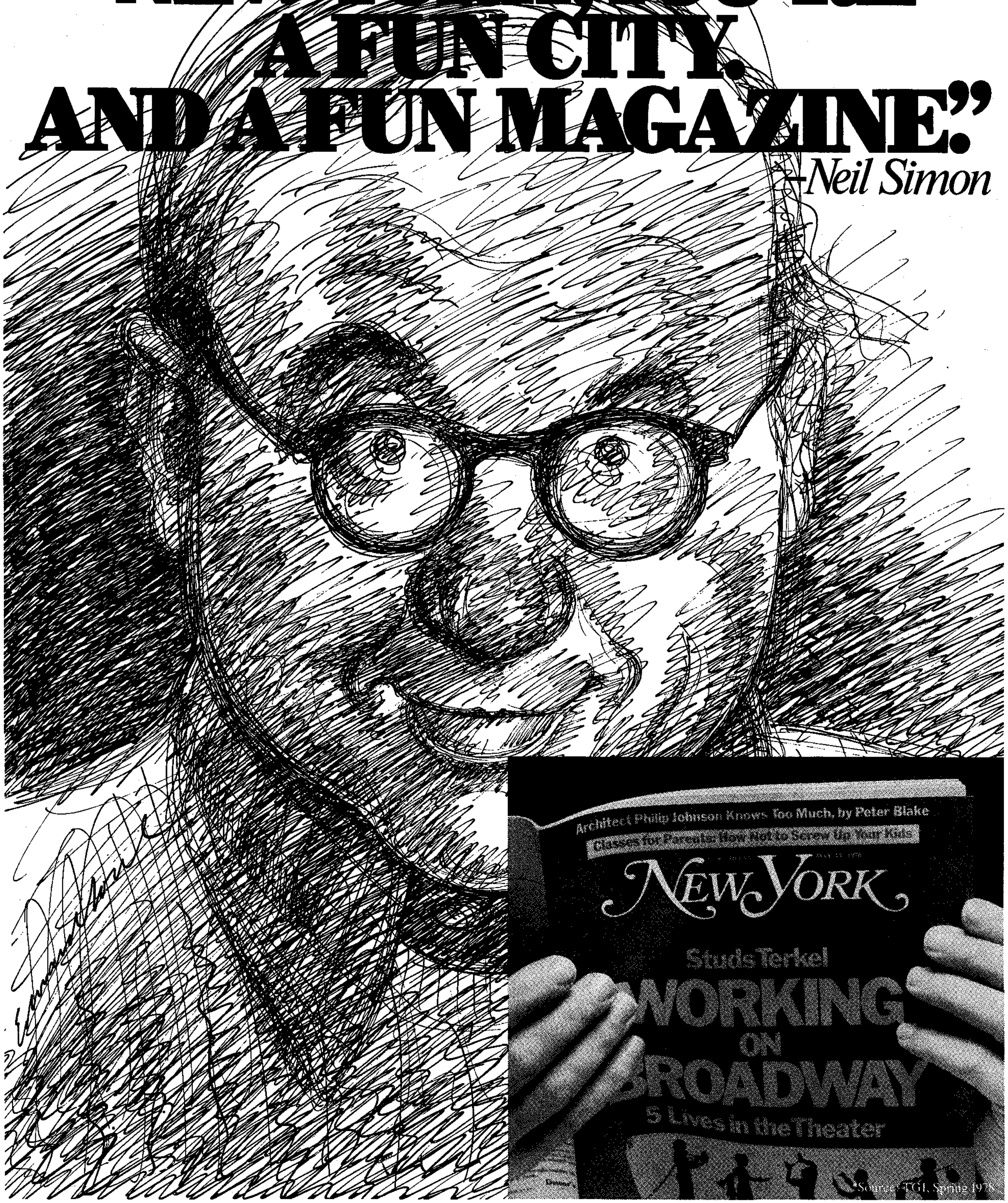
Architect Philip Johnson Knows Too Much, by Peter Blake
Classes for Parents: How Not to Screw Up Your Kids
New York
Studs Terkel
WORKING ON BROADWAY
5 Lives in the Theater

*Source: TGI, Spring 1978

NEW YORK MAGAZINE. BECAUSE NEW YORK GOES BEYOND CITY LIMITS.

Washington in 1973 to become vice-president of development at Brandeis University. In Gerald Ford's administration, Goldberg reappeared as assistant director of the Federal Preparedness Agency in charge of the strategic-materials group.

On his 1978 calendar, Goldberg has penciled in over 40 House races, senatorial elections in Massachusetts and New Jersey, and a sprinkling of gubernatorial contests. But by 1980, he will be ready for the big kill—slicing off, he hopes, a big enough piece of the Jewish vote to elect a GOP president.

Because Goldberg knows how rare registered Jewish Republicans are right now, he's going after Jewish independents and Democrats. "We say to such Jews, we know you're interested in political life—here's a candidate sympathetic to your causes and positive on the issues, who also happens to be a Republican. If such a Jew finds himself voting more often for Republicans, and the party is open to him, eventually he'll register as a Republican, even run for office someday as a Republican."

In Goldberg's view there exist major differences between current overtures to Jewish voters and his efforts back in 1972 on behalf of Nixon. "Haldeman's group didn't take this seriously," says Goldberg. "By contrast, Bill Brock is hospitable and highly cooperative. I've spoken with other Republican national chairmen, but Brock is the only one who has wanted to do something to reach the Jewish voter."

Unlike their New Deal–era parents, many of today's Jews are asking pols, "What's in it for us?" Says Dr. Jack M. Sable, former New York State human-rights commissioner under Nelson Rockefeller, "We Jews have always been an issue-oriented bloc; now we're voting as a bloc on the issues."

So, selling the GOP message nationally goes beyond latching on to Jewish support for Israel. "There's a 50-year tradition of Jews' being with the Democrats," notes Oregon's Senator Packwood. "We have to expect only gradual gains at first, but in order to bring this about, we must raise other issues."

Domestically, Brock maintains, the GOP has a better case to make for Jewish voters than the Democrats—by opposing quotas and by "providing the individual with greater economic opportunities," reducing taxes and government regulation. Again, Brock trusts that Jews as a competitive middle-class minority will go for such GOP stands.

One GOP figure going for the jugular as far as the Jewish vote is concerned is Senator Lowell Weicker of Connecticut, who argues that Zbigniew Brzezinski has deliberately accused American Jews of constituting a roadblock to hamper the administration's foreign policy. Brzezinski's version of world order, according to Weicker, "always seems to require that certain groups be trimmed off in the interests of neatness. We know from history that time and again, when national leaders ran into difficulties, they found it convenient to blame their problems on the Jews. . . . If I were president and had a national-security adviser who singled out American Jews as an impediment to my policies, I would have his resignation before sundown and his reputation for breakfast."

Closer to home, Perry Duryea, who last week was in Israel as part of his gubernatorial campaign, hopes to reap gains among Jewish voters by stressing an alleged Carey-Carter connection. His staff will urge Jewish voters to show how dissatisfied they are with the administration's foreign policy by electing a Republican governor in the state with the largest Jewish population.

Even without prompting from Larry Goldberg, New York Jews are spontaneously beginning to appear in GOP circles. George Klein, a Brooklyn manufacturer and former adviser in Gerald Ford's 1976 presidential campaign, is seen as one of the GOP's leading connections with Jewish voters. Sheldon Farber, the state senator from Queens's 10th District (Kew Gardens, the Rockaways), proudly hangs his diploma of Orthodox rabbinic ordination in his office; Lew Lehrman, a founder of the largest retail-drug chain in the Northeast, put together the 1978 New York State Republican platform.

How do the Democrats view such Republican proselytizing? Evan Dobelle, a Jew, who was recently elected treasurer of the Democratic National Committee, praises Carter for his "sincerity" in pursuing Mideast peace. As for Democrats who may be unhappy with the Saudi Arabian plane sale, Dobelle reminds them that Carter "has more senior Jewish staff members than any other president."

One other major Jewish Democratic fund raiser who also accompanied vice-president Mondale on his trip to the Mideast this month similarly predicts no "massive changeover among Jews as a result of Carter. Many Jews are still more comfortable with the Democrats for all the traditional reasons. I myself am confident that Carter won't let Israel down." But whether other Jews feel the same way about the president is an open question, and with other domestic issues bothering this largely middle-class voting bloc, Larry Goldberg might just turn out to be the Hamilton Jordan of 1980. ■

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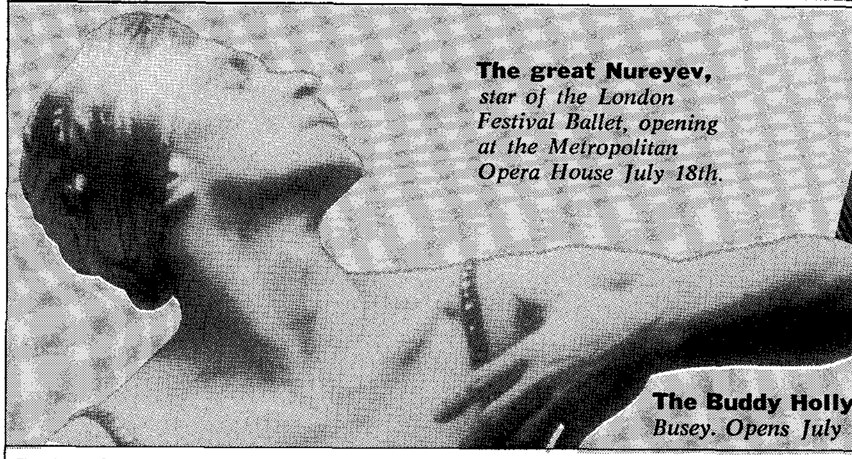
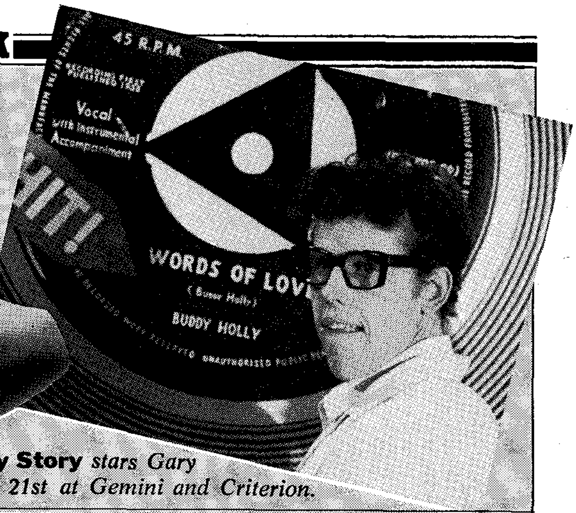


The great Nureyev, *star of the London Festival Ballet, opening at the Metropolitan Opera House July 18th.*



The Buddy Holly Story *stars Gary Busey. Opens July 21st at Gemini and Criterion.*

MOVIES AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

July 18 through 25

THE MOVIE HOUSES

Schedules change constantly; phone ahead and avoid rage and disappointment.

Art, 36 E 8th (GR 3-7014). Thru 7/20, *The Turning Point; Three Women;* from 7/21, *Star Wars.*

Baronet, 3rd Ave at 59th (355-1663). *Bread and Chocolate.*

Bay Cinema, Second Ave nr 32nd (679-0160). Thru 7/18, *Grease;* from 7/19, *Foul Play.*

Beekman, 2nd Ave nr 65th (RE 7-2622). *An Unmarried Woman.*

Bleecker St Cinema, 144 Bleecker at LaGuardia Pl (674-2560). 7/18, *Zatoichi's Fire Festival; We Will Remember.* 7/19, *Stolen Kisses; Murmur of the Heart.* 7/20, *Walkabout; The Man Who Fell to Earth.* 7/21, 22, *Greaser's Palace; Putney Swope.* 7/23, 24, *Spirit of the Beehive; Cria!* 7/25, *Samurai, Part I: Legend of the Musashi; Samurai, Part II: Duel at Ichioji Temple.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave betw 56th & 57th (757-2131). 7/18, *L'Avventura; The Red Desert.* 7/19, *The Pleasure Garden; Rich and Strange.* 7/20, *Antigone; Phaedra.* 7/21, *All Screwed Up; Miracle in Milan.* 7/22, *Tom Jones; The Wrong Box.* 7/23, *I am a Dancer; Romeo and Juliet.* 7/24, *A Doll's House; Miss Julie.* 7/25, *Triumph of the Will; The Last Ten Days of Hitler.*

Cinema I, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). *Cat and Mouse.*

Cinema II, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-0774). *Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands.*

Cinema III, 59th at the Plaza (752-5959). Thru 7/18, *An Unmarried Woman;* from 7/19, *Foul Play.*

Cinema Studio, Bdway & 66th (877-4040). *Faces of Love.*

Cinema Village, 22 E 12th (924-3363). 7/18, *A Thousand Clowns; Harry and Tonto.* 7/19, 20, *The Longest Yard; Slap Shot.* 7/21, 22, *A Clockwork Orange; Alphaville.* 7/23, 24, *Cabaret; Sunday, Bloody Sunday.* 7/25, *McCabe and Mrs. Miller; Shampoo.*

Coronet, 3rd Ave nr 59th (EL 5-1663). *The Cheap Detective.*

Criterion, Bdway nr 45th (JU 2-1796). Thru 7/20, *Convoy;* from 7/21, *The Buddy Holly Story.*

D.W. Griffith, 59th Street East of 2nd Ave (759-4630). *Jaws II.*

Eastside, 3rd Ave at 55th (755-3020). *The Swarm.*

8th St Playhouse, 52 W 8th (674-6515). Mon thru Fri from 6 p.m. *The Grateful Dead.*

86th St East, off 3rd Ave (AG 9-1144). To be announced.

Embassy 72nd, at Bdway (SC 4-6745). *Close Encounters of the Third Kind.*

Festival, 57th nr. 6th (757-2715). *Let's Face It, C'est la vie.*

59th St E, 220 E 59th (688-0750). *The Bad News Bears Go to Japan.*

Gemini I & II, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). Thru 7/20, to be announced; from 7/21, *The Buddy Holly Story.*

Gramercy, 23rd St nr Lexington (GR 5-1660). Thru 7/20, *The Man Who Loved Women;* from 7/21, *Star Wars.*

Greenwich, 12th at Greenwich (WA 9-3350). Thru 7/18, *Convoy; House Calls;* from 7/19, *The Last Waltz.*

Guild, 33 W 50th (PL7-2406). Thru 7/18, *The Bad News Bears Go to Japan;* from 7/19, *International Velvet.*

Little Carnegie, 57th St nr 7th (246-5123). *The Cheap Detective.*

Loews Astor Plaza, Bdway at 44th (869-8340). *Star Wars.*

Loews Ciné, 3rd Avenue near 86th Street (427-1332). Thru 7/18, *Damien-Omen II;* from 7/19, *Foul Play.*

Loews Orpheum, 86th at 3rd (AT 9-4607). *Grease.*

Loews State I, Bdway at 45th (582-5070). *Grease.*

Loews State II, Broadway at 45th (582-5070). *Heaven Can Wait.*

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave nr 71st (TR 9-1313). *Heaven Can Wait.*

Loews Triplex, Bdway at 83rd (877-3190). To be announced.

Murray Hill, 34th St nr 3rd Ave (685-7652). *Jaws II.*

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53rd (956-6100). 7/18, noon, *Vengeance of the Dead;* 2:30, *The Road to Glory;* 6 p.m. *Jesse James.* 7/20, 2:30, *Lloyds of London;* 6 p.m., *A Yank in the RAF;* 8:30, *In Old Chicago.* 7/21, 2:30, *A Yank in the RAF; The Road to Glory.* 7/22, noon, *Chad Hanna;* 2 p.m., *The Song of Bernadette.* 5 p.m., *Maryland.* 7/23, noon, *Chad Hanna;* 2:30, *Lloyds of London;* 5 p.m., *The City; The Town.* 7/24, noon, *The Crooked Road;* 2:30, *Maryland;* 6 p.m., *A Bell for Adano.* 7/25, noon, *The Crooked Road;* 2:30, *Rembrandt;* 6 p.m., *Remember the Day.*

New Yorker, Bdway nr 88th (TR 4-9189). *Pretty Baby.*

Olympia, Bdway at 107th (865-8128). Thru 7/20, *The Bad News Bears Go to Japan; Islands in the Stream.* 7/21-27, *The Greek Tycoon; Slap Shot.*

Paramount, 2 Gulf & Western Plaza (247-5070). (Theater closed evening of 7/18.) Thru 7/18, *An Unmarried Woman;* from 7/19, *Foul Play.*

Paris, 4 W 58th (MU 8-2013). *Viva Italia!*

Playboy, 57th W of 6th Ave (JU 6-4448). *Close Encounters of the Third Kind.*

Plaza, 58th St, E of Madison (EL 5-3320). Thru 7/20, *Madame Rosa;* from 7/21, *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band.*

Quad, four cinemas at 34 W 13th (255-8800). (Last minute changes frequent here; phone ahead). I. Thru 7/18, *The Swarm.* 7/19, 20, *That Obscure Object of Desire; The Lacemaker.* From 7/21, *Madame Rosa.* II. Thru 7/18, *That Obscure Object of Desire; The Lacemaker.* From 7/19, *An Unmarried Woman.* III. *The Swarm.* IV. Thru 7/18, *High Anxiety; Where's Poppa;* from 7/19, *International Velvet.*

Radio City Music Hall, 50th St at 6th Ave (CI 6-4600). Thru 7/20, *Matilda;* from 7/21, *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band.*

Regency, Bdway at 67th (724-3700). Thru 7/18, *Meet Me in St. Louis; The Harvey Girls.* 7/19-22, *Ninotchka; Grand Hotel.* 7/23-25, *Somebody Up There Likes Me; Sweet Bird of Youth.*

RKO Cinerama I & II, Broadway at 47th (975-8366). *Jaws II.*

RKO 86th I & II, at Lexington (AT 9-8900). *Jaws II.*

72nd St East, nr 1st Ave (BU 8-9304). Thru 7/18, *House Calls;* from 7/19, *The End.*

68th St Playhouse, at 3rd Avenue (RE 4-0302). *Replay.*

St Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave at 8th (533-9292). Thru 7/18, *High Anxiety; Where's Poppa?* 7/19-25, *Capricorn One; Farenheit 451.*

Sutton, 57th nr 3rd Ave (PL 9-1411). *Dear Inspector.*

Thalia, 250 W 95th (222-3370). 7/18, *Pumping Iron; On Any Sunday.* 7/19, 20, *Lost Horizon; Pocketful of Miracles.* 7/21, 22, *Repulsion; Diabolique.* 7/23, 24, *The Clowns; Juliet of the Spirits.* 7/25, *The Lady Vanishes; The 39 Steps.*

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St Marks Pl (254-7400). 7/18, *Manhattan Melodrama; A Free Soul.* 7/19, *The Shining Hour; Shopworn Angel.* 7/20, *Life With Father; Our Town.* 7/21, *Dancing Lady; San Francisco.* 7/22, 23, *Camille; Queen Christina.* 7/24, *Strike Up the Band; Little Nellie Kelly.* 7/25, *Sherlock Holmes' Terror By Night; Sherlock Holmes' Woman In Green.*

34th St East, near Second Avenue (683-0255). Thru 7/20, *A Different Story;* from 7/21, *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band.*

Trans-Lux East, 3rd at 58th (PL 9-2262). Thru 7/18, *Coming Home;* from 7/19, *International Velvet.*

Trans-Lux 85th, at Madison (BU 8-3180). Thru 7/18, *Coming Home;* from 7/19, *International Velvet.*

UA East, 1st Ave at 85th (249-5100). *The Swarm.*

Waverly, 6th Ave at 3rd (WA 9-8037). *Pretty Baby.*

Ziegfeld, 141 W 54th (765-7600). Thru 7/18, *The Last Waltz;* from 7/19, *Revenge of the Pink Panther.*

(Listings subject to last-minute change)

THE MOVIES

The Buddy Holly Story–Film based on the life of the late rock 'n' roll singer who died in a plane crash in 1959. Directed by Steve Rash, starring Gary Busey. Opens July 21 at Gemini I & II; Criterion.

Cat and Mouse–Claude Lelouch's playful mock-thriller stars Serge Reggiani as the cop/cat and Michele Morgan as the exquisitely magisterial mouse and Paris *et environs* (as the Michelin says) as the playpen in which these two enact one of those ultra-sophisticated duets in which love and money are entwined to the detriment of neither. Cinema I.

The Cheap Detective–Neil Simon's comedy starring Peter Falk is not so much written for the screen as assembled from old-movie cliches patched up and fitted to a new line of stars. It is a very funny idea, but somehow it could have been even funnier—if Simon had been willing to develop the relationships of Peter Falk and Louise Fletcher as a vehicle for more of the personal, slightly bitter sexual humor that provides the film with its funniest and most resonant moments. Coronet; Little Carnegie.

Close Encounters of the Third Kind–If there is a theme here, it is that it is harder for a grown-up to pass through the eye of a needle than to gain access to the sanctuary of UFO believers. The most damning argument against the existence of UFOs—they always appear to country people who have a lot of time on their hands, and never to busy urban dwellers. And in the final sighting, director Steven Spielberg and a special effects team has given us nothing less than an electronic Second Coming. The film has no story, characters, sense of danger, or conflict between good and evil. Playboy; Embassy 72nd.

Convoy–HBO or Home Box Office would be the appropriate rating for Sam Peckinpah's latest. The small screen could hardly damage, and might improve, this absurdly grandiose tribute to the noble trucker. In expanding a nice country ballad into a two-hour paean to macho camaraderie, Peckinpah finally goes over the edge into the self-parody that has been nagging at his heels in his last several movies. Thru 7/18, Greenwich; thru 7/20, Criterion.

Cria!–The best of Carlos Saura's latest three films, in all of which he is concerned with apprehending the continuity between the past and the present, and if possible, finding a resolution for the civil war. Geraldine Chaplin plays the mother of the child (Ana Torrent) from whose viewpoint the story is told, and both have, along with sensitive faces and suggestions of ample inwardness, a limited acting style that borders on monotony. 7/23, 24, Bleeker St Cinema.

Damien-Omen II–William Holden and Lee Grant star, and Jonathan Scott-Taylor is introduced as the Antichrist Child, now in his teens. Directed by Don Taylor, the film features Lew Ayres and Sylvia Sidney. Thru 7/18, Loews Cine.

Dear Inspector–Annie Girardot and Philippe Noiret are irresistible as a police commissioner and a Sorbonne professor who fall in love, but this is despite the viscously cute format of Philippe de Broca's boulevard farce. Sutton.

A Different Story–The old gay meets gal, gay and gal become roommates (gal is lesbian) story given a surprisingly fresh face by the empathetic acting of Meg Foster and Perry King. But when the sparkle of friendship surrenders to the steam of sex, the film goes rapidly downhill and finally derails. First film by director Paul Aaron. Thru 7/20, 34th St. E.

Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands–You had to be in the streets of Bahia, where the film is set, or perhaps in a Brazilian audience (where the film is reported to have outgrossed *Jaws*), to appreciate the non-stop merriment of this witless sex farce, in which a roguish gambler awakens his virginal bride to a world of sexual delights and then dies from his own dissipation. Cinema II.

The End–This comedy about a dying man doesn't establish Burt Reynolds who stars and directs as the rival of Mel Brooks or Woody Allen, but it is a respectable miss. Its boners *seem* more egregious because of the hyperkinetic behavior of Reynolds's California Sonny, and Reynolds's failure as director to find and maintain the proper tone. Dom DeLuise and Robby Benson are hilarious in supporting roles. From 7/19, 72nd St E.

Faces of Love–Michel Soutter's new Swiss film about three actresses and their relationship with a film director while shooting on location a film of Chekhov's *Three Sisters*. It stars Jean-Louis Trintignant, Delphine Seyrig, Lea Massari, and Valerie Mairesse. Cinema Studio.

Foul Play–Goldie Hawn stars as a girl who decided to take chances in her normal dull routine and is unexpectedly faced with a life filled with intrigue, murder and romance. Directed by Colin Higgins, film features Chevy Chase and Burgess Meredith. Opens July 19th at Bay Cinema, Cinema III, Paramount, and Loews Cine.

Grease–As the nerve center of the revival craze, *Grease* has been hyped so continuously that the movie version seems like one more promotional party. It is well to have Stockard Channing and John Travolta who can impose their personal rhythm on the chaotic and potentially embarrassing proceedings. Film abounds in the presence of veterans like Eve Arden, Frankie Avalon, Sid Caesar, Joan Blondell, and Dody Goodman. Edd Byrnes is hilarious as a TV host who delights in his fox-in-the-chicken-coop position. Randal Kleiser directed. Loews Orpheum; thru 7/18, Bay Cinema; Loews State I.

IN DAYS OF YORE

Greta Garbo and **Melvyn Douglas** in a scene from Ernest Lubitsch's **Ninotchka** (1939). The film shares the bill at the Regency, Broadway and 67th Street, with another Garbo classic, *Grand Hotel*, which also stars Joan Crawford and John and Lionel Barrymore. July 19th through 22nd.

Heaven Can Wait–Warren Beatty, as a star quarterback, isn't meant to die in a near-fatal accident, but a heavenly functionary plucks him to paradise prematurely. He is then permitted to return to earth in the body of another. Beatty's version of *Here Comes Mr. Jordan* tries more for comedy than poignancy, and with Elaine May and Buck Henry sharing credits, the film ought to have been at least 50 per cent funnier. Loews State II; Loews Tower East.

House Calls–Howard Zieff's furious and funny comedy is a middle-aged romance starring Walter Matthau and Glenda Jackson as the cautious, one-step-at-a-time lovers. Matthau and Jackson have never been more charming. They bring out in each other a quality of shy vulnerability that is downright erotic. Art Carney is hilarious as the beacon of incompetence of a Los Angeles hospital that is a monument to malpractice. Thru 7/18, 72nd St E.

International Velvet–Story of a girl (Tatum O'Neil) and her quest for the equestrian Olympic gold medal. With Christopher Plummer, Anthony Hopkins and Nanette Newman. Produced, written and directed by Bryan Forbes. Opens July 19, at the Guild; Trans-Lux East; Trans-Lux 85th; Quad.

Jaws II–Roy Scheider stars in a sequel to you-know-what. Is *Jaws II* as scary as its predecessor? Yes, possibly more so, depending on which form of torture you prefer. If you prefer violence relatively impersonal, of the hit-and-run variety, *Jaws II* is your poison. Directed by Jeannot Szwarc. RKO Cinerama I & II; RKO 86th St I & II; Murray Hill; D.W. Griffith.

The Last Waltz–Martin Scorsese's elegiac tribute to The Band is the most beautiful rock concert film ever made, but its vibrant colors and swooping camera movements are curiously at odds with the sweaty immediacy of the rock concert. Stars The Band-leader Robbie Robertson with his musicians, and Eric Clapton, Bob Dylan, Joni Mitchell, Neil Diamond, Van Morrison, et al. Thru 7/18, Ziegfeld; from 7/19, Greenwich.

Let's Face It, C'est la vie–Directed by Samy Pavel, film stars Neils Arestrup, Martine Kelly, and Richard Leduc, and tells the story of two male lovers whose lives are invaded by a woman. Festival.

Madame Rosa–This Oscar-winning fable about the rapport that develops between a dying Jewish ex-prostitute and an Arab orphan is a fantasy of Arab-Israeli old-young togetherness. But even as it strains credibility it breaks the heart, particularly Simone Signoret's breathtakingly courageous performance of a once-beautiful, now old and puffy whore. Thru 7/20, Plaza; from 7/21, Quad.

The Man Who Loved Women–Francois Truffaut's funniest and most charmingly personal film in years, the anatomy of a womanizer (Charles Denner), relating the outrageous predicaments of the hero who wriggles out of them with a strategic genius, and yearns to locate an island inhabited only by women. Thru 7/20, Gramercy.

Matilda–Elliot Gould, Robert Mitchum, Clive Revill, Harry Guardino, and Karen Carlson are in the cast of a comedy celebrating the misadventures of a boxing kangaroo. Daniel Mann directed. Thru 7/20, Radio City Music Hall.

Pretty Baby–Louis Malle's tastefully composed film about a child prostitute is more a study in decadence than a drama of innocence corrupted. As a product of the bordello world conjured up in Polly Platt's screenplay and Sven Nykvist's lustrous cinematography, the 12-year-old played with all-knowing sophistication by Brooke Shields is never innocent enough to be violated, or yearning enough to be pitied. New Yorker; Waverly.

Replay–Michel Drach's romantic thriller about an amnesiac victim of an automobile accident and her seemingly devoted husband. As he attempts to help her reconstruct the details of her life, and their marriage, she becomes increasingly aware of half truths and deliberate deceptions. Marie Jose Nat and Victor Lanoux star. 68th St Playhouse.

Revenge of the Pink Panther–The fifth Pink Panther film starring Peter Sellers as the bumbling Inspector Clouseau, directed by Blake Edwards, featuring Herbert Lom, Robert Webber, and Dyan Cannon. Opens July 19th at the Ziegfeld.

Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band–An original story based on the lyrics of John Lennon and Paul McCartney, directed by Michael Schultz, featuring Peter Frampton, The Bee Gees, George Burns, Paul Nicholas, Donald Pleasence, Dianne Steinberg, Jay W. MacIntosh, Sandy Farina, and Steve Martin. Opens July 21st at Radio City Music Hall; Plaza; 34th St E.

Star Wars–George Lucas's impeccable technical achievement: a quantum—or maybe quasar—leap beyond *2001*. But strip the film of its often striking images and its highfalutin scientific jargon, and you get a story, characters, and dialogue of overwhelming banality without even a "future" cast to them. Still, *Star Wars* will do very nicely for those lucky enough to be children or unlucky enough never to have grown up. Loews Astor Plaza; from 7/21, Gramercy; Art.

Stolen Kisses–Perhaps the nearest Truffaut ever came to capturing the more lighthearted and ingenious aspects of his first three (and still best) films. Jean-Pierre continues playing Antoine Doinel, Truffaut's semiautobiographical hero first seen in *The 400 Blows*, and takes him through random, sometimes sloppy but sometimes quite funny, misadventures to the verge of marriage with pleasant Claude Jade. Lovely supporting performances, especially from Michel Lonsdale and Delphine Seyrig. 7/19, Bleeker St Cinema.

The Swarm–Billions of killer bees invade the United States in this Irwin Allen production. The film stars Michael Caine, Katherine Ross, Richard Widmark, Henry Fonda, Olivia de Havilland, and others. Quad; Eastside; U.A. East.

That Obscure Object of Desire–Fernando Rey stars in Luis Bunuel's film as an aging man hopelessly infatuated with a young woman (Carol Bouquet). Based on Pierre Louys's *Le Femme et le Pantin.* Quad.

Three Women–This is Robert Altman's third dream film, and, like *Images* and *Brewster McCloud*, alternates uneasily between not very real reality and not particularly imaginative fantasy. A very superficial girl and an almost blank young woman keep exchanging personalities, and finally absorb a third, even more nebulous older woman, into a peculiar menage. The minor characters are even more shadowy, and the plot lacks credibility as a human document, and resonance as a dream. Excellent performances by Shelley Duvall and Sissy Spacek; competent cinematography by Chuck Rosher, absurd paintings and music by Bodhi Wind and Gerald Busby, respectively. Thru 7/20, Art.

The Turning Point–Shirley MacLaine and Anne Bancroft portray two ballet company friends reunited after almost twenty years, when each is at a crossroad. What makes this film so important is that the old soap-opera philosophy (that career, fame, and money are nothing compared to the Love of a Man) is scuttled by the more complex view that no one choice will ever put an end to doubts about the road not taken. The ballet scenes are terrific. Thru 7/20, Art.

Viva Italia!–Sardonic black comedy seen through the lenses of three Italian film directors—Mario Monicelli, Dino Risi, and Ettore Scola. In the cast are Vittorio Gassman, Alberto Sordi, Ugo Tognazzi, and Ornella Muti. Paris.

IN AND AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

A CRITICAL GUIDE TO ENTERTAINMENT IN THE NEW YORK AREA

Theater

ON BROADWAY

CURRENT

Ain't Misbehavin'–Would the slapdash playfulness, the lovable smallness of this show survive the lure of self-aggrandizement, moving from Off- to On Broadway? Nothing to worry about; it did. The cast of five—Ken Page, Armelia McQueen, Andre De Shields, Charlaine Woodard, and Nell Carter—works together as nimbly and wickedly as five fingers in a piece of sleight of hand. The delicious songs by Fats Waller and his friends continue their joyous renaissance. Tues thru Sat at 8; Sun at 7; mats Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Longacre, 220 W 48th (246-5639).

Annie–*Oliver Twist* in drag, but with so much going for it (a chorus line of moppets, a Christmas tree, and a diminutive bundle of radiance named Danielle Brisebois) that only a Fagin reborn would note the drab book (Thomas Meehan) and lyrics (Martin Charnin) or Charles Strouse's recycled score. Shelley Bruce now has the title role. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. At the Alvin, 250 W 52nd (PL 7-8646).

The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas–Attempts to squeeze salaciousness out of a bordello setting are rather repellent, not because of the setting, but because it is like trying to squeeze blood out of stones. Every variation on the brothel theme has been worked into the ground. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2. 46th St Theater, 226 W 46th (246-4271).

Chapter Two–Neil Simon attempts, in part at least, to be serious about the real-life romance, marriage, and problems of Marsha Mason and Neil Simon and to pierce through to the troubling core of things. But he handles drama as if it could be constructed out of one-liners, only sticking laments where the laughs would normally go. There are some genuinely funny one-liners afloat, but the playwright's ultimate failure stems from his belief that you can build anything out of one-liners, from coffee tables to cathedrals. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Imperial, 249 W 45th (265-4311).

A Chorus Line–Every generation needs its own backstage legend, and this one is a worthy descendant of *42nd St.* Out of the real words of chorus-line aspirants, James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante have fashioned a shiny romance, and it bounces agreeably off Marvin Hamlisch's paper-thin score. Michael Bennett's direction covers a multitude of inadequacies. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Shubert, 225 W 44 (246-5990).

Da–On second seeing Hugh Leonard's bittersweet autobiographical comedy (transported almost intact to Broadway) is even more entertaining, endearing, and gently moving. And at the center of the production are three superlative performances—Sylvia O'Brien's, Brian Murray's, Barnard Hughes's. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Morosco, 217 W 45th (246-6230).

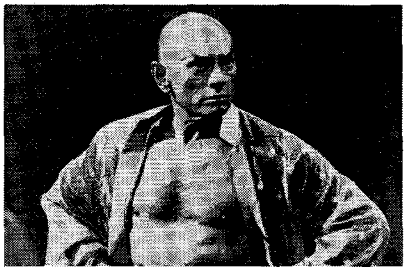
Dancin'–Director Bob Fosse has devised a heterogeneous choreography ranging from classical ballet through modern dance to every form of show-biz and disco dancin'. What doesn't work is the two side by side, like internecine Siamese twins. The proximity of popular dance gives ballet an air of pretentiousness; ballet retaliates by making pop dancing look facile, tawdry. *Dancin'* is sheer perfection for the vulgarians, anathema for the purists, and a mixed bag for the over-whelming rest of us. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Broadhurst, 235 W 44th (265-4311).

Deathtrap–Ira Levin's play concerns a formerly successful playwright, a disciple who sends him a play clearly destined to become a Broadway smash, and the stale playwright's disapproving wife, who has strong scruples and a weak heart. There is a basic problem with the comedy mystery genre, wherein the laughs are supposed to lull you into a false security. The plot, however, is impossible. John Wood, Marian Winters, and Marian Seldes do what they can with not very rewarding material. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Music Box, 239 W 45th (246-4636).

Dracula–Among Edward Gorey's impressive but inappropriate sets, this camped-up version of a trashy old play offers mostly cutenesses instead of thrills, and can at best impress if you sit far enough back so that the stage is reduced to the appropriate comic-strip (or Gorey drawing) dimensions. Frank Langella may be the ideal Dracula for this kind of production. The other actors, except for the splendid Alan Coates, are unsafe even in comic-strip size. Dennis Rosa misdirected. Tues thru Fri at 8; mats Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Martin Beck Theater, 302 W 45th (246-6363).

Gemini–Albert Innaurato's saga of life in a Philadelphia backyard is, at once, a stupendous verbal circus and a touching story of people desperately needing to be noticed. Innaurato writes extremely well, and his control over simultaneously ongoing lines of action is somewhat akin to Bach's mastery over fugues. Peter Mark Schifter's direction is splendid. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Little Theater, 240 W 44th (221-6425).

IRASCIBLE ME



Yul Brynner is the once and forever King of Siam in Rodgers and Hammerstein's **The King and I,** celebrating its 500th performance this time around at the Uris Theater, 51st Street between 7th & 8th Avenues, where it will stay until New Year's Eve, Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3 p.m. (586-6510).

The Gin Game–A first effort by D.L. Coburn concerns two inmates of an old folks' home. The man lives for gin rummy now; the woman is willing to learn the game. They play, and miraculously—or contrivedly—she keeps winning. It is staged with almost indecent expertise by Mike Nichols. With Jessica Tandy and E.G. Marshall. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. John Golden, 252 W 45th (246-6740).

Grease–Broadway's senior musical, about high school shenanigans in the fifties, now seems as much a period piece as any Romberg operetta, but the energy of the original has been remarkably well preserved. Without a single memorable song or solo turn, the show holds onto an amusing, attractive ridiculousness, mostly due to Patricia Birch's lively choreography and Tom Moore's no-nonsense direction. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Royale, 242 W 45th (245-5760).

I Love My Wife–Wife-swapping in Trenton, done as a series of sleazy skits, with a Cy Coleman score and direction by Gene Saks that even brings the orchestra onstage to mess around in the action. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Ethel Barrymore, 243 W 47th (246-0390).

The Magic Show–A musical with book by Bob Randall; music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz, directed and choreographed by Grover Dale. Joseph Abaldo is starred as a Magician. Wed, Thurs, Fri & Sat at 7:30; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 2 & 5 p.m. Cort, 138 W 48th (489-6392).

Oh! Calcutta!–Revival of the musical devised by Kenneth Tynan. Sketches by Jules Feiffer, Leonard Melfi, John Lennon, David Newman, Robert Benton, Dan Greenburg, Sam Shepard. Mon thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 9:30; mat Wed at 2. Edison, 240 W 47th (757-7164).

On the Twentieth Century–Harold Prince has provided lively direction and Robin Wagner has come up with grand designs in this musical which stars Judy Kaye, John Cullum, and Imogene Coca. It has pizzazz and razzle-dazzle, bursts of energy and invention, music and laughter, and good expensive production values. John Cullum gives his best performance to date. Book and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green; music by Cy Coleman. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Wed at 2 p.m. St. James Theater, 246 W 44th (398-0280).

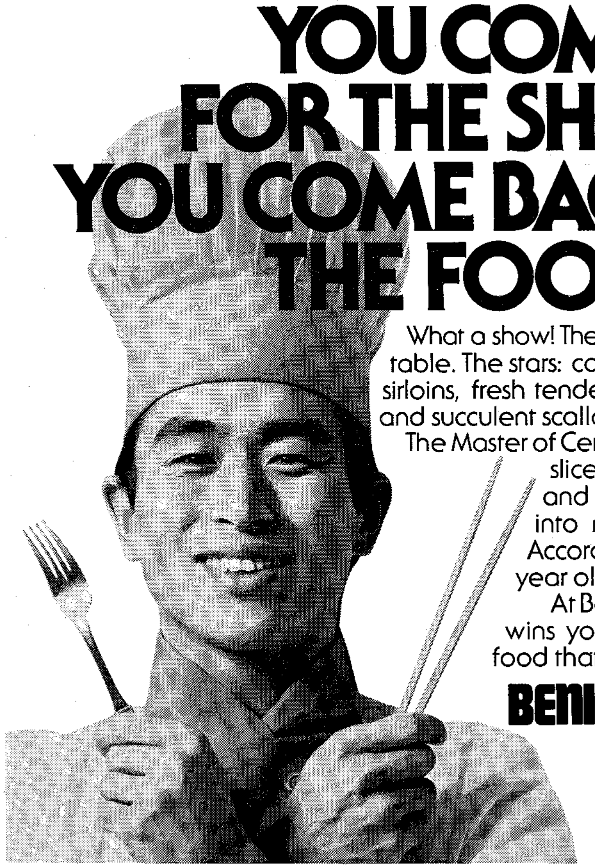
Once in a Lifetime–This George S. Kaufman/Moss Hart revival has no more than five or six honest laughs. It involves a New York playwright having a nervous breakdown in Hollywood from underwork. The rest is just shabby one-upmanship, or half-upmanship, middlebrows winking at one another across the footlights. The best work in the large cast comes from John Lithgow as the simpleton who, in Hollywood, is crowned philosopher-king. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Wed at 2; Sun at 3. Thru 8/27. Circle in the Square, 1633 Bdway (581-0720).

Runaways–A new entertainment, written, composed, and directed by Elizabeth Swados, is really about growing up—absurdly, tragically, and sometimes, despite everything, even triumphantly. The music, in all conceivable pop, folk, and ethnic modes, is fair to excellent. The performances, both by the four professionals and the fifteen semiprofessionals and neophytes are, at the very least, engaging; in many cases, enchanting. Tues thru Sat at 8; Sun at 7; mats Sat & Wed at 2 p.m. Plymouth, 236 W 45th (730-1760).

Same Time, Next Year–Bernard Slade's comedy, of a genre that used to be called "saucy," neatly mingles two sure-fire elements, fornication and nostalgia. Over the years, however, the play has become ritualized, about as titillating as, say, an exhibition of bloomers at the Smithsonian. With Betsy Palmer and Charles Kimbrough. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Ambassador, 49th St W of Bdway (541-6490).

Timbuktu!–The performances in Geoffrey Holder's musical are wildly divergent and the score is as inconsistent as it is overblown. *Kismet,* which it was based on, was a slick, vulgar, absurd musical that nevertheless managed to have enough redeeming features to be enjoyable. Eartha Kitt cannot move except in slow motion; Gilbert Price sings compellingly but has very little presence; Ira Hawkins is a handsome Hadji whose acting does not extend beyond a smirk. Tues thru Sun at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Mark Hellinger, 51st & Bdway (757-7064).

Tribute–Bernard Slade's new play starring Jack Lemmon is extremely clever and likable, which is as unusual a combination in plays as it is in people. A play that mixes laughter and tears with almost supernatural skill, always sidestepping ultimate frivolity, always teetering back from the abyss of mawkishness into the happy pratfall of farce, that takes the sting out of adultery, divorce, prostitution, failure in business, nonachievement of artistic aspi-



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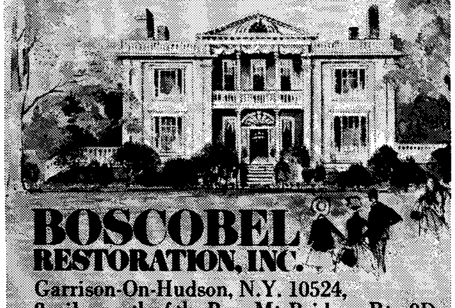

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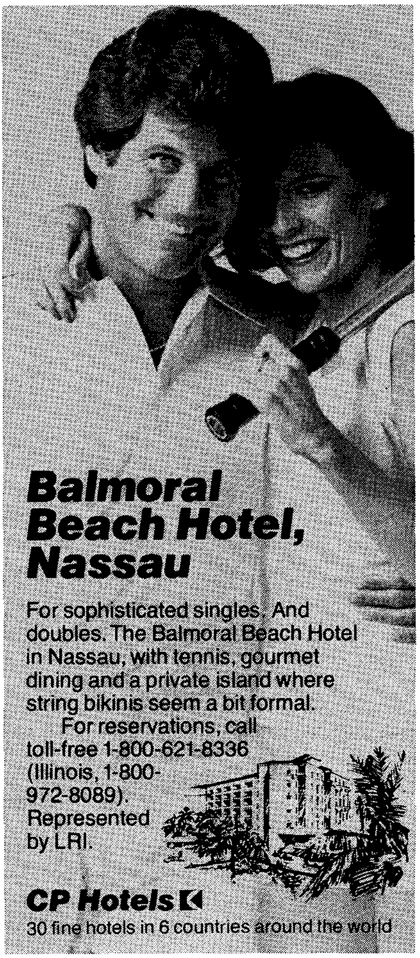

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rations, family in-fighting, and, best of all, death itself, is the most comforting news this side of a cure for cancer. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2. Brooks Atkinson, 256 W 47th (245-3430).

The Wiz–Oz with a black cast—Munchkins, Cowardly Lion, and all, with jivey dances choreographed by George Faison. Tues thru Sat at 7:30; mats Wed and Sat at 2 p.m.; Sun at 3 p.m. Broadway, 1681 Broadway (CI7-7992).

OFF and OFF-OFF BROADWAY

All's Well That Ends Well–In a miniature world of terraced gardens and bosky landscapes complete with waterfalls—everything here in the guise of toys—Wilfred Leach has cheapened the main characters by turning them into children, to match his sets. The production has flashes of cleverness and jollity, but what we get finally makes no sense, often substituting a newfangled dullness for what might have been the author's own, authentic lapses. Delacorte Theater in Central Park. Thru 7/30, Tues thru Sun at 8. Free, but come early for tickets (535-5630).

Academy Arts Repertory–Stoppard's *The Real Inspector Hound,* thru 7/23. Tim Kelly's *Frankenstein,* thru 7/23, Knott's *Dial M for Murder,* thru 7/27. $3. Academy Arts, 330 E 56th (486-1431).

American Dance Machine–A recreation of memorable moments in Broadway's musical history, directed by Lee Theodore, with Helen Gallagher, Barry Preston, Janet Eilber. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 7:30; mats Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Century Theater, 235 W 46th (354-6644).

Baal–Bertolt Brecht's first play. Thurs thru Sun at 8 p.m.; thru 7/23. $3. Random Theater, 124 E 12th St. (541-7600).

Birdland–Barry Amyr Kaleem's new dramatic musical, directed by Anderson Johnson and choreographed by Frank Ashley. Thurs thru Sun at 7:30 p.m.; Sat & Sun at 3 p.m. 7/20 thru 7/30. $2.50. Harry deJur Henry Street Plyhse, 466 Grand St (766-9295).

Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme–A comedy by Moliere. 7/18-22 at 8 p.m.; 7/22 at 2 p.m. New York University's Black Box Theatre, 89 W 3rd St (598-2091).

Catsplay–Istvan Orkeny's play is artistically accomplished, meltingly humane, and cries out for the biggest and best exposure. It is the best new play of the season, wonderfully old-fashioned and deals with such antique commodities as sympathy for all its characters, and is about life that refuses to capitulate to any sort of betrayal—by friends, family, lovers, or even common sense. The acting is excellent for the most part, and Lynne Meadow has directed with economy and purposefulness in John Lee Beatty's modest but apt set. Tues thru Sat at 8; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Promenade, Bdway at 76th (799-7690).

Cromwell–David Storey's play. Thru 7/23, Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m.; Sun at 2:30 p.m. AMDA Studio One, 73rd & Broadway (JU 2-4240).

Divinely, Coward–*Private Lives,*7/19-30. *Astonished Heart,* 8/2-13. *We Were Dancing/Hands Across the Sea,* 8/16-31. Three Muses Theater, Ansonia Hotel, Bdway at 73rd (242-3900).

Drama Committee Repertory–J.M. Synge's *Riders To The Sea* & *Tinker's Wedding,* Sat & Sun at 2:30 p.m., thru 8/27 Chekhov's *Ward Six,* Mon thru Thurs at 8 p.m., 7/17-8/10. $3. 17 W 20th (929-8377).

Family Business–Dick Goldberg's play about infighting in a suburban Boston Jewish family is a fog of melodrama occasionally pierced by a ray of something resembling truth. Much of the violence stems from the revelation that one of the four loving but internecinely embattled sons is a homosexual. The acting of a cast of six is remarkable. Astor Place Theater, 434 Lafayette St (254-4370).

The Fantasticks–Musical based on the Rostand play, in its zillionth year and the end is not in sight. Has spawned plenty of on-Bdway talent. Tues-Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Sullivan St Playhouse at Bleecker (OR 4-3838).

The 5th of July–Lanford Wilson writes intelligent, amusing, racy dialogue, but this play lacks a little urgency although it is never uninteresting. It is accorded a fine production, under Marshall W.

Mason's skilled direction, which errs only in trying to be too fast, too manifold, too clever. Tues thru Thurs at 8 p.m. Fri & Sat at 7 & 10 p.m. Thru 9/2. Circle Repertory, 99 Seventh Ave So (924-7100).

The Flowering Peach–A revival of Clifford Odets's allegorical work about Noah and the flood. Directed by Stephen Zuckerman. Presented by The Jewish Theatre Collective of the American Jewish Congress CETA Artists Project. Thru 7/30. Sun 8 p.m.; Mon, Tues, & Thurs at 9 p.m.; Sat at 9:45 p.m. All performances free. St Clement's, 423 W 46th (246-7277).

The Flying Man and Others–H.G. Wells's stories, directed by Bill Rennie. Thurs thru Sat at 8; Sun at 5 p.m. thru 7/23. $3. NY Theater Ensemble, 62 E 4th St (477-4120).

Frankenstein–Dramatized by Tim Kelly from the classic by Mary Shelley, directed by Roy Doliner. Thurs thru Sun at 7:30 p.m. Fri thru Sat at 9:30 p.m. thru 7/23. $4. Academy Arts Theatre, 330 E 56 St (763-8183).

I'm Getting My Act Together and Taking It on the Road–This new work by Gretchen Cryer (book, lyrics, and star) and Nancy Ford (music) about a middle aged pop singer trying to carry on her life after her manager/lover leaves her is too slight, schematic, and unoriginal to be a significant statement about human conflicts. There is a reason, nonetheless, for seeing the show: Gretchen Cryer. She is a bundle of solace, a staged lesson in growing older and living on, and it is to be recommended that you memorize her. Thru 7/23. Public/Anspacher Theatre, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

The Incredible World of Magic & Illusion–Richiardi, master of illusion, stars in a revue featuring a cast of magicians from all parts of the world. The Village Gate, 160 Bleecker (473-7270).

International Stud–Harvey Fierstein's play about a Brooklyn Jewish boy who makes his living as a drag performer and stud. Tues thru Thrus at 8; Fri & Sat at 8 & 10:30; Sun at 8. Players Theater, 115 MacDougal (254-5076).

Just the Immediate Family–A first work by Grace Kimmins who has written very sound acting parts for everybody. Her characters, even if conventional, have their core of individuality. Under Richard Russell Ramos's standard direction, a cogently selected cast performs delightfully. Wed thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Sun at 3. $6. Thru 8/20. Hudson Guild, 441 W 26th (242-2695).

A Little Wine With Lunch–Comedy revue by John Von Hartz, with music by William Shimmel, directed by Norman Marshall. Thurs thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Sun at 3 p.m., thru 9/3. No Smoking Plyhse, 354 W 45th (245-9808).

Noel Coward in Two Keys–The master of sophisticated comedy is shown in two short plays, *Come Into the Garden Maude* and *A Song at Twilight.* Fri and Sat at 8 p.m.; Sun at 3 p.m. 7/21-9/3. $3. Shandol Theatre, 137 W 22 St (691-7950).

Only Her Barber Knows for Sure–Elwoodson Williams's black comedy is based on Ben Jonson's *Epicene* or *The Silent Woman.* Directed by Chuck Patterson. Thru 7/23, Wed, Thurs, Fri & Sun at 7:30 p.m.; Sat at 7 & 10:30 p.m. $3. 78th St Theatre, 276 W 78 St (228-0900).

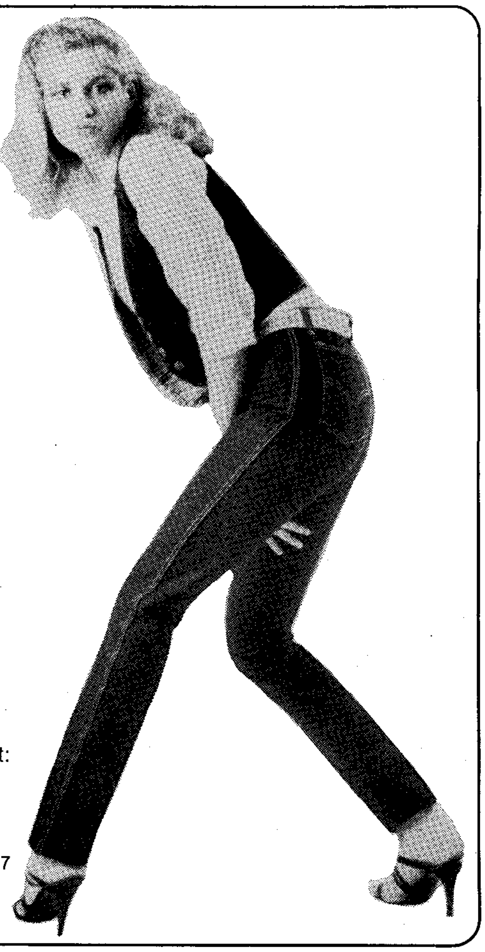
Papa Bear, Mama Bear–Writer/director Rand Hopkins's new musical about the growing pains of three families. 7/18-8/9, evenings at 7:30; mats at 3, Wed & Sat. Perry St Theatre, 31 Perry St (255-9186).

The Passion of Dracula–Stefan Schnabel in a totally new version of the Count's adventures (vastly preferable to the on-Broadway version), by Bob Hall and David Richmond. Peter Bennett directs. Cherry Lane Theater, 38 Commerce St (YU 9-2020).

People in the Wind–William Inge's one-act play that later became *Bus Stop.* From noon to 1 p.m. Thru 7/21. $1. Bring your lunch. Mezzanine, Hotel Diplomat, 108 W 43rd (221-9088).

Piano Bar–A new-style musical by Rob Fremont and Doris Willens, directed by Albert Takazuckas, about four people who take refuge in a lounge on a rainy evening. Chelsea/Westside Theater/Upstairs, 407 W 43 (541-8394).

Pins and Needles–Revival of the 40-year-old musical revue by Harold Rome. Cast with members of the



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ILGWA, it ran from 1937 to 1941. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed, Sat & Sun at 2 p.m. Roundabout/ Stage One, 333 W 23rd (924-7160).

P.S. Your Cat Is Dead–An absurd and unnecessary act is the reviving of this play, by James Kirkwood. It had lasted, with a much better cast and a much better-appointed production, sixteen performances on Broadway, and then joined the eponymous feline in the happy mouse hunting grounds. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St (254-6330).

Spring Awakening–An adaptation by Edward Bond of Wedekind's play written in 1891. Directed by Liviu Ciulei. Thru 7/23 at 8:00 p.m.; mat Sat & Sun at 3 p.m. Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6350)

Three By Two–A showcase for two actors written and directed by Tom Millott, stars Robert Arpin, Bud Graves, and Richard Shoberg. Thurs thru Mon at 8; late shows Fri & Sat at 10:30; mat Sun at 5:30. Cubiculo Theatre, 414 West 51st St (265-2138).

The Tooth of Crime–Sam Shepard's play with full rock and roll score written by the playwright. Thru 7/24, Thurs thru Sat at 11 p.m., Mon at 8 p.m. Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St (691-2272).

Vanities–Three girls from Texas grow old but not up. Jack Heifner's attractive and nicely observed play covers familiar ground *(The Group, Grease, etc.),* but Garland Wright's coiled-spring direction of a three-member cast (Sally Sockwell, Cordis Heard, Monica Merryman) gives the work cogency and wit. Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St (541-8394).

Which Way to Nirvana?–Written and directed by Pascal Vaquer. Thru 8/16, Thurs thru Sun at 8 p.m. The Play Factor, 692 Greenwich St (243-3035).

A Women of No Importance–Oscar Wilde's play, directed by Andres Castro. Fri thru Sun at 8 p.m. thru 9/10. $3. West Side Repertory, 252 W 81st (666-3521).

New York Ticket Service

For free information regarding what tickets may be obtained for theater, dance and concerts, call 986-5872, Monday through Friday, 1 to 6 p.m. New York Magazine will be happy to advise you.

After Dark

NIGHTCLUBS

Applause–40th St & Lex. Restaurant club, with singer-pianist Ann Lebeaux holding forth Mon thru Sat from 8 p.m. (687-7267).

Arthur's–44 W 56th. Continental cuisine, showcase Tues & Wed. Other nights singing waiters and waitresses (581-9765).

Barbizon Plaza Library–6th Ave, betw 58th & 59th. Lively discotheque, open Mon thru Fri, 4:30 p.m. to 3 a.m.; Sat, 9 p.m. to 3 a.m.; Sun, 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. (Cl 7-7000).

Brandy's II–84th & York. Supper club of wood, brick, and Commodore Hotel fixtures. Touch dancing nightly to the music of the Nora and Norma trio thru 7/29 (879-5299).

Cachaça–403 E 62nd. Mirrors, dining at marble-topped tables, potted palms, gray velvet Chesterfield sofas (688-8501).

Catch a Rising Star–1487 1st Ave. Continuous entertainment by comics and singers Tues thru Sun, with steadies Pat Benatar and David Sayh (794-1906).

Chateau Madrid–48th St & Lex. 7/20-8/16, a new revue featuring Marlene Saamer, bongo and conga man Candido, and the dance team of Augie and Margo (PL 2-8080).

Club Ibis–151 E 50th. Egyptian decor, international cuisine, and a new revue with belly-dancers and whirling dervishes. Two orchestras for dancing. Showtime is 9:45 & 12:30 every night but Sunday (753-3471).

Comic Strip–1568 Second Ave. Restaurant, comedy spot with an improvisational entertainment, Sun thru Fri, fun starts at 9; Sat at 9 & 12:15 (861-9386).

Copacabana–10 E 60th. Restaurant-discotheque with entertainment. 7/21, 22, Alesandra in the Copacabana Lounge, at 10, midnight, & 2. Closed Sundays (755-6010).

Copa-Disco–10 E 60th. Huge dance floor with much light and sound. Fri & Sat only, 10 p.m. to 4 a.m. (755-6010).

Cotton Club–666 W 125th. Comedian Slappy White entertains thru 7/24. Disco dancing to the music of the Pazant Brothers/Cotton Club Orchestra. Two shows nightly at 10 and 12:30 (MO 3-7980).

Dangerfields–1118 First Ave. Comedian-impressionist David Frye in a return visit, with singer Bobby Justin. Shows at 9:30 & 11:30 p.m. 7/21-29, (593-1650).

Dionysos–304 E 48th. Stelios, a band for Greek dancing. Elena Voulgari entertains nightly. Interesting decor, and international cuisine (758-8240).

Hippopotamus II–405 E 62nd. A pretty place with a fireplace, an English club atmosphere, and a fine chef. Plus disco-dancing from 10 to 4 a.m. nightly (486-1566).

Improvisation–358 W 44th. Comics and singing waitresses all night long, seven days a week; food; total informality (765-8268).

Jimmy Weston's–131 E 54th. Thru 7/29, singer-pianist Glen Covington and his trio; thru 7/30, Kitt and Mike Moran, nightly except Sunday at 10, midnight & 2 a.m. The Tommy Furtado Trio, Tues thru Sat, and the Bernie Leighton Quartet on Sun and Mon (838-8384).

Koatails–1189 First Avenue. New discotheque, right out of Busby Berkeley, tuxedoed waitresses, demonstrations of period dances (535-6423).

Mamma Leone's–239 W 48th. Lavish cuisine with continuous entertainment by singers and guitarists and accordionists (JU 6-5151).

Once Upon a Stove–325 Third Ave. Fri & Sat, thru September, dancing, cheek-to-cheek, to the Randy Corts Combo from 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. (683-0044).

Playboy Club–5 E 59. Entertainment, dining, and dancing. Thru 7/22, Joe Pass. 7/24-29, Maxine Weldon. 7/31-8/12, Roslyn Kind (PL 2-3100).

Rainbow Grill–65th floor, Rockefeller Plaza. *Viva! Viva!* a new revue with seven chorus girls and five chorus boys, directed by Peter Jackson (PL 7-8970).

Rainbow Room–65th floor, Rockefeller Plaza. Exquisite, enormous dining and dancing room, with a view of the entire world, almost. Lee Castle and his Jimmy Dorsey orchestra play for dancing (except on Mondays), thru 7/23. Bobby Rosengarden and his orchestra, featuring Carrie Smith, 7/25-8/6 (PL 7-9090).

Reflections–40 E 58th. Attractive bi-level discotheque, open Fri & Sat from 10 to 4 a.m. (MU 8-3365).

Le Refuge–309 E 83rd. Charming French dining place with live baroque guitar and harp music, Mon, Tues & Thurs, from 7:30 p.m. (UN 1-4505).

Roma di Notte–137 E 55th. Italian cabaret with hideaway caves for private dining. Dancing to the Roma 88 orchestra, plus strolling musicians from 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. Closed Sundays (832-1128).

Roseland–239 W 52nd. Ballroom open for dancing Wed and Fri, from 5:30; Thurs & weekends from 2:30. American and Latin bands. Midnight disco Wed, Fri, Sat. Dance class & show Wed night (Cl 7-0200).

Shepheard's–Park Ave & 56th. Thru 7/22, Hi Lads and A Lass entertain three times nightly. Disco dancing continuously on the glass floor (421-0900).

Sibi–151 E 50th. Nice warm upstairs dancing den, with Pianist-singer Bobby Cole and his jazz quartet, every night but Sunday from 9 p.m. (753-3429).

Sirocco–29 E 29th. Greek-Israeli nightclub starring Aris San, a disco dance band, The Siroquettes (a chorus line!), & other ethnic entertainment. Closed Mondays (683-9409).

Stork Club–112 Central Park South. Perhaps the most elegant room for dining and dancing in the city. The Irving Fields Trio supplies dance music Mon thru Fri 8 til midnight. Sat til 1 a.m. (581-7080).

Tavern On The Green–Central Park at W 67th. Pianist Charlie Cochron, accompanied by bass player Ernie Furtado, in the Elm Cafe, from 9 p.m. to 1 a.m., Wed thru Sun (873-3200).

Touches–190 Third, at 17th. Discotheque, all scintillation, and mirrors, downstairs from that estimable eatery known as Tuesdays (533-7902).

THE HOTEL ROOMS

Biltmore, Madison at 43rd (687-7000). **Under the Clock:** Singer-pianist Theresa Kelly here for four weeks, Mon thru Fri, 7 to midnight.

Carlyle, Madison Ave & 77th (744-1600). **The Cafe:** Thru 8/31, Monty Alexander, Jamaican-born pianist, plays Sun thru Thurs.

Pierre, 5th Ave & 61st St (838-8000). **The Cafe:** Thru Labor Day, Tony Gorody plays the piano and sings Tues thru Sat 9:30-12:30.

Plaza, Fifth Ave at 59th (PL 9-3000). **Edwardian Room:** Dance music by the Roger Stanley trio, Tues thru Sun from 6:30 p.m. to 12:30 a.m.

Sheraton, 55th & 7th Ave (247-8000). **Sally's:** Turn of the century lounge-cabaret, with entertainment nightly. From 9:30 to 1:30. **The Falstaff Room:** Pianist Effie, 5 to 10 p.m. Mon thru Fri. And from 10 to 12:30, singer Mary Small.

Sherry Netherland, 5th Ave and 59th St (EL 5-2800). **Le Petit Restaurant:** Earl Rose plays from 8 p.m. to 1 a.m. Wednesdays through Fridays.

St. Regis Sheraton, 5th Ave & 55th (PL 3-4500). **Old King Cole:** Continuous dinner/dance music, Ray Hartley, pianist, Mon thru Thurs 5:30-8 p.m. The Peter Duchin Quartet headed by pianist John Bunch, 8 p.m.-1 a.m. Fri & Sat, 9 p.m.-2 a.m.

UN Plaza, 44th & First Ave (355-3400). **Ambassador Lounge:** Greenhouse with muted lights is the setting for Dick Hankinson at the piano, Mon thru Fri. Earl Rose, Sat & Sun, from 5 to midnight.

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Assembly–16 W 51st. Pleasant restaurant, with singer-pianist Marty Berns playing Mon thru Fri until 10 p.m., scores of hit movies, Beatle songs, requests (581-3580).

Ballroom–458 West Bdway. Thru 7/29, composer/ lyricist George David Weiss nightly at 8:30 p.m. with back-up singers and band. At 10:30 p.m., "The Late Show" (473-9367).

Barbara's–78 West 3rd St. 7/21, 22, the Pete Yellen Quartet; 7/28, 29, Terumasa Hino's Quartet (Japan's leading trumpet star); 8/4, 5, Walter Davis Jr. Trio. Music starts at 10 p.m. (473-9326).

Beefsteak Charlie's Jazz Emporium–12th St & 5th Ave. 7/19-22, Frank Tusa Trio with Elliot Zigmund & Albert Baily (675-4720).

The Bottom Line–15 W 4th. 7/18, 19, Carlene Carter and the Rumour; Peter Cofield (228-6300).

Bradley's–70 University Pl. Thru 7/22, pianist John Bunch and bassist Sam Jones entertain (473-9700).

Cafe Fanny–Hotel Biltmore, Madison & 43rd. Gale and Prudence Curtis perform Mon thru Fri at this 19th century cafe with an informal ambience, which is open to midnight always (687-7115).

Carnegie Tavern–165 W 56th. Jazz pianist Ellis Larkins, known for his crystal touch, lilting swing, enormous repertoire, and short sets, is well worth hearing. 8 to midnight (PL 7-9522).

Christy's Skylite Gardens–64 W 11th. Charming restaurant filled with plants, skylights, and music nightly (673-5720).

The Clubhouse–1315 Second Ave (at 69th). Steakhouse, with a tennis and golf motif, and jazz/blues/ ballads singer and pianist Stan Facey entertaining nightly (628-0600).

Eddie Condon's–144 W 54th. The city's bastion of traditional jazz boasts a house band led by club-owner Red Balaban, and includes the patriarch of jazz trombone, Vic Dickenson. 7/18, trombonist Eddie Hubble sits in. On Sundays, a young tenor saxophonist named Scott Hamilton leads his own band and does very nicely by the Ben Webster-Don Byas tradition (265-8277).

The Cookery–University Pl at 8th St. Joe Turner, the last of the stride pianists and a long time citizen of France, is making one of his exceedingly rare and joyful appearances in this country, until further notice. Mon thru Thurs at 8:30 & 10:30; Fri & Sat at 12:15 a.m. (OR 4-4450).

Coriander–314 E. 72 St. This cozy little restaurant is much enhanced by the presence of pianist-singer Joe Derise, a veteran charmer with an impeccable repertoire. He appears nightly from 10 p.m., with bassist Ernie Furtado (794-2700).

Crawdaddy's–45th & Vanderbilt. Scott Hamilton and his trio perform at this genuine New Orleans restaurant Mon thru Fri, 6:30 thru 11:30 (687-1860).

Grand Finale II–210 W 70th. Thru 7/22, Ann Reinking, star of Bob Fosse's hit musical *Dancin'* performs at 11:30 nightly (759-3303).

Gregory's–First Ave at 63rd. Mon and Tues, Al Haig, a superior pianist who was a favorite accompanist of Charlie Parker and Stan Getz, leads a trio with bass and guitar. Another piano-bass guitar trio, led by Hod O'Brian and featuring the marvelously fluent guitarist Joe Puma takes over Wed thru Sun (371-2220).

Hopper's–6th Ave. at 11th St. Thru 7/23, Bob Brookmeyer and group; from 7/24, "Bucky" Pizzarelli, guitarist; Slam Stewart, bass. 9:30 p.m. and 11:30 p.m., Mon thru Sat; 1 a.m. shows Fri & Sat (260-0250).

Jazzmania Society–14 E 23rd. The jamming here is informal and swinging, the atmosphere unbeatable (477-3077).

Jimmy Ryan's–154 W 54th. Roy Eldridge is a monument to the jazz spirit, and to miss seeing him at work is to deny yourself the pleasure of witnessing one of the few enduring giants. Mon & Sun, Max Kaminsky, no slouch either, leads the band. Stan Gold Quartet, 5:30-8 on Fridays (664-9700).

Les Mareyeurs–988 Madison Ave. French seafood house in the heart of the art gallery country. The great Ronny Whyte entertains Tues thru Sat from 8:30 to 1 a.m. (628-3333).

Marty's–1265 Third Ave. Terraces and gardens and continental food. Jimmy Jordan plays the piano and sings blues and ballads (249-4100).

Michael's Pub–211 E 55th. 7/18-29, the Steve Wolfe Quintet, featuring singer Nancy King, Tues thru Sat. Mon, Woody Allen indulges in wish fulfillment and Dixieland clarinet (PL 8-2272).

O'Lunney's–915 Second Ave. betw 48th & 49th. Reasonably-priced eatery where you can dance and listen to country and western music. Mon thru Sat from 9; Sun from 7 is for bluegrass. 7/18-20, Skeeter Starke band; 7/21-22, Murphy's Law. 7/23, The Original Bluegrass Opera of Detroit. 7/24, The Bluegrass Express. 7/25-26, Tommy Blue and the Northwest Passage (751-5470).

Onde's–160 E. 48th. Supper club with split level room for dancing. The Art Syms band and pianist-singer Baba Motta perform from 7:30 on every night but Sunday (752-0200).

The Other End–149 Bleecker St. 7/26, 27, Vassar Clements (673-7030).

Reno Sweeney–126 W 13th. Tues thru Sun, 7/18-23, Maxine Sullivan; 7/25-30, Helen Humes (691-0900).

Sacred Cow–228 W 72nd. Lovely dining place. Ernie Kemm is at the keyboard nightly. Waitresses and waiters participate in the entertainment (873-4067).

Sweet Basil–88 7th Ave So. Art Farmer, one of the best equipped and most lyrical-minded of contemporary brass players, will play flugelhorn and trumpet with a quartet, 7/18-23. 7/25-29, John Abercrombie Quartet (242-1785).

Tramps–125 E 15th. 7/18, Professional Talent Night. 7/19, Sam, with Pamela Shaw. 7/24, Zora Rasmussen and a comedy special. 7/25, Dardanelle (260-0370).

Village Gate–Bleeker at Thompson. Thru 7/22, tenor saxophonist Stanley Turrentine will play his ritzy-soulful improvisations over a disco-inspired band not worthy of him (GR 5-5120).

Village Vanguard–178 7th Ave So. Kenny Burrell, a polished, understated master of jazz guitar will lead a trio thru 7/23 (AL 5-4037).

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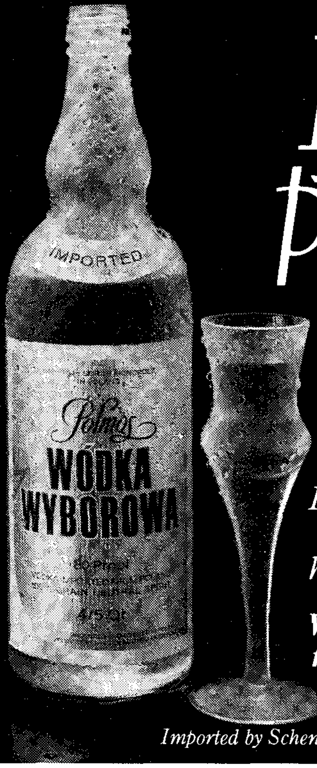

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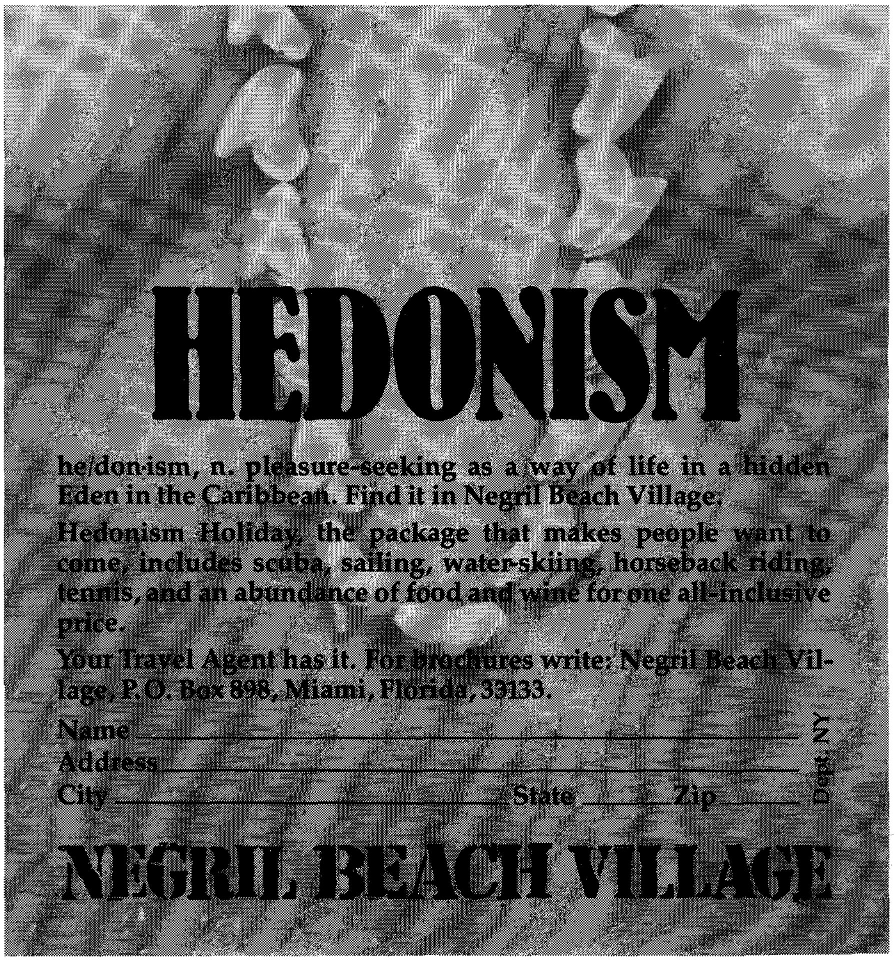
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Big Apple Circus, Big Apple Park, Eighth Ave. at 50th St. (581-9186). A one-ring tent circus, featuring acrobats, trapeze artists, clowns, and gymnasts; Wed at 11:15 & 2:15, Thurs-Sat at 2:15 & 7:30, and Sun at 1 & 4.
Mummenschanz, Bijou Theater, Bdwy at 45th St. (221-8500). Tues-Fri at 8, Sat at 2 & 8, Sun at 3.
Beatlemania, Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Bdwy (245-4878). Tues-Fri at 8, Sat at 2, 7 & 10, Sun at 2.

Concerts

Tuesday, July 18

Mostly Mozart Festival, Avery Fisher Hall; with Pinchas Zukerman, viola and violin; Eugenia Zukerman, flute; Emanuel Ax, piano; and Carlos Bonell, guitar. Works of Mozart, Bach, Kreutzer, and Giuliani, at 8 (Pre-concert recital at 7).
Juice Quartet, jazz, Baychester Diagnostic Center, 1250 E 229th St., Bronx (784-3812), at 7.
Municipal Concerts Orchestra, Bronx Park East at Lydig Ave. (682-6567). Julius Grossman conducts, with Karen Eley, violin. Works by Brahms and Tchaikovsky, at 8.
Orchestra of New York, Fort Tryon Park Playground, Bdwy at Dyckman St. (360-8294), at 7.
Washington Square Music Festival, Grace Church, Bdwy at 10th St. (473-8321); with Johannes Somary, conductor; Frank Smith, organ; Dilys Smith, soprano; and the Horace Mann Chorus, at 8.
Rock Concert, Wolfe's Pond Park in Staten Island (356-1075), at 8.

Wednesday, July 19

Mostly Mozart Festival, Avery Fisher Hall; with Pinchas Zukerman, conductor and violinist; Judith Blegen, soprano; and Emanuel Ax, piano. An all-Mozart program, at 8 (Pre-concert recital at 7).
Chris Connor, jazz vocalist, Exxon Park, 49th St. between Sixth and Seventh Aves. (582-2424), at 4:30.
Municipal Concerts Orchestra, Seaside Park, Sea Breeze Ave. at W 5th St., Bklyn (682-6567). Julius Grossman conducts, with Eugene Moye, cello. Works of Prokofiev, Tchaikovsky, & Schubert, 8.
Summer Sings: Village Singers, NYU Catholic Center, 58 Washington Sq. South (254-9703), at 7:30.
Emmylou Harris/Asleep at the Wheel, Wollman Theater, at 6:30.
Goldman Band, Damrosch Park in Lincoln Center (838-7262), at 8.
Ann Estill, coloratura soprano/**Larry Mendes,** piano, NYU Theater, 35 W 4th St. (598-3491). Works of Vivaldi, Handel, Debussy, Purcell, Charpentier, Strauss, Moore, and Barber, at 8.
L'Arema Chamber Ensemble, Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave. (794-0600), at 7.

Thursday, July 20

Mostly Mozart Festival, Avery Fisher Hall; with Pinchas Zukerman, violin and viola; Eugenia Zukerman, flute; Emanuel Ax, piano; Lynn Harrell, cello; and Carlos Bonell, guitar. Works of Haydn, Schubert, Mozart, and Schumann, at 8 (Pre-concert recital at 7).
Ted Lundy/Bob Paisley & the Southern Mt. Boys, bluegrass, South Street Seaport, Fulton St. at East River (427-1488), at 8.
Mitchell Korn, guitar, Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave. (794-0600), at 7.
Goldman Band, Christopher Morley Park in Roslyn, L.I. (838-7262), at 8.
Rock Concert, Wolfe's Pond Park in Staten Island (356-1075), at 8.

Friday, July 21

Mostly Mozart Festival, Avery Fisher Hall; Neville Marriner conducts, with Lynn Harrell, cello; and James Galway, flute. Works of Mozart and Haydn, at 8 (Pre-concert recital at 7).
Vera Auer, vibraphone, Cassidy's, 303 E 53rd St. (755-8050), at noon.
L'Arema Chamber Ensemble, Museum of Modern Art Summergarden, 8 W 54th St. (956-7298), at 8.

ERIN GO BRAGH

Irish flutist **James Galway** makes his New York City debut at this summer's Mostly Mozart Festival in Avery Fisher Hall. Mr. Galway appears with the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra on July 21 and 22 and with pianist Christopher Eschenbach in a recital program on July 25 (874-2424).

Goldman Band, Damrosch Park in Lincoln Center (838-7262), at 8.
Municipal Concerts Orchestra, Kissena Park, Oak Ave. at 164th St., Queens (682-6567). Same program as July 19, at 8.
X Seamens Institute, Pier 15 of South Street Seaport, Fulton St. at East River (766-9066), at 7:30.
Summer Sings, Grace Church, Bdwy at 10th St. (254-2000), at 7.
Jean Luc Ponty, Calderone Concert Hall, 145 North Franklin St., L.I. (516-481-4400), at 8.

Saturday, July 22

Mostly Mozart Festival, Avery Fisher Hall; Neville Marriner conducts, with Lynn Harrell, cello; and James Galway, flute. Works of Mozart and Haydn, at 8 (Pre-concert recital at 7).
Goldman Band, Seaside Park, Ocean Pkwy at Sea Breeze Ave., Bklyn (838-7262), at 8.
L'Arema Chamber Ensemble, Museum of Modern Art Summergarden, 8 W 54th St. (956-7298), at 8.
Laura Nyro, Wollman Theater, at 6:30.

Sunday, July 23

Goldman Band, Damrosch Park in Lincoln Center (838-7262), at 8.
Juice Quartet, jazz, Brooklyn Museum Garden, 200 Eastern Pkwy (783-4469), at 2.
Seals & Croft, Jones Beach Theater in Wantagh, L.I. (516-221-1000), at 8.
Gina Carelli, dramatic soprano, Federal Hall National Memorial, 26 Wall St. (865-3571), at 2.
Trinity Church Choir–Trinity Church, Bdwy at Wall St. (285-0818), at 9.
New Amsterdam Ensemble, Cooper-Hewitt Museum, 2 E 91st St. (860-6868), at 3.

Monday, July 24

Mostly Mozart Festival, Avery Fisher Hall; with Christopher Eschenbach, conductor and pianist. Works of Mozart and Haydn, at 8.
Pete Seeger/Odetta, Wollman Theater, at 6:30.
Municipal Concerts Orchestra, Dreiser Community Center, 177 Dreiser Loop, Co-Op City, Bronz (682-6567). Same program as July 19, at 8.
Juice Quartet, jazz, Madison Square Park, Madison Ave. at 23rd St. (784-3812), at 1.

Tuesday, July 25

Mostly Mozart Festival, Avery Fisher Hall; with Christopher Eschenbach, piano, and James Galway, flute. An all-Schubert program, at 8 (Pre-concert recital at 7).
Municipal Concerts Orchestra, St. Nicholas of Tollentine, Union Turnpike at Parsons Blvd., Queens (682-6567). Same program as July 19, at 8.
Rock Concert, Wolfe's Pond Park in Staten Island (356-1075), at 8.
Washington Square Music Festival, Grace Church, Bdwy at 10th St. (473-8321); with José Contreras, conductor, and Susan Reed, soprano, at 8.

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Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave (636-4100).
Brooklyn Center at Brooklyn College, Campus Rd at Ave H (859-1180).
Carnegie Hall and Carnegie Recital Hall, Seventh Ave at 57th (247-7459).
City Center, 131 W 55th (246-8989).
The Kitchen, *484 Broome St. (925-3615).*
Lincoln Center: Alice Tully Hall (362-1911); Avery Fisher Hall (874-2424); Library-Museum (799-2200); Metropolitan Opera House (580-9830); New York State Theater (877-4727).
Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave at 33rd (563-8000).
Mannes College of Music, 157 E 74th St. (737-0700).
Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave at 82nd St. (535-7710).
Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. (516-794-9100).
92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (427-6000).
Town Hall, 123 W 43rd (582-4536).
Westbury Music Fair, Brush Hollow Rd., Westbury, L.I. (516-333-0533).
Wollman Theater in Central Park, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (249-8870).

Opera

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Tues, 7/18 at 7:30: *The Mikado.* Wed, 7/19 at 2 & 7:30: *The Mikado.* Thurs, 7/20 at 7:30: *Iolanthe.* Fri, 7/21 at 8: *H.M.S. Pinafore.* Sat, 7/22 at 2 & 8: *H.M.S. Pinafore.* Mon, 7/24 & Tues, 7/25 at 7:30: *The Pirates of Penzance.*

OTHER

Light Opera of Manhattan, 334 E 74th St. (535-6310). *Mlle. Modiste,* 7/19 at 2 & 8:30, 7/20-21 at 8:30, 7/22 at 4 & 8:30, 7/23 at 4.
Stuyvesant Opera, Loretto Theater, 20 Bleecker St. (674-5243). *Lucia di Lammermoor,* 7/19 & 21 at 7:30, 7/23 at 2:30.

Dance

LONDON FESTIVAL BALLET
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SUMMER FESTIVAL

Eva Evdokimova dances in *Giselle* when the London Festival Ballet (with Rudolf Nureyev) opens a two-week engagement at the Metropolitan Opera House on July 18. Considered one of England's foremost companies, the London Festival Ballet is making its first New York appearance in 25 years. Thru July 29 (580-9830).

Tues, 7/18 at 7:30: *Romeo and Juliet.* Wed, 7/19 at 2 & 8: *Romeo and Juliet.* Thurs, 7/20 at 8: *Romeo and Juliet.* Fri, 7/21 at 8: *Giselle.* Sat, 7/22 at 2 & 8: *Giselle.* Mon, 7/24 at 8: *Conservatoire; The Sanguine Fan; Le Spectre de la Rose; Scheherazade.* Tues, 7/25 at 8: *Giselle.*

OTHER

Caribbean Culture Program: Ibo Dancers & Paulette Saint-Lot/Miriam Dorisme, American Museum of Natural History, CPW at 79th St. (873-1300), 7/26 at 7.
Clark Center Dance Festival, CUNY Graduate Center, 33 W 42nd St. (246-4818): Capoeiras of Bahia, 7/18-20 at 8; Chiang Ching Dance Company, 7/21-23 at 8; Kariamu and Company, 7/25-27 at 8.
Las Adelitas de Mexico and Los Dorados, folk dances, Bethune Houses Courtyard, Amsterdam Ave. at W 157th St. (360-8294), 7/20 at 7.
Multigravitational Aerodance Group, Fort Tryon Park Playground, Bdwy at Dyckman St. (360-8294), 7/25 at 7.

Art

Galleries are open Tues-Sat from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.
Asterisk denotes show of special distinction.
Art listing's edited by Holly Pinto.

SOLOS

57th STREET

***Lee Adler**–Machine-inspired paintings and prints from the 70s, thru 7/21. Heidenberg, 50 W 57th (586-3808).
Howard Gross–A series of portraits with closed eyes, thru 9/4. Truman, 38 E 57th (688-3516).

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

***Peter Cox/Ron Herron**–Architectural arcadias/Insertions, thru 7/21. Institute for Architecture and Urban Studies, 8 W 40th (398-9474).
Tom Dubicanac–Ecological and socio-cultural collages, thru 7/22. Spaced, 165 W 72nd (787-6350). Tues-Sat 12-5.
Zahara Schatz–Kinetic sculptures, laminated plastics, and mixed media commemorating Israel, thru 8/15. America-Israel Cultural Foundation, 4 E 54th (751-2700).
***Egon Schiele**(1890-1918)–Self-portraits in paintings, drawings, and watercolors, thru 8/31. Sabarsky, 987 Mad Ave (628-6281).

SoHo

***Leo Jensen**–Paintings and sculpture dealing with dog* helments/Gallery artists, thru 7/30. Hansen, 70 Wooster (431-5904).
Richard Jolley–Art glass, thru 8/13. Spring Street Enamels, 171 Spring (431-8151). Tues-Sun 12-6, Fri 12-9.
***Louis I. Kahn**–Drawings ranging from pencil sketches to large works in color of architectural monuments in Europe, Greece, and Egypt, thru 8/12. Drawing Center, 137 Greene (982-5266). Mon-Sat 11-6.
Edward Luyken/Sonnie Mason–Cartoonlike, brightly colored acrylics/Still lifes and nudes, thru 8/19. Hubris, 150 Thompson (982-1827).
Owen Morrel–Asylum, thru 9/30. Roof Top, 260 W Bdwy (966-0644). Mon-Fri 9-6, Sat 12-6.
Perry Rollins/Joanne Watsic–Experimental works in paint/Minimalist abstractions, thru 8/5. Ward-Nasse, 131 Prince (925-6951).

OTHER

Chaim Gross–Outdoor sculpture, thru 9/30. Fordham University, Lincoln Center, Amsterdam Ave.
Lila Katzen–Steel outdoor sculpture and collage drawings, thru 9/1. Fordham at Lincoln Center (431-9439).
Philip Pearlstein–Recent prints of the nude/Graphic portfolios by Abrahams, Acconci, Arneson, others, thru 9/1. Droll/Kolbert, 724 5th Ave (541-6006). Tues-Fri 11-5.
Yvonne Poser–Judaic themes in bronze, thru 8/30. National Federation of Temple Sisterhoods, 838 5th Ave (249-0100). Mon-Fri 9:30-4:30.
***Ned Smythe**–Sculpted arcades of cast and poured concrete columns with foliated capitals, thru 10/1. Hammarskjold Plaza Sculpture Garden, 866 2nd Ave (861-3115).
Zacharias–Color images ordered by interference grids, 7/19-8/25. Dorfman, 831 Bdwy (473-2017). Mon-Fri 10-6.

GROUP SHOWS

57th STREET

Alonzo–30 W 57th (586-2500). Non-objective abstractions by Butchkes, Gilbert, Nagano, Valenstein, thru 7/27.

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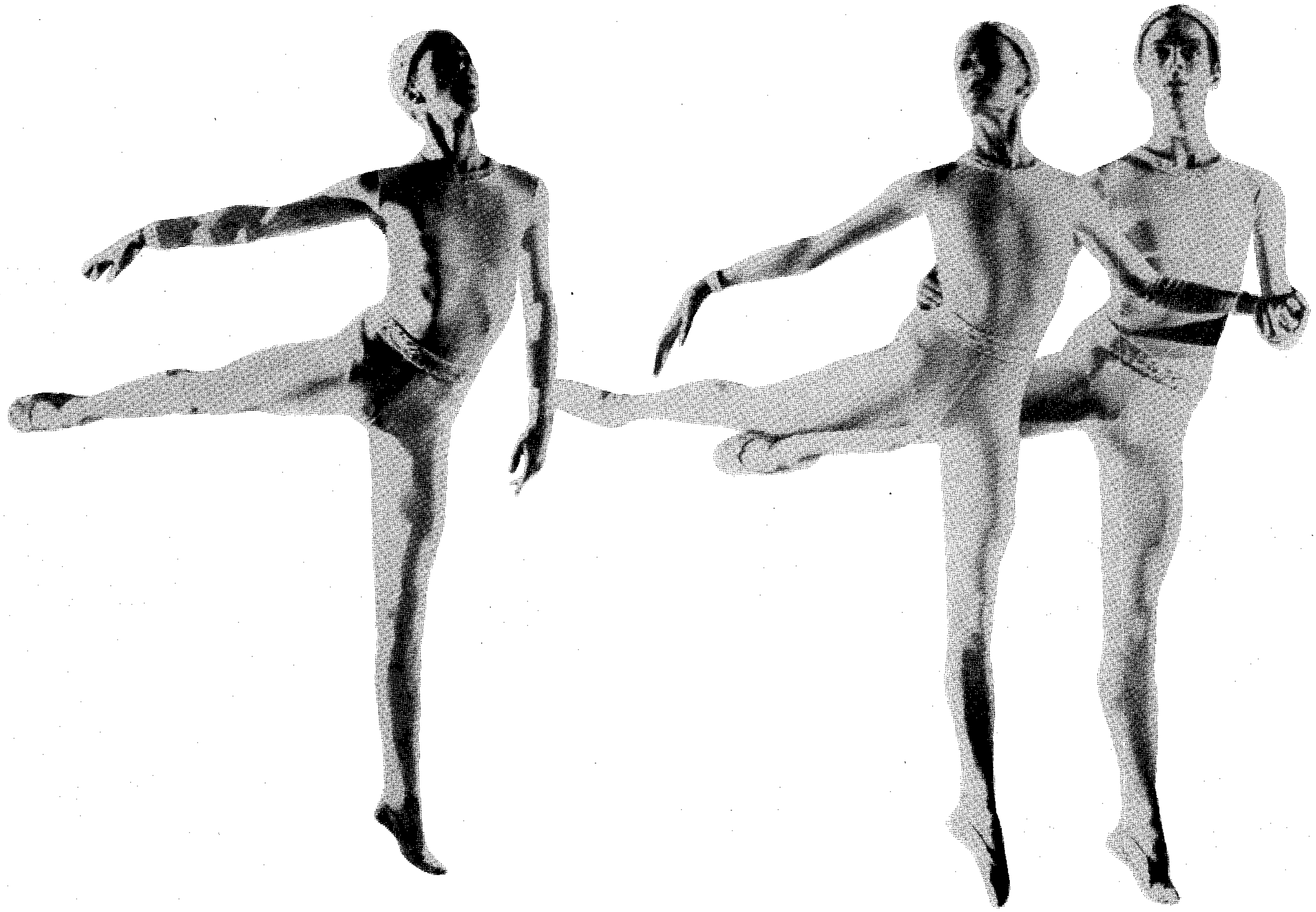

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Isadora Duncan
A celebration to the greatness of Isadora Duncan to the music of Brahms.

La Fille Mal Gardée
Sir Frederick Ashton's Fanny Elssler pas de deux.

Romeo and Juliet
The balcony pas de deux from Kenneth MacMillan's Romeo and Juliet, to the music of Prokofiev.

Monotones Part II
One of Sir Frederick Ashton's purest creations.

Sleeping Beauty
The Bluebird pas de deux from Tchaikovsky's Sleeping Beauty.

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Dintenfass–50 W 57th (581-2268). Mon-Fri 10-5. *Gallery artists Dove, Sheeler, Gwathmey, Leaf,* others, thru 8/18.

Eric–61 E 57th (371-9270). Mon-Fri 9:30-5:30, Sat 10-5. Gallery artists, thru 8/30.

Getler/Pall–50 W 57th (581-2724). Works by known and unknown artists including Boxer, Dine, Rauschenberg, Ruscha, thru 8/30.

Midtown–11 E 57th (PL8-1900). Mon-Fri 10-5:30. Bishop, Cadmus, Sivard, others, thru 9/9.

Pearl–29 W 57th (838-6310). Mon-Fri 10-5:30. Painters on paper, including Greene, Loew, Lytle, Phillips, and Chaet, thru 7/28.

Phoenix–30 W 57th (245-5095). Mon-Fri 11-5:30. Process as Art by Abadi, Firestein, Locksoeuser, Snyder, others, thru 8/9.

Portnoy–56 W 57th (757-0461). Mon-Thurs 10-5:30. The back room in ceramics by members, thru 7/30.

Sande–61 E 57th (688-1904). Works by gallery artists, thru 8/30.

Truman–38 E 57th (688-3516). Attitudes about art in the works of Christo, Hackin, Tuttle, thru 7/20.

Zabriskie–29 W 57th (832-9034). Mon-Fri 10-5:30. Sculpture, paintings, and photos, thru 7/29.

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

Acquavella–18 E 79th (734-6300). Works by Girling, *Ross, Slone, and Youkilis, thru 7/23.*

Aisling–716 Mad Ave (752-7691). Ireland in works by Carson, Larkin, and Walsh, thru 7/19.

Borgenicht–1018 Mad Ave (LE5-8040). Tues-Fri 10-2. Gallery artists, thru 8/30.

Deutsch–43 E 80th (861-4429). 20th century art, including Bluemner, Daugherty, Demuth, Sloan, others, thru 8/4.

Ericson–23 E 74th (737-6155). Gallery artists, thru 9/15.

Forum–1018 Mad Ave (LE5-6080). Mon-Fri 10-5:30. Still-life painters, thru 7/31.

Galerias Paco–26 E 63rd (935-8790). Mon-Fri 11-6. Artists from Spain, Latin America, and the USA, thru 7/31.

Grolier Club–47 E 60th (TE8-6690). Mon-Fri 10-5. Their collection, including manuscripts, portraits, *other, thru 9/1.*

Guild–1145 Mad Ave (861-3776). Tues-Sun 11-5. Prints by Bragg, Neiman, Rockwell, thru 7/18.

***L'Ibis**–667 Mad Ave (935-0490). Egyptian gilded masks, gold jewelry, hieroglyphics, sculpture from Rome and ancient Near East, thru 7/30.

Ingber–3 E 78th (744-3158). Oils of the street by Day, Jirby, Sherrod, others, thru 8/1.

Institute for Architecture and Urban Studies–8 W 40th (398-9474). Mon-Fri 10-6, Sat 12-5. Projects, *sets, and arcadias by Cook and Herron, thru 7/20.*

***Knoedler**–19 E 70th (988-1304). Treasures of Mexico, thru 7/22.

Rolly-Michaux–943 Mad Ave (535-1460). Aubusson tapestries by Calder, Cocteau, Gross, plus graphics by Chagall, Vasarely, others, 9/16.

Schoelkopf–825 Mad Ave (TR9-4639). 19th and 20th *century American painting, thru 7/21.*

***Touchstone**–118 E 64th (826-6111). Tues-Fri 12-5. New talent, including Brett's drawings using dry pigment mixed with plaster and Starrett's oil and encaustic on paper, thru 7/28.

SoHo

***Hutchinson**–138 Greene (966-3066). Invitational with Flanagan's composite images, Garrett's drawings and objects, Read's color photos, others, thru 7/29.

Milliken–141 Prince (674-3131). Mon-Fri 11-5:00. Baynard, Friedberg, Saba, Matt, others, thru 7/27.

***Soho Center**–114 Prince (226-1995). Tues-Fri 12-5, Sat 11-5. Reflective color abstractions by Amann, alternating stained and saturated color-field works by Colman, iconic kinetic constructions by Cooney-Crawford, Gaetano, Mathews, Tavins, thru 7/29.

Sperone Westwater Fischer–142 Greene (431-3685). Mon-Fri 11-4. Gallery artists Andre, Flavin, Venezia, others, thru 7/30.

***Volpe**–457 W Bdwy (533-3900). Mon-Fri 11-7. The American arts and crafts armchair from 1900 to 1917 designed by Stickley, Limbert, and Roycroft, thru 8/18.

Vorpal–465 W Bdwy (777-3939). Originals by Escher, acrylics by Rigolfi, welded steel sculpture by Udi*notti, others, thru 8/30.*

OTHER

***African-American Institute**–833 United Nations Pl (949-5666). Mon-Fri 9-5. Sat 11-5. 150 African objects made from grass and other fibers, including clothing, agricultural implements, trays, others, thru 10/7.

***Astor**–Lincoln Center (790-6551). Mon & Thurs 12-8, Tues, Wed, Fri, Sat 12-6. The dance in drawings, prints, costume designs, books, and sculpture spanning five centuries, including Diaghilev's notebook from 1909 to 1911, thru 9/2.

Biv–245 W 19th (243-6080). Tues-Sat 1-6. Prints by sculptors Archipenko, Bourgeois, Oldenburg, plus *paintings by Kadish, Sirugo, others thru 7/29.*

***Center for Inter-American Relations**–680 Park Ave (249-8950). Mon-Fri 12-6. Latin American art in NYC, including Downey's videos and Urbach's explorative photos, thru 7/28.

F.I.T.–7th Ave at 27th (760-7760). Tues & Wed 10-9, Thurs-Sat 10-4. Work by the American textile de*signer Jack Lenor Larsen, thru 9/16.*

Noho–542 LaGuardia Pl (473-9619). Tues-Sun 1-6. Members, including Beauchamp, Horowitz, Palermo, Yost, others, thru 7/30.

***NY Public Library**–Fifth Ave at 42nd (790-6551). Mon-Wed, Fri & Sat 10-6. Patrons and publishers dealing with the financial support of English literary works from Chaucer to Orwell with letters, manuscripts, and early editions from the Berg Collection, thru 11/29/At Lincoln Center, 111 Amsterdam Ave. Mon-Sat 12-6. Photos and memorabilia of Eglevsky, 1917 to 1977, thru 9/2.

Songwriters' Hall of Fame–One Times Square (221-1252). Mon-Sat 11-3. Song sheets, photos, memorabilia of America's popular songwriters.

St. John the Divine–1047 Amsterdam Ave (678-6888). Tues-Fri 9-5, Sat 12-5. Art in all media with religious themes by Leff, Smitt, Pinto, Sanders, Walinska, others, thru 7/30.

World Trade Center–U.S. Customs Service (247-5340). Mon-Fri 8:30-4. Antique American flags and memorabilia, thru 7/24.

THE HAMPTONS

Benson–Montauk Highway, Bridgehampton (516-537-3233). 2000 years of fabrics, collages by Butchkes, photos by Baykal, constructions by Thomas, others, 7/22-8/1.

Light–Montauk Highway, Bridgehampton (516-537-3665). Tues-Sat 11-1, 2-5. Color photos of Providence, Rhode Island by Callahan and contemporary *views by Miller, thru 8/3.*

Parrish Museum–Job's Lane, Southampton (516-283-2118). David Burliuk: Years of Transition, 1910-1930, including his avant-garde, surrealist works/Dan Flavin: Light sculpture and waterfront drawings of the Hamptons and Hoboken, thru 7/23.

Tower–3 South Main, Southampton (516-283-3951). *Realistic oils of the Hamptons by Bjerring and* landscapes by Ritchie, 7/22-8/4.

Photography

***James Abbe**–Militarism in the 30s, including Hitler, Stalin, Spanish Civil War, and Mussolini, thru 7/30. Washburn, 42 E 57th (753-0546).

J.J. Castro–Venezuela, its cities and its landscapes, *thru 7/28. Galeria Venezuela, 7 E 51st (826-1660).* Mon-Fri 9-4.

***Grey**–NYU, 33 Washington Pl, Washington Sq E (598-7063). Mon-Fri 12-7, Wed 12-8:30. 19th and 20th century American and European photos from the Wagstaff Collection, including Cameron, Evans, Steichen, Talbot, others, thru 8/26.

***William Henry Jackson**–*Waterfalls and rock forma*tions of Cascade Canyon, Colorado, thru 8/18. Wolf, 30 W 57th (586-8432). Mon-Fri 11-6.

***Kodak**–1133 Sixth Ave (262-6183). Mon 12-5, Tues-Sat 9:30-5. *Auto Exotica,* thru 7/21.

Carol Levine–Mansions, mills, and main streets, thru 7/21. Merrill Hall, 90 Trinity Pl. Mon-Fri 10-9.

Light–*724 5th Ave (582-6552). Works by Callahan,* Newman, Siskind, Strand, others, thru 8/31.

James Marshall–People in places from rural India to urban Italy, thru 7/31. Camera Club of NY, 37 E 60th (838-9710). Mon-Fri 1-6.

***Midtown-Y**–344 E 14th (674-7200). Mon-Thurs 12-8, Fri til 4, Sun 10-1. Sports and games in the streets, parks, playgrounds, and plazas of NYC taken over

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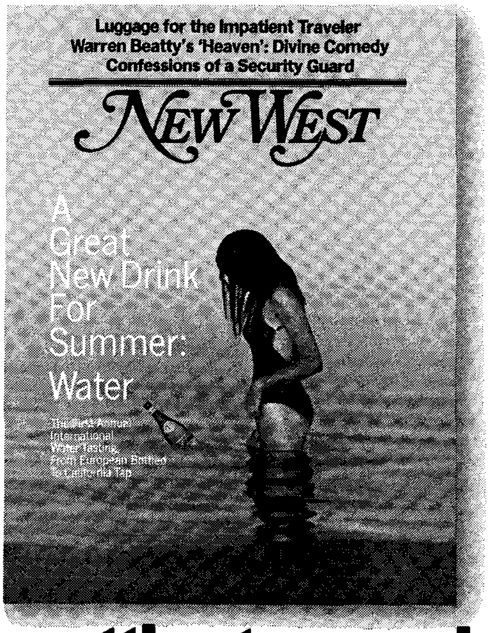
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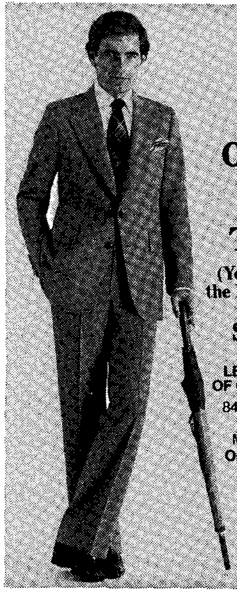

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Neikrug–224 E 68th (288-7741). Wed-Sat 1-6. Erotic studies by Fox, Mapplethorpe, Tress, Webb, Weegee, others, thru 7/29.

Nikon–620 5th Ave (586-3907). Winners of the "Pictures of the Year," including Conger and Harvey of *National Geographic* magazine, thru 7/29.

***Pfeifer**–825 Mad Ave (737-2055). Tues-Fri 10-5:30. Male nude in the 19th & 20th century, thru 7/28.

***Prakapas**–19 E 71st (737-6066). Tues-Fri 11-6. Views of New York after dark, including Times Square in the 20s, thru 7/21.

Layle Silbert–Contemporary poets, thru 7/28. State *University of Stony Brook, Library, Stony Brook, L.I.* (OR7-0947). Mon-Fri 9-5.

Soho/Stieglitz–34 W 13th (242-9198). Sat & Sun 1-6, Tues 7-9. Photo-synthesis by Calabrese, faces by Hiss, Fire Island by Watherwax, thru 7/30.

Museums

American Museum of Natural History, CPW at 79th St. (873-1300). Mon-Sat 10-4:45, Wed till 9, Sun 11-5. *Ice Age Art—Man's Earliest Masterpieces:* The Cro-Magnon artist's view of his world; thru 12/31. *The Sport of Birding;* thru autumn. **Hayden Planetarium,** CPW at 81st St. (724-8700). Laserium concert, Fri & Sat at 8:30, 10 & 11:30 p.m., Sun at 8:30 & 10 p.m.

Asia House–112 E 64th (751-4210). Mon-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5, Thurs til 8:30. Vintage prints made in China during the last 60 years of the Imperial Ch'ing dynasty, 1846-1912, thru 8/20.

Bronx Museum of the Arts, 851 Grand Concourse (681-6000). Mon-Fri 9-5, Sun 1-4.

Brooklyn Museum, 188 Eastern Pkwy (638-5000). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5.

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St. (860-2011). Tues 10-9, Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5. *Embroidery Through the Ages:* Fine and rare examples from the 14th century to the present, for the church and for secular use; thru 9/3. *Celebration of Water:* Water symbolism and water forms—fountains, baths, swimming pools, etc., thru 8/20.

Fraunces Tavern Museum, 54 Pearl St. (425-1776). Mon-Fri 10-4. Folk art images of George Washington; thru 10/31.

Frick Collection, 1 E 70th St. (288-0700). Wed-Sat 10-6, Sun 1-6.

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave at 89th (860-1313). Tues 11-8, Wed-Sun 11-5. *The Evelyn Sharp Collection:* Forty-five paintings and sculptures from Braque, Calder, Matisse, Picasso, and others; thru 10/1. *Alberto Burri:* A retrospective view, 1948-78; thru 8/27.

Hudson River Museum, 511 Warburton Ave., Yonkers. (914-963-4550). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. Photographs of Lee Friedlander. *Presence & Passage:* Drawings and paintings by Nicholas Barbieri. Prints by Merle Perlmutter. These shows open 7/23 and run thru 9/17. *The Ringling Brothers Circus Model:* An 8' by 16' scale model of the circus of 1912-14; thru 9/30.

International Center of Photography, Fifth Ave. at 94th St. (860-1783). Daily, except Mon, 11-5. *Edward Weston—Gifts to His Sister:* 125 prints by the artist; thru 9/3.

Japan House–333 E 47th (832-1155). Daily 11-5, Fri til 7:30.

Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave. (860-1888). Sun 11-6, Mon-Thurs 12-5.

Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth at 82nd (535-7710). Tues, 10-8:45; Wed-Sat, 10-4:45; Sun, 11-4:45. *Images of Women—Master Drawings of Five Centuries:* Drawings from the 15th to the 20th century, including works by Rembrandt, Dürer, Ingres, Renoir, Matisse, others; thru 10/1. *The Arts Under Napoleon:* Includes wax medallions, velvet court apparel, the Emperor's death mask, and more; thru 7/30. *Japanese Early Blue and White Export Ware:* Export porcelain of the second half of the 17th century; thru 9/3. *Vanity Fair:* A treasure trove of the Costume Institute, thru 8/27. *Polish Arms & Armor;* indefinite close.

Pierpont Morgan Library, 29 E 36th St. (685-0008). Tues-Sat 10:30-5. *The Spanish Forger:* His works. *Devils, Demons, & Fantastic Creatures:* Drawings of creatures which exist in the imagination. *Books and Manuscripts, 1400-1950:* Books, manuscripts, and first editions of English and American literature. *H.M.S. Pinafore:* Celebrating its centennial. Thru 7/29.

El Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272). Tues-Sun 10:30-4:30

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W 53 St. (581-2474). Tues-Sun 10:30-5:30. *Folk Art—The Heart of America:* Objects incorporating and illustrating the heart; thru 10/15.

Museum of the American Indian, Broadway at 155th St. (283-2420). Tues-Sun 1-5.

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E 53rd St. (752-7684). Tues-Sat 10-5.

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (534-1672). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Frozen Motion:* The photographic dance images of Marcus Blechman; thru 9/4.

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W 53rd St. (977-8989). Tues-Sat 11-6, Sun 1-6.

Museum of Holography, 11 Mercer St. (925-0526). Wed-Sun 12-6. *Light Years:* Illuminating the development of holography; thru 8/27.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53rd (956-7070). Mon, Tue, Fri, Sat, Sun 11-6, Thurs 11-9. *Jerry Dantzic and the Cirkut Camera:* Color landscapes, averaging six feet in length; thru 7/30. *Jim Dine's Etchings:* The history of his work; thru 9/5. *The Architecture of Gunnar Asplund;* thru 9/10. *Designed for Film:* Demonstrating the importance of production design and art direction in motion pictures; thru 9/26. *Artists and Writers:* Drawings and portraits of 20th century American and European painters and sculptors, poets and philosophers, novelists and critics; thru 9/24. The museum's **Summergarden** is now open Fri, Sat & Sun from 6 to 10 p.m., thru 9/3.

National Black American Historical Museum, 107 W 116th St. (864-9164). Tues-Sun 11-7.

New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave. (741-8962). Weekdays 12-6, Wed 12-8, Sat 12-5. *Double Take:* An exhibition of recent works by eighteen contemporary artists; thru 9/2.

New-York Historical Society, 170 CPW (873-3400). Tues-Fri 11-5, Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Street Kids:* Old and new photos depicting the many moods of the city's poor children between 1864 and 1977; thru 9/5. *New Life for Old Objects—The Art of the Conservator:* An exhibition of restored paintings, sculptures, and artifacts; thru 8/31. *Wish You Were Here:* A look at popular New York State vacation spots of the past; thru 9/30.

Queens Museum, NY City Bldg., Flushing Meadow-Corona Park (592-2406). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Play Ball!—A Century of Sports in Art:* Includes works by George Bellows, Richard Diebenkorn, Sidney Goodman, Red Grooms, Bill King, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Ben Shahn, and others; thru 9/10.

Nicholas Roerich Museum, 319 W 107th St. (864-7752). Sun-Fri 2-5.

South Street Seaport Gallery, 215 Water St. (766-9020). Daily, 11-6. *The Afternoon of Sail:* A re-creation of 19th century South Street; thru 9/4.

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave. (427-5959). Tues-Fri 10-6, Wed 10-9, Sat & Sun 1-6.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave at 75th (794-0663). Tues-Fri 2-9, Sat 11-6, Sun 12-6. *Art About Art:* Multimedia exhibition of more than 100 works by 50 contemporary American artists; 7/20 thru 9/24. *Four-Part Drawing of Lines to Points on a Grid:* Sol LeWitt's drawing, installed on all four walls of the lobby gallery; thru 9/24. *American Art From 1950 to the Present;* thru 9/12. **Whitney Museum Downtown,** 55 Water St. (483-0011). Mon-Fri 11-3. Photographs by 19 grant recipients of the Creative Artists Public Service Program; thru 8/4.

Sports

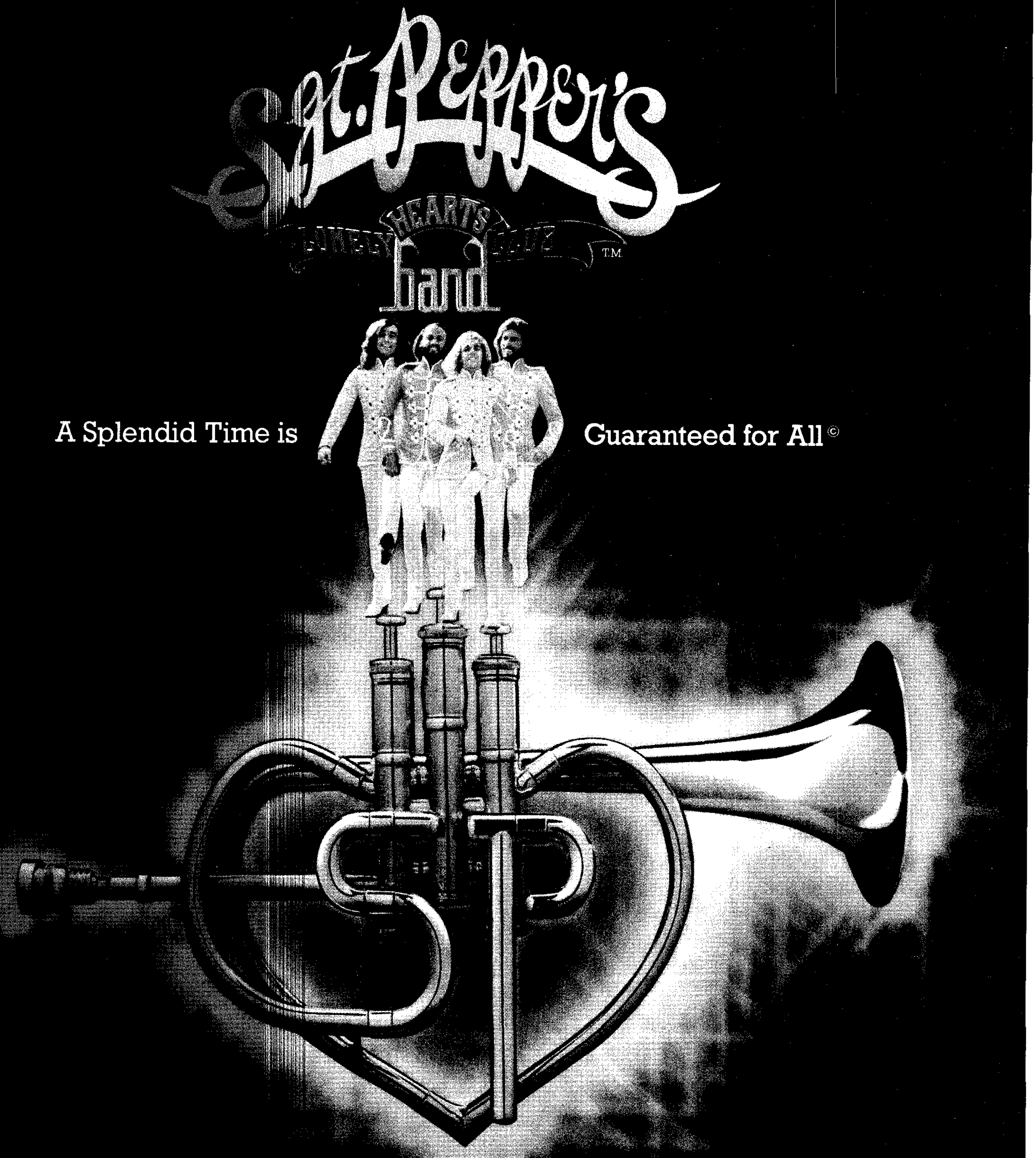
Yankees, Yankee Stadium (293-4300); vs. Kansas City Royals, 7/17 at 8.

Mets, Shea Stadium (672-2000); vs. Houston Astros, 7/19 at 8, 7/20 at 2; vs. Atlanta Braves, 7/21-22 at 8, 7/23 at 2; vs. Cincinnati Reds, 7/24-25 at 8, 7/26 at 2.

Cosmos, Giants Stadium, Meadowlands (265-8600); vs. Toronto Metros, 7/26 at 8:45.

Apples, Felt Forum (661-8070); vs. Indiana Loves, 7/18; vs. Anaheim Oranges (at Madison Square Garden), 7/20; vs. New Orleans Nets, 7/24; vs. San Diego Friars, 7/25. At 7:30.

Kid Gloves Boxing Tournament, Coffey Park, Richard St. in Brooklyn (563-8000). The tournament features youngsters ranging in age from ten to fifteen years and in weight from 60 to 165 pounds; 7/22 at noon.



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NEW YORK

What Has est Done for Us Lately?

By Barbara Grizzuti Harrison

> "...Who actually owns and controls est? According to P.R. man Van der Horst, 'Nobody owns est. And the graduates own est'..."

Several years ago, I decided to take the est training—in order, I hasten to add, to write a magazine piece on the then hot subject. I never *"got it."* Instead I got evicted because I refused to heed a trainer's command to lie supine with my eyes closed while wall-to-wall people were writhing, drumming their heels on the floor, wailing, retching, and, in general, behaving like disturbed four-year-olds being verbally assaulted by a trainer Hitler might well have found adorable.

And that, I thought, was that. Having written my piece for *Viva,* I fully expected never to have to contend with Werner Erhard's phenomenon again.

No such luck. The trouble is, I watch television a lot. And, as any television addict who has also been bombarded with est language will tell you, there is no way to escape Mr. Erhard.

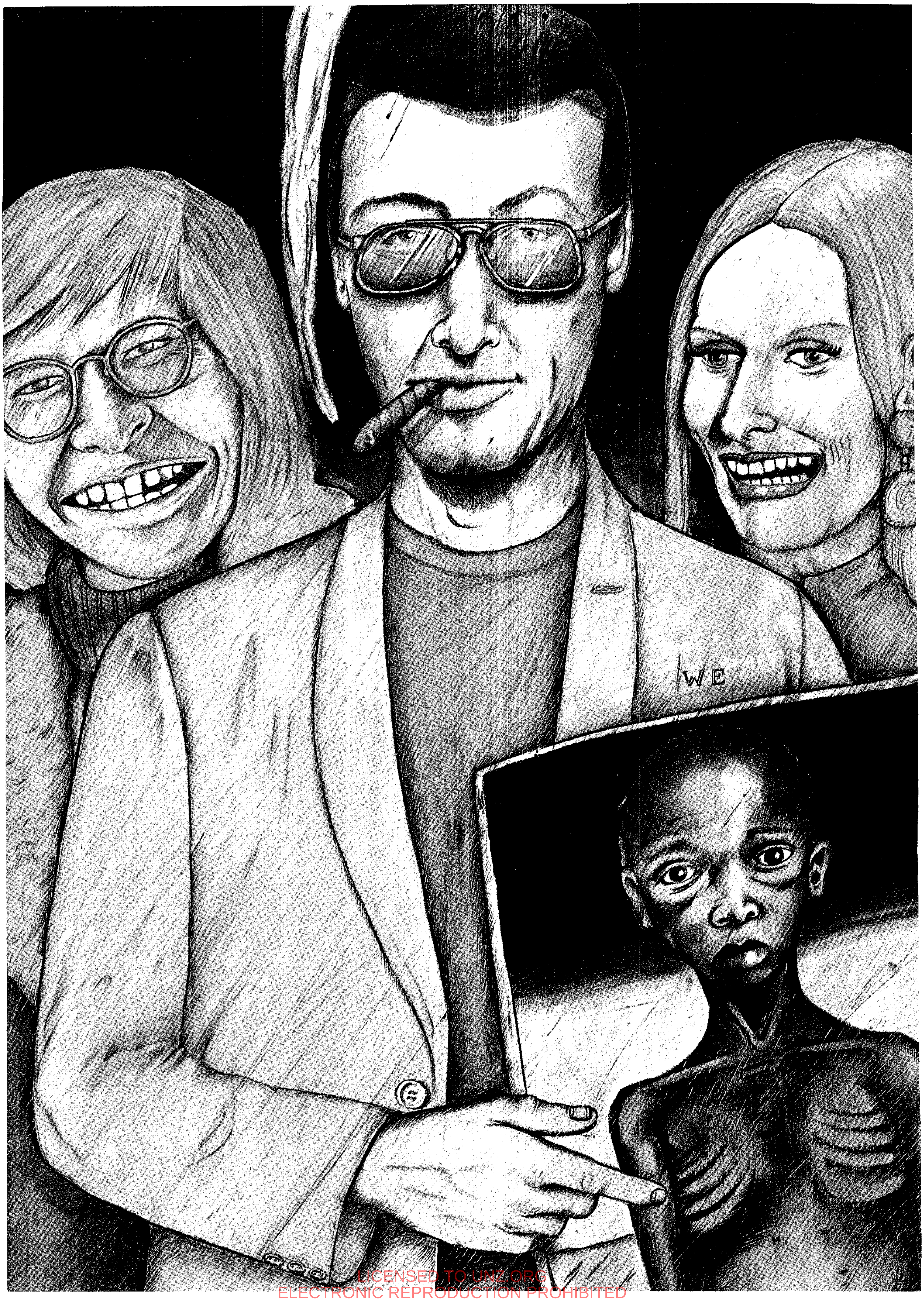
Since its inception in 1971, about 152,000 people have completed the est training. Sometimes it appears as if at least 52,000 of them are in the entertainment industry. The next time you watch the Academy Awards or the Emmys, listen to the number of presenters, nominees, and winners who address Erhard or their fellow est-ians in Werner language: "Thank you for giving me the space to be what I am—and what I'm not"; "Thank you for assisting me to take the responsibility for doing what I'm doing." Listen to the number of actors and actresses who simply and unabashedly—and in tones as honeyed as those Anne Baxter used in *All About Eve*—thank Werner for his "love," or who "love" him for giving them "space" and "support." The next time you watch the Johnny Carson show, check to see if there's a celeb earnestly informing the late-night public that hunger exists in the world: Chances are that he or she is plugged into the Hunger Project (about which, more later). The ubiquitous Valerie Harper is on est's Media Advisory Committee; her contribution to the Hunger Project, I was told by the San Francisco office, is "to say on TV that people are hungry." When est board member John Denver hosts the Carson show, clock the number of minutes the Aspen millionaire devotes (in between Alpo commercials) to discussing hunger, wringing his hands and beaming simultaneously. Cloris Leachman talks about nuts and carrot juice a lot on talk shows. She's an est–Hunger Project person too. (Sometimes Leachman allows her missionary zeal to pervert her judgment: On one *Dinah!* show, Leachman advocated what sounded very much like a Final Solution for fat people, both because they offended her aesthetic sensibilities and because there were millions starving in India.)

That's not all: Buzz Aldrin, Harvey Korman, John Dean, Olympic skater John Curry, Suzy Chaffee/Chapstick, Marion Javits, Jerry Stiller, and Anne Meara have all acknowledged their debt to Werner. Dick Gregory supports the Hunger Project. Carly Simon is said to have taken the training, but it is rumored that she didn't *"get it"*—and although a special trainer was dispatched to her house, no word has been heard from her. Buckminster Fuller hangs around with Mr. Erhard: When Fuller's grandson Jaime Snyder *"got it,"* he also got Erhard and Fuller together. This unlikely pair have lectured together (subject: "The Fullness of the Universe") in L.A. and New York. Fuller, who is 83 and hard-of-hearing, has not taken the training and does not intend to, but he serves on the board of advisers of the Hunger Project.

With all of these highly visible people touting est and Erhard, est would appear to be in good shape. Yet there have been persistent rumors that est is worried about its "image," and that enrollment in the trainings took a large dip in 1975 after the initial heady high. When I asked Erhard's intimate and adviser Richard Aurelio about this, he replied with a sentence that requires a translator. "Enrollment never went down, and it is now picking up," he said, "and est is still attracting people in great numbers." Aurelio, once an administrative assistant to Jacob Javits and a deputy mayor in the Lindsay administration, is now president of Daniel J. Edelman of New York, Inc., a public-relations company, and a member of the est advisory board. He says est "has been absorbed into the mainstream." He offers as evidence the facts that est was mentioned in a one-line gag by Woody Allen in *Annie Hall,* that est was satirized in *Semi-Tough,* and that there's another one-liner about est in Burt Reynolds's *The End.*

Aurelio would not confirm or deny the allegation that est maintains a SOIP (Sphere of Influence People) list in order to manipulate the media. When I reminded him that I had been courted, after I wrote a negative piece about est, and invited to a meeting to talk about "refurbishing est's image," he expressed surprise.

When I asked similar questions of


WE

"…'Enrollment never went down and now it is picking up,' says ex-Deputy Mayor Aurelio…"

Brian Van der Horst, est's public-relations man in San Francisco, he said, "est doesn't have an image; we are apositional. We are a new paradigm—there are no words for us outside our system, so it follows that we cannot incur any damage from the media." (Never mind; I don't know what it means either.) After some initial reluctance, Van der Horst (who used to co-author "Scenes" in the *Village Voice* with Howard Smith) came up with some hard figures (but offered no documentation): 3,500 to 4,000 people complete the training each month, he says. In 1978, enrollment is up 43 percent to date over 1977's figures; 1977 showed a 35 percent increase over 1976. A survey of college graduates aged 25 to 39 showed, according to Van der Horst, that 1 out of every 9 in the San Francisco Bay Area had taken the training, 1 out of every 9 in Honolulu, 1 out of 20 in the L.A. area, and 1 out of 33 in New York City. Whether or not these figures are accurate, clearly there has been a shift in demographics: est is now moving into secondary population centers like Atlanta and Houston; having pretty much exhausted its West Coast potential, it is concentrating heavily on the East Coast. (On a map in the *est Graduate Review* showing est centers in the United States, there is an enormous hole in Middle America; nothing doing in Fernwood country, apparently.) As of October 28, 1977, according to Van der Horst, 21,000 people had taken the training in L.A. since 1971; 18,000 in New York; 15,000 in San Francisco; 10,000 in Berkeley-Oakland; 11,000 in San Jose; 2,000 in Philadelphia; "4,000 or 5,000" in Boston; 3,000 in Chicago; and 1,000 in Miami and in Pittsburgh.

The price of the four-day training, which in 1971 was $200, has gone up to $300. In 1974, according to Van der Horst, who is long on soft talk but soft on hard statistics, est grossed $3-million to $4 million; in 1975 and again in 1976, it grossed $10 million to $12-million; 1977 brought in $13 million; and est predicts a gross income of $15-million to $16 million in 1978.

None of these figures indicates that est is in trouble. But *something* is going on in the evolving organizational structure that warrants a closer look (not by me; est talk fries my brains). In August 1976, Erhard sent a cryptic letter to graduates in which he spoke of "transformation at the level of organization." "I got it," Erhard said. "*est* came under fairly heavy attack [so much for est's being immune to media criticism] and I . . . perceived that I had to protect it." Erhard spoke of "staff members leaving the *est* organization and/or falling out of alignment, some massive failures in *est*'s ability to serve graduates . . . mistakes we've made including our inappropriateness and efforting [*sic*] about guests . . . divisiveness, and so on. . . . Out of my transformation the *est* organization now has the space to transform its ability to serve graduates and people in the community at large. . . ."

What est did with its newfound "space" remains unclear. It has been suggested by close observers that est reduced its staff by one third in 1976 as a result of a falloff in enrollment in 1975 (which falloff Van der Horst's figures do not support). It has also been suggested that est, which initially sought the affluent and the prestigious, is now focusing on middle-management people, civil servants, secretaries, and the like. (A friend of mine who teaches in a high school in the East New York–Brownsville area of Brooklyn says she was invited to a "small informal meeting" in the teachers' cafeteria and found herself in the company of 80 people, including security guards and custodial staff, being harangued by an est graduate who said, among other things, that he had stopped wearing glasses as a result of his training, because est "supported" him in his decision to take "responsibility" for his eyesight.)

The only thing that is clear from the literature est makes available to reporters is that, in 1976, "a period of growth by consolidation . . . not [by] expansion in size," Don Cox, formerly vice-president and general manager for Coca-Cola Bottling Company in San Francisco, was "named by Werner" to be "chief executive" of est. Cox had been named president of est in 1975.

If est didn't suffer some kind of setback in 1975, why did Erhard take a cut in salary in 1976? In 1971, Erhard was paid $30,000. In 1975, his salary was raised to $48,000. In 1976, he took a cut—"as part of a program to reduce expenses"—to $43,200. He now earns $57,600. (In addition to his salary, Erhard gets nifty fringe benefits, including a car, a staff, an office, a clothing allowance, medical benefits, and insurance. Franklin House, the San Francisco mansion from which he operates, is leased by "est, an educational corporation," which also keeps Erhard's home stocked with food and art treasures.)

Which brings us to the question of who actually owns and controls est. Crassly put: Where does all the money go? Before 1976, nobody at est would deliver anything that remotely resembled a straight answer to this question. In June 1976, perhaps in response to questions raised in the press concerning offshore tax shelters and implications that Erhard was running an elaborate pyramid scheme, Erhard issued *A Report on the Legal and Financial Structure of* est. A masterpiece of obfuscation, it raises more questions than it answers: Erhard says, blandly, "This report is for those who are willing to be satisfied and then get on with more important matters. (No report can satisfy those who are not willing to be satisfied)." This is the gist of the report:

☐ est, since 1975 incorporated as "est, an educational corporation," is owned by "non-profit, charitable foundations and trusts. . . . All after-tax profits go to these trusts by them and [are] utilized by them for humanitarian, educational projects by them."

☐ The nonprofit, tax-exempt charitable foundation that owns "est, an educational corporation" is the Werner Erhard Charitable Settlement—an offshore trust established on the Isle of Jersey, British Columbia, in 1975.

☐ The nonprofit trust to which after-tax profits go is the Werner Erhard Foundation for est.

What's that about after-tax profits? According to the same report, est has not made a profit since its 1971 inception.

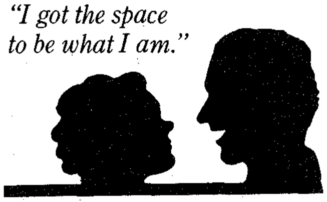
So far, I have a mental picture of a multi-armed Shiva, all hands feeding the same mouth. Whose?

According to Brian Van der Horst, "Nobody owns est. And the graduates own est."

"Initially," according to Erhard's report, est was owned "by professional management companies"—International Aesthetics Limited (IAL), Nevada; and California Aesthetics Limited (CAL).

It gets labyrinthine: In 1971, Werner transferred the rights to the est course materials, called the "Body of Knowledge" (reportedly for $1 million), to a management company, Presentaciones Musicales, S.A. (PMSA). In 1975, PMSA transferred all of its rights to the "Body of Knowledge" in Welbe-

Illustration by Sue Coe



"...Van der Horst, Aurelio, and Rubin hint at a White House connection: Dr. Peter Bourne..."

hagen, B.V. (the corporate home for est activities in Europe), which is wholly owned by a public, nonprofit organization—the tax-exempt Werner Erhard Foundation for est. Welbehagen is in Holland and the Werner Erhard Foundation for est is located in Bern, Switzerland.

"est, an educational corporation" also licenses rights to the use of the "Body of Knowledge" to est of Hawaii, established in 1973.

Got it?

What I get is that the structure of est makes the Pentagon look like the little house on the prairie. By its own account, its structure has changed (or, in est-ese, "been transformed") in 1974, 1975, and 1976. Erhard says in the report, "Even though the bulk of my financial worth has not come directly from *est*, the truth is that *est* is the source of everything I have."

What est does with its after-tax profits (which, you may remember, it says it doesn't have) is "donate" trainings and money—to a school in Watts, to a Benedictine monastery, to hospitals, to "Healing Consciousness" research, to Swami Muktananda, to the ACLU, and to prisons, including San Quentin.

You'd think, with all of these bewildering, interlocking, nonprofit, and profit-making organizations, est would need some high-powered lawyers. Acting on a tip that est was represented by Rabinowitz, Boudin & Standard, I called Leonard Boudin, the attorney for Daniel Ellsberg and the father of Kathy Boudin of West 11th–Street–townhouse–bombing notoriety. Boudin refused to answer my calls. Marti Copleman, of his office, said, "Sometimes we act for est. I can't discuss what or why without consulting est. You can submit a list of questions which we'll pass on for est's approval."

I called Brian Van der Horst. Alice in Wonderland time. "Who's Boudin? Never heard of him. Is he Harry Margolis's lawyer?"

It is a matter of record that tax lawyer Margolis was one of the attorneys for est as late as 1972. In 1975 Margolis was indicted for tax fraud. Erhard Seminars Training, Inc., was named in the indictment but not accused of any wrongdoing. Margolis was acquitted.

Once again I called Rabinowitz, Boudin & Standard. Copleman said, "I'm not answering any questions. We know Harry Margolis. Go away."

est isn't going away. If anything, it is diversifying and forming new alliances. In addition to its standard training and its standard seminars (one of which, "Celebrating Your Relationships," was led by Erhard on July 15 in New York), est, in keeping with the spirit of the seventies, is placing increasing emphasis on body awareness and fitness. "The 6-Day Course" is a program for graduates who are willing to pay $650 (not including transportation) for the privilege of doing exercises on traverse ropes, mountaineering, and running in the Sierras; there will be talks about nutrition, guided meditation, and "sex films." The course is designed to get people "unstuck from their 'acts'" and "in touch with their fears."

est is also, in its bulletins, whooping up support for one Dr. Moshe Feldenkrais, who has "a close personal friendship" with Erhard. Feldenkrais does something called "body re-education," described as "movement [as] the embodiment of intention." His workshops —"Awareness Through Movement" and "Functional Integration"—sound like Jack LaLanne hyped up with hyperbole. But according to est's bulletin, people who have had their limbs manipulated by Feldenkrais wind up with more than reduced waistlines: Their "eyes are brighter, more open. In some people, they appear [the eyes, that is] to have slightly changed position. The shoulders are looser, the expressions more . . . alive."

est has often been charged with fostering narcissism as well as political quietism. One doesn't have to be terribly cynical to conjecture that the Hunger Project was designed to mitigate such criticism—and to give the organization, at a time when it may have been floundering, an aura of responsibility and credibility. One can't blame skeptics for doubting the sincerity of Erhard's humanitarianism: He is, after all, the man who described his "transformation" as the "experience that everything was actually all right. . . . There was nothing to strive towards. . . . Things were . . . 'perfect.'" He has also stated that he "does not see social reform as potentially effective." So why did the man who is reported to have said, after a trip to Europe, that the greatest tragedy of World War II was the destruction of art treasures, begin, in 1976, to tell his people that he had taken responsibility to create a world climate in which it will be possible to eliminate hunger? And how does Erhard support the claim that "by 1997 starvation will have been eliminated"?

Since last October, over 148,000 people have enrolled in a twenty-year project to eliminate hunger. Although it is abundantly clear that Erhard is the presiding genius of the Hunger Project, Brian Van der Horst wants us all to be very clear that the project is not part of est. Seed money—a grant from the est Foundation—created "separate educational and charitable nonprofit organizations to create a critical mass of commitment which enables us to end hunger."

The Hunger Project is based on the assumption that there is, in fact, no scarcity of food and that the agricultural and technological techniques to eradicate hunger are already available. So, it's fair to ask, why are people starving? *Don't* ask. Van der Horst says, "What we're doing—raising people's consciousness—transcends any political or economic analysis of why hunger exists."

Will the Hunger Project address itself to questions of agribusiness?

"That may come later."

How is the Hunger Project raising people's consciousness?

"By educating them and enrolling them in a commitment."

How does est "enroll them in a commitment"?

"By raising their consciousness.

"Everybody," continues Van der Horst, "has a commitment to help other people."

Rockefeller?

"Yes."

Idi Amin?

"Yes. He may not be in touch with that commitment, but he has it."

Jerry Rubin, who has taken the est training three times, says, "If everybody believed hunger was wrong and not inevitable, it would change the world." Rubin also says, "est is not political. And it is heavily political. It is working behind the scenes in Washington to transform consciousness about hunger."

Van der Horst says est takes no credit for President Carter's commitment to end hunger. Nevertheless, he, Rubin, and Aurelio all hint at a White House connection. This could be Dr. Peter Bourne, a psychiatrist who is a close personal friend of Carter's and a special assistant to the president. In January 1978, Bourne met with representatives from the Hunger Project. In February 1978, Bourne announced the establishment of Carter's Commission on World Hunger. (Phone calls to Dr. Bourne's White House office proved unproductive, though one of his assistants, Ellen Metsky, said immediately, when I said I wished to talk to Bourne about est, "Oh, you want to talk about our Hunger Project.")

Erhard has also had discussions with India's prime minister, Morarji Desai. Hunger Project visitors to India were shown a self-sufficient model village in the Indian state of Maharashtra, from which they drew the conclusion that "miracles" were possible. (Having lived in India for four years, I know all about "model villages"; they have existed since independence, and hunger has coexisted with them.) Morarji Desai invited the upper-echelon staff of est to a luncheon in San Francisco on June 10.

It's a far cry from India to Zabar's, which, on the face of it, would be the last place in the world one would expect to be confronted with the fact of world hunger; but a friend of mine says she was accosted, when she was buying sturgeon and sable, by a woman who made her "swear" to send in a card to the Hunger Project, checking off what she'd do to alleviate poverty.

Elsewhere, the mayor of New Rochelle, according to "A Shift in the Wind," the project's newsletter, proclaimed January 14, 1978, Hunger Project Day and implored people to fast on the fourteenth day of each month.

The president of NBC Radio has also, according to "A Shift in the Wind," "arranged for public-service announcements . . . to be aired on NBC network stations three times a day, seven days a week, until the end of starvation."

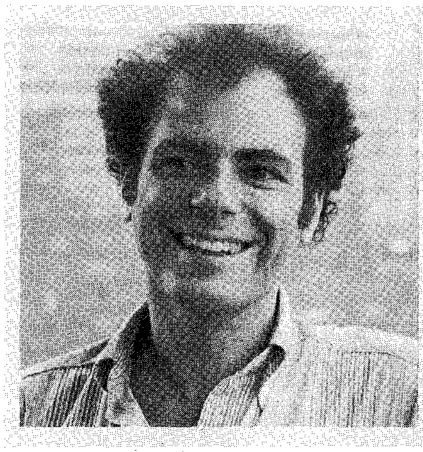
Mother's Day was made the occasion for sharing "commitment to ending hunger with your mother." In Santa Rosa, California, mothers were invited to prove their commitment by attending a "Celebration of Abundance—picnic for everyone"; in Salt Lake City, celebrations included a potluck supper and a "Mud-Making Marathon."

And once again, we are confronted with the question Where does the money go? The Hunger Project financial report says the project is being "debt-financed by est, an educational corporation." Total donations, including $100,000 from the est Foundation and other income (including money from enrollees), amount to $647,300. Of its total expenditures of $898,700, .8 percent ($7,500) has been used to "support other hunger organizations." A total of $39,000 (or 4.3 percent) went to "establishing and supporting Hunger Project committees around the world."

But Graduates Are Loyal to est . . .

Suzy Chaffee: *"I saw a picture of a tree which said, 'Growth is the only sign of life,' and that sums it up. I wondered why sports weren't mentioned in the context of est, and now Werner has got that from me. In my life, est is the frosting on the cake."*

Peter Guber: *"I have the one thing I didn't have before, which is my life. I was in the middle of the ocean and someone said to me, 'You can swim' and I did and I got myself to shore. I consider it the single most important experience I've had."*



Jerry Rubin: *"I experienced Werner as Lenny Bruce—calling people on their acts and their defense mechanisms. est liberated me from my past image. I shaved my beard. est has demystified the mysterious, made it accessible to the middle class."*

Stiller: *"I finally found something that allowed me to understand I am responsible for everything I am today. It's a step up."* **Meara:** *"People talk about est brainwashing. We've been brainwashed since birth, and this is a much healthier brainwashing."*

Raul Julia: *"est gave me the opportunity to expand my experience of what I had already experienced. I keep getting value out of it and it keeps growing. Werner is the most clear person I have ever met, clear as a bell. He is always there for me."*

Cloris Leachman: *"It's a creative, positive, supportive, fun thing. Thirty trillion dwarfs up in heaven design everything and some guys on earth perform miracles, snatch you from the jaws of death; beyond that, if you have a little est, it helps."*

—Jordan Schaps

Photo credits: top left— Wide World; **center right—** Jim Dargan; **bottom right—** Peter Borsari/Camera 5

"Thank you for pushing my button."

"...Reports of psychiatric disturbance connected with est training are beginning to surface..."

Most of the remaining money went to feed the Hunger Project—that is, to cover administrative costs, pay salaries, prepare "presentations" and films and educational materials—leaving very little (or none) to actually feed people. Is the "miracle" Erhard talks about a miracle of public relations?

est clones itself. Some est derivatives or imitations have been stillborn due to a lack of funding or—as in the case of a New York effort called Prismatics—a dubious approach. Others, like Actualizations, have taken off.

As has Theta Seminars. Familiarly known as Rebirthing, Theta Seminars was started by Leonard Orr, formerly a consultant to Erhard. "Rebirthing is designed to allow you to relive the trauma of birth," Bill French, Orr's assistant, told me. "There are two forms of Rebirthing, wet and dry. Wet costs $50 or $60; dry costs $35 or $40; fees are negotiable."

How does it work?

"I don't know. It works."

Nevertheless, if Theta can be believed, people are taking to Rebirthing like ducks to water. French says over 100,000 people have been Rebirthed, chiefly in San Francisco and Boulder. Anyone can train to be a Rebirther; no license is required. French, who says Rebirthing "makes you more powerful and aware of your divinity," has an Olympian disdain for practical matters, such as statistics: "There are 1,000 to 10,000 Rebirthers," he said. When I suggested that that was a pretty wide span, he said, "Well, maybe 3,000 to 5,000."

Jerry Rubin has been Rebirthed three times. He says he is a terrific breather now.

Reports of psychiatric disturbances associated with est training are beginning to surface.

The American Journal of Psychiatry, March 1977, presented five case studies, "a segment of est trainees" who came to the attention of the authors as a result of psychotic episodes:

☐ One patient was convinced he could survive without air and immersed himself in his swimming pool to demonstrate it.

☐ Another patient experienced visual illusions during the training and began "knowing what other people were thinking." After the training, which he failed to complete, he experienced auditory hallucinations and delusions of grandeur that resulted in his being admitted into a closed psychiatric ward. He believed he was possessed and confessed sexual guilt. Because he believed "nothing was real," he put his hand through a hospital window, severing tendons in his wrist.

☐ A third patient, who remembers being told in the training, "You're not real; you can do anything because it isn't real," experienced uncontrollable mood swings, from elation to deep depression. Estranged from his family, he was convinced that anyone who saw his face could control his mind.

☐ A fourth patient was admitted to a hospital emergency room "in an acutely agitated and delusional state" a few days after the second weekend of the training. Later, she succumbed to a profound depression, following which she entered a manic state, during which she felt herself to be the "power behind Werner Erhard."

☐ Another patient—the only one with a prior psychotic episode (produced by mescaline)—was diagnosed, after the est training (which he claimed had given him all the answers), as a paranoid schizophrenic. Eight months after the training he was found barricaded in his house, in a room full of religious figures and self-fashioned booby traps. After a brief hospitalization, he approached a group of men on a street corner, armed with a bow and arrow and a handgun, with which he managed to wound himself severely.

My own experience of the training makes it comprehensible to me that people who are isolated and bombarded with conflicting messages ("You are an asshole; you are omnipotent") and are forced to seek approval from a trainer who claims to know them better than they know themselves should get the messages garbled and wind up experiencing elation and despair almost simultaneously.

est, however, argues that cause (est) and effect (psychosis) cannot be proved. Members of the psychotherapeutic community find this an inadequate defense. Dr. Morton Schillinger, executive director of the Lincoln Institute for Psychotherapy and chairman of Public Information for the New York State Psychological Association, says, "We don't have to have ironclad evidence of cause and effect to make prudent judgments. Most of the people I've seen at our outpatient clinic—and they come in, after the training, in fairly substantial numbers—have suffered reactions that range from moderately bad to dreadful. They are confused and jarred, and the same patterns—elation, depression, feelings of omnipotence followed by feelings of helplessness—are repeated over and over again. People who are basically okay to begin with may find the training challenging. People who are vulnerable and bruised to start with come out of the training more vulnerable. I myself find it totally nihilistic. It is pure foolishness to say, as est does, that it is therapeutic to be forced outside our defenses. Who can say when defenses are bad? We may need them. And what does est replace them with?"

est may be in the news again in November or December, when Clarkson Potter will publish Erhard's authorized biography, *Werner Erhard—The Transformation of a Man: The Founding of est,* by William Bartley III. Werner himself went to this year's American Booksellers Association convention in Atlanta in May to start a very early bandwagon rolling.

One strange thing about est is that it acts in many people's lives like a time bomb: It plants ideas in people's heads that detonate years later. Reporter Jesse Kornbluth, who was one of est's harshest print critics, has been able to divorce the "fascistic" organizational structure of est, which he excoriated in a much read article in *New Times,* from the content of the training. "For many people," he says, "the training may be the single most dangerous thing they can do. For people who are psychologically experienced and discriminating, it may be potent. After a while, the coercive elements of the training fade away," leaving one, presumably, with a kind of delayed-reaction *"Eureka!"*

I took the training with one wonderfully keen observer who remained refreshingly skeptical at least a year after the training. I called Brenda Shapiro, an associate producer at ABC News, to see if another year had wrought any changes in her consciousness: "God no," she said. "My life hasn't been transformed. But you know they still call me up and say, 'Werner loves you: How is your life? Do you want to attend a seminar? Is there anything you'd like to talk about?' The only thing I liked about the training was the emphasis on being here in the present moment. I like the part where they make you look closely at strawberries. I still like to look at strawberries." ■

Actualizations, Son of est

By Linda Wolfe

“...Actualizations is post–*Star Wars* therapy, a sentimental ‘training’ that derives from both psychology and evangelism...”

“All my life I was ugly,” an intense young women is saying to 300 rapt listeners. “Last Thursday, I was still ugly. And today, Wednesday, I'm beautiful.” She shivers with pleasure, beams toothily, and relinquishes the microphone to let another celebrant take over. “All my life I was an unconscious asshole,” the man who follows her intones. “For sixteen years, my lovely wife was living with an unconscious asshole. But now I'm not and she isn't. Now my life is full of miracles and beautiful people.” Another man leaps to the microphone. Each testimonial to love is followed by a round of earsplitting applause whipped up by a group of energetic converts to the latest weekend-wonder cure for what ails you: Actualizations, Inc. The successor to est, Actualizations is a three-and-a-half-day program promising “the dissolution of the illusion of separateness and the revelation of our fundamental and undeniable unity.”

It is a new wrinkle on the old narcissism practiced in a plethora of instant therapies and weekend-wonder cures. Or perhaps it is an old wrinkle on the new narcissism. Actualizations is a therapy, or “training,” as its leaders often call it, that purports to assist individual psyches by putting them in touch with humanity as a whole.

Actualizations is closely patterned on est. Its leader, Australian-born Stewart Emery, worked with est's Werner Erhard for years. But Actualizations differs from est in a number of significant ways. A primary difference is that Emery doesn't favor Erhard's hardheaded notion that *what is, is,* as much as he believes in a less tangible, more mystical idea: “At some level, we really need each other. More than that, we really *are* each other.” Emery's ambition is to get people to recognize their interconnectedness with one another and with some higher power he consistently refers to as “Source, or the force, or Obi-Wan Kenobi.” Actualizations is post–*Star Wars* therapy, a sentimental “training” that derives from both psychology and evangelism. It is a powerfully effective combo. In two years of existence, Actualizations has grossed close to $2 million for its founders, Emery and former airline stewardess Carol Augustus. Seventy-five hundred people have taken the workshops, among them a great number of celebrities. Diane Baker, Joan Collins, Clovis Ruffin, Tina Sinatra, and Patrick O'Neal have all been Actualized, and many other stars are said to be vying for preferential placement at the top of Actualizations' waiting list. It costs $300 to take the “training,” and 120 can take it at one time. Emery and Augustus garner, when their workshops are full—which they usually are—$36,000 a weekend. And after a customer has bought the weekend, he can continue to experience Actualizations by taking $10 postgraduate seminars or postgrad weekends at $100 a throw.

The new movement is reaping a fortune for its founders by relying on an inexpensive promotional technique which by now is standard practice in the therapeutic-workshop business. Recipients of the “training” are expected to proselytize its benefits. Thus, once a month in New York, Los Angeles, and San Francisco, and every other month in Boston, a handful of converts to Actualizations stand up before a massive group of guests and testify to having found new meaning in life since taking the workshops. These people tell of enormous changes at the last minute: children hugged who were never touched before; marriages saved or ended; love affairs undertaken or abandoned; unsatisfactory careers discarded or desirable ones begun; and, most frequently, the purchase of new images through haircuts, shavings, and wardrobe selections. Eyes in the audience grow tearful whatever the change that is reported; faces quiver with envy; everyone yearns for transcendence and change. And then the testifiers excitedly turn over the microphone to the individual who has made all this possible for them.

In the case of Actualizations, that individual is 37-year-old Emery, a slight, gorgeously tailored, epicene man with chipmunk cheeks and the mischievous smile of a graying Beatle. The first night I attended an Actualizations sales pitch, or “Reorientation,” as they call it, I, like the rest of the members of the jam-packed audience at the Doral Inn on Lexington Avenue, waited with bated breath for Emery to begin speaking. We had been primed to admire and appreciate him. He ascended to the stage amid cheers and at last began speaking, the atmosphere of adulation so thick that it virtually gassed the audience into silence.

He was boring. He did say, “We are all related; we are related to the Everything family,” and “What families are mostly about are passing on family heirlooms, which is really passing on the insanity of the past.” But mostly he just droned on, his sentences running haphazardly on and into one another so that he never quite finished a thought or made a definite point.

“There are traditional things that are important,” began one lengthy argument. “Money. Power. Sex. Food. We spend a lot of time struggling with those issues. Is it going to be food today? Or money? Or power? Or sex? And the hierarchical arrangement seems to fluctuate enormously and be largely dependent on whatever we had the most of last. And so the hierarchy keeps adjusting itself, you know. But

Hard sell: *The Actualizations sales pitch can border on harassment, but the converts' enthusiasm can be contagious—and, ultimately, a potent force for the program's success.*

if you set that aside for the moment and say, 'Why do I want those things?' —I mean, it's splendid to be freed from the tyranny of being concerned about your material well-being, and that is a liberation in a sense . . . and so the question of our survival is important to us. But if you ask yourself, 'Why do you want to survive?' what is the point of being here tomorrow if tomorrow you ask yourself, 'Is it worth being here?' And I tell you that what is important to you on a day-to-day basis is experiencing your life in some way that matters, in experiencing that you are fundamentally an attractive, lovable, and a creatively productive person." Eyelids began to droop, heads to nod. Emery stumbled on. Nevertheless, when he finished speaking, there was once again a round of ardent applause begun by the cheerleader converts. Then an intermission was declared and registration tables were opened.

I went out of the meeting hall into an anteroom where dozens of the Actualized wearing blue-rimmed name tags were stationed to answer the questions of those of us who were guests, our vulnerable status indicated by red-rimmed tags. Only first names appeared on the tags, providing instant intimacy.

"What happens in the workshop?" I asked a blue-tagged man named Jack.

"Nothing much except your life is transformed," Jack said. "Don't you want your life transformed?"

I demurred.

"You're sick," Jack told me. "I knew it right away, as soon as you had to ask what happens. You intellectualize everything and can't even admit you want your life transformed."

I slunk away from Jack and was caught and more gently bounced into conversation by a woman named Joyce. "In the workshop," Joyce explained, "first Stewart lets people talk, and he engages in a dialogue with them. Then little by little, as each one talks, he makes the point that we're all alike. Their stories are our stories. And they are beautiful, just the way we are. And then at the end, a chorus of voices that seem to come out of nowhere sings 'You Are So Beautiful,' and it's incredible. It's like angels singing to you. And everything is different after that. So sign up. You'll see." Again I demurred. I did not think that they would sing to me. But Joyce wasn't discouraged. "Think about it. I'll talk to you later. It's hard to decide just like that to get your life transformed."

Back in the meeting hall, people were standing in line, jostling one another to sign up for the workshop or to buy Emery's book, *Actualizations, You Don't Have to Rehearse to Be Yourself.*

"Hi there, Linda. How you doing?" a young man with glasses said to me. "Sign up. Don't sleepwalk through your life."

"I'd rather not," I said. At once his glasses fogged. "You're hiding from yourself. You're hiding from the beauty of other people." He was clearly on the verge of crying for me, and it was all I could do to convince him that he needn't worry.

"My life's all right," I told him, but he gave me such a sorrowful look that I added, "but I'll buy the book." That seemed to satisfy him, at least for the moment, and he walked me to the book line. I had time to purchase Emery's book and read such wisdom as:

> If we say that suffering is normal, we have condemned humanity to suffering. We must look at it this way instead: the beautiful exquisite exception is normal, and everything else is an aberration.
>
> *Love is the exquisite exception that is a reflection of what is normal; what we consider average and mistakenly label as normal is the abundance of the aberration built upon illusions of separation created by our minds.*

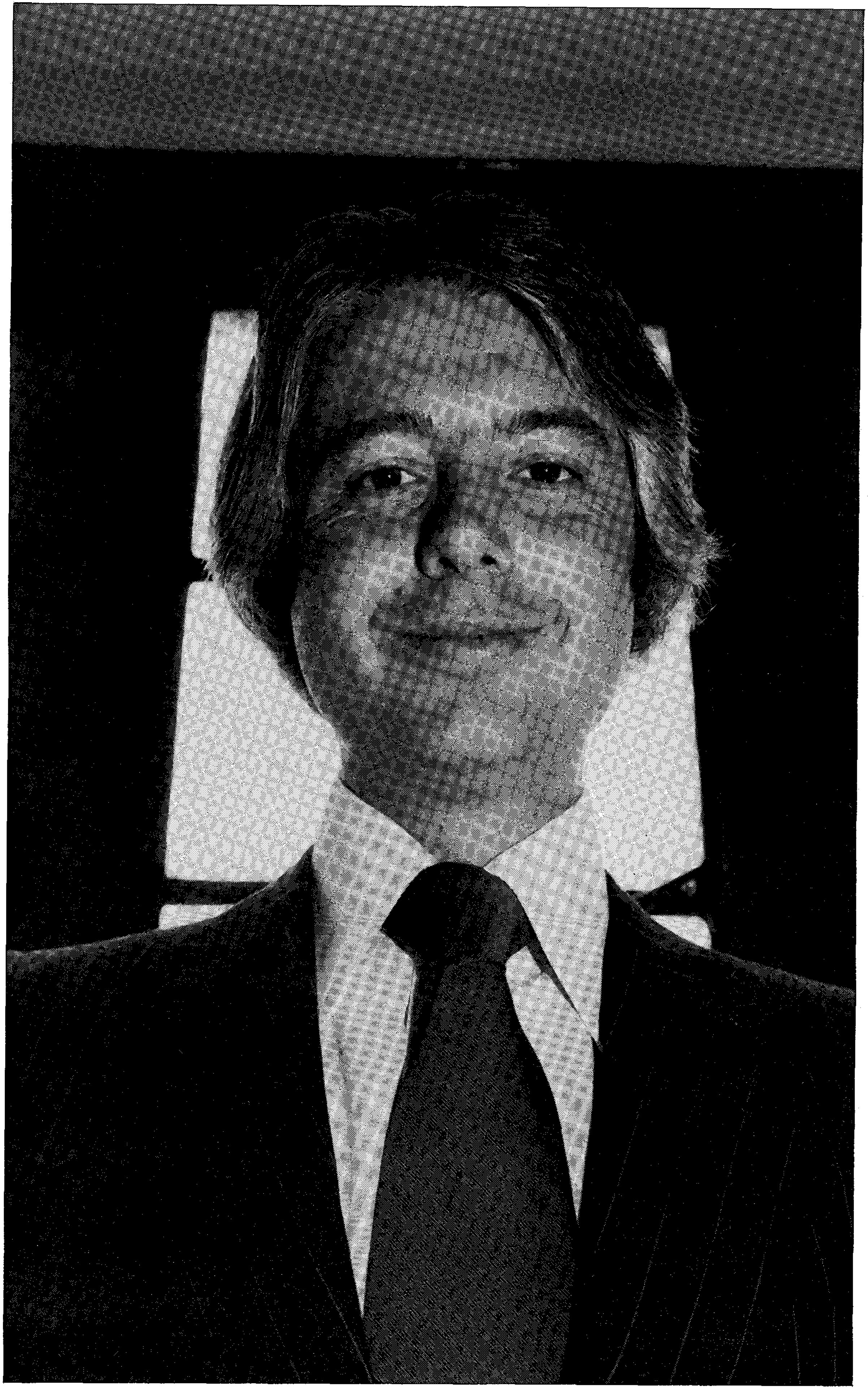
And then it was time for questions from the audience, fielded by Emery. "How does Actualizations differ from est?" was a question that got asked early. "est is for the head, this is for the heart," Emery said, summoning up visions of aspirin and digitalis. "What are the workshops like?" "They're like getting Rolfed with a kiss." "How long will the effect last? Will I need to take the workshop more than once?" "Some people say the results of the workshop become greater as time goes by. But let me answer this another way. Every day we feed ourselves and dress ourselves and we don't say, 'I ate yesterday so why do I have to eat again?' " After every answer there was more applause and murmurs of approval.

When Emery had finished with the questions, the registration tables were once again opened. Now I truly had to struggle to fend off the marauding blue name tags. "Did you sign up?" "Have you registered?" They pursued me to the coatrack. "What's in this for you?" I asked the next one who approached me. "Do you make money when you sign me up?"

But no, she informed me, not only does she not make money but she paid for the privilege of working here. She gave Actualizations an additional $75 in order to get the experience in communication that talking to prospective customers offers, and for the next three months she would not only persuade but would fill water pitchers, make out name tags, check to see that the bathrooms were adequately supplied with paper. She is on the Communications Team, she told me proudly.

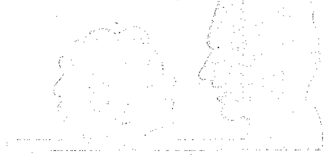
Who is Stewart Emery, and what is he offering to have inspired such dedication and devotion? I arranged to interview him the next time he was in New York and learned that he is a former

Photographed by Richard Kalvar/Magnum



Second-generation guru: *Stewart Emery's lectures quote such self-realization biggies as B. F. Skinner, Buckminster Fuller, Khrishnamurti, "Peanuts," and the script of* Star Wars. *He urges his listeners to get in touch with a higher power he calls "the force, or Obi-Wan Kenobi."*

"You are so beautiful."



"...Emery doesn't harangue his audience. Instead, he is harangued by them—at first..."

cosmetics photographer who became interested in expanding his awareness after an experience of transcendence in the courtyard of a Ceylonese hotel. "I can't explain it. Suddenly I experienced a disruption of time and space so that the briefest moment seemed like an eternity. This disruption lasted an hour. Afterward, I noticed I had a very beautiful appreciation of people. I had a sense of kinship, of belonging, of family." As a result, Emery became interested in Eastern philosophy and mind awareness. Shortly afterward, he gave up photography and attached himself to a Mind Dynamics course that sent prospective group leaders to the United States to train. Emery came to America, met Werner Erhard, who was also a Mind Dynamics instructor, and when Erhard founded est, Emery became the first trainer. From Erhard he learned as much as he could about group training and psychology; and in 1975, he left est to "do my own thing."

Emery's organization follows Erhard's very closely. But Emery is gentle where Erhard is brutal. "I don't call people assholes," Emery says. "I call them idiosyncratic. Wouldn't you rather be told you were full of idiosyncrasies than full of shit?" He doesn't rely on the sensory deprivation that Erhard (and others before him, like Primal Screamer Arthur Janov) seemed to find essential for creating audience submission. In est, rigid rules proscribed eating or drinking water or even the taking of medicine; those with medical conditions requiring the regular ingestion of pills had to bring doctors' notes. Many people felt humiliated by the rules, particularly by the one which forced hundreds of men and women to stampede hysterically for much delayed and very short bathroom breaks. Emery schedules relief at fairly close intervals and never crowds more than 120 into a workshop. But the greatest difference between Actualizations and est is the form of the workshops. Emery doesn't harangue his audience, as est trainers are wont to do, but permits each person to harangue him—at least at first. It is a clever idea. He uses the participation of those who take his workshops to make a profound point—self-absorption can be deadening—and he makes his medium his message.

His method is to suggest that each of the assembled 120 address him and the rest of the audience and tell their life stories. The stories begin. The audience listens rapt at first but after several dozen tales begins to grow restless. Then, when new members of the audience get their chances to go center stage, they are aware that if they dwell too long on the details, they may bore others as much as they themselves have been bored. New speakers begin to shorten their stories, to speak with humor. This brevity and wit is encouraged by Emery, whose comments to the audience reflect the dreariness of dwelling on miseries and, conversely, the charm of being brief or witty. People's life stories are merely soap operas, Emery insists. You hear one, you've heard 'em all. The audience is inclined to agree. As the weekend continues, only a sadist or a masochist would continue to impose a long-winded sob story on the bored assemblage.

The way is clear now for transcendence. People are beautiful, Emery next conveys. "You are so beautiful," the chorus of former trainees sings. But the beauty of people lies in their collective character, not in their individual pains. Moreover, miseries and failures are dull; what is interesting about people are accomplishments and successes. Those who get Emery's message have, indeed, received training. They have had positive behavior reinforced, negative behavior ignored. Behavior modification—Emery takes potshots at it in his book, but he is making firm use of it.

Will Actualizations become the force that est once was, with thousands of impassioned devotees? It is too soon to say, but it appears quite likely. Actualizations has already garnered hundreds of adherents, and, as with est at its start, these people tend to be of the affluent, influential sort, for who else has the money for casual self-improvement?

But is it helpful? Does it deliver the transcendence it promises? Dr. Bruce Bernstein, a New York psychologist who has for years been observing and evaluating the appeal and techniques of new therapies, advises me, "If people think something can help them, often it does." I am to remember his words the next time I attend an Actualizations sales pitch. A stockbroker is testifying to how much the workshop has helped him. His evidence is that never in his career has he been able to make as much money for his clients as he has in the past few months since taking the workshop. He half bows to Stewart Emery. It makes no difference to him that the market has been a joy in the last few months. And it makes no difference to the audience. They are eager to believe there is help for their pain, or, chances are, they wouldn't be here.

The curious thing is that many of them probably will be helped. The question of whether weekend-wonder-curers like Erhard or Emery can actually deliver the transcendence they promise is complex. It is the same question that haunted the New York State Legislature when, several years ago, it wanted to license psychotherapists. After lengthy, highly explosive hearings, the psychotherapist-licensing issue was dropped. The attorney general's office had pursued it as a means of consumer protection, but at the hearings it had become clear that no one could really be certain about who or what helped in mind healing. For every person who testified to having been bilked out of money by a self-proclaimed psyche curer who had done him no good at all or had even damaged him, there were others who testified that the healer in question had indeed been helpful. And, similarly, the licensed laborers in the vineyards of mental pain—the psychologists and social workers—couldn't be *proved* any more effective than the unlicensed. Thus, today, anyone can call himself a psychotherapist in New York and in many other states. Weekend-wonder-curers like Emery or Erhard are just another part of the whole confusion. But apparently they do actually help people. Some people. Others, of course, report no benefit or even negative effects on their lives and drop out of the training or fail to take postgraduate workshops. Actualizations doesn't provide figures on these dropouts, but even if there were many, it would make no difference as long as there were some stay-ons. For it is the stay-ons who persuade future customers to buy the experience and who, in their enthusiasm, set up the expectation of help which does, in the end, help.

Emery is aware of this and aware of the fact that his specific emphasis—the love of one's fellows—has for centuries been a powerful tool against the depression that arises from focusing on the self alone. So it is no surprise that Actualizations is growing bigger each month and scooping up a great portion of the money available for group-setting self-help from that segment of the population that goes in for the game. ■

Rendezvous in the Ramble

By Doug Ireland

Picture Central Park—without a sailor,
Picture Mister Lord, minus Mister
Taylor.
—Cole Porter's "A Picture of Me
Without You," 1935.

The west side of that 30-acre section of Central Park known as the Ramble had a reputation as a homosexual meeting ground long before Cole teased his friends at private parties with this suggestive lyric. But though Central Park at night—any part of the park—is dangerous, the gay ghetto that is the Ramble is perhaps the section most fear-ridden. Gangs of toughs—teenagers and the macho middle-aged, usually drunk, occasionally including a couple of off-duty cops—roam the Ramble at night, engaging in an old American pastime: fag bashing.

You don't have to be gay. You don't have to be exposing yourself. You don't have to be doing anything except walking through the tangled darkness to be abused, shoved, threatened at knifepoint, kicked, and beaten.

But these shadowy dangers are in sharp contrast to the serenity of the sun-flecked arboreal mecca the Ramble becomes for thousands of gay men throughout each day. The sun, the strolling, even the solitude, and the natural beauty of the park's most bucolic copse—more than the opportunity for a casual sexual encounter in the bushes—are the magnets that for much of this century have made the Ramble the city's best-known outdoor gathering place for gays.

The Ramble has been in the public eye ever since the assault July 5 by a gang of anti-gay toughs who, at 9:30, just a little after dusk that Wednesday, went wading in with baseball bats, bashing any men they thought were gay. The dull thwack of bats hitting flesh and bone accompanied shouts of "faggot" from the all-white band of defenders of decency. Five men were hospitalized with serious injuries—including Dick Button, a former ice-skating star and now sportscaster.

The Tunnel is the most active group-sex scene in that area of the park. Some nights it will be crowded wall to wall with men until four in the morning.

Just two nights after this latest act of human vandalism, I made my way into the Ramble at midnight. Much to my surprise, there were actually people there. Not many, perhaps twenty men, but still, there they were. I found, too, that the isolation from city street life which gives the Ramble its idyllic quality by day transforms it into a labyrinth of nameless terrors by night.

Without a moon, the unaccustomed eye turns every figure in those blackened byways into a potential assassin. Without police protection, those shadowy fears can transform themselves into cold, clinical words that march across the admissions records of hospital emergency rooms.

Most of the men I encountered that night wouldn't talk. Of course, one doesn't go to the Ramble at midnight for conversation. At that hour on that night most of the men appeared to be over 35, but what disturbed me was the smell of fear on these men. It was not fear of being beaten. These men are there looking not for danger but for a point of contact, a moment of warmth and touching and comfort. Theirs is a more terrible fear—fear of discovery.

It was in the Ramble one night last week that I encountered Paul, a man of 56, successful in his Seventh Avenue garment business (he's the owner, not the designer), who occupies a lovely duplex apartment on Central Park West with his wife of twenty years and their two sons. Yet, several times a month, Paul goes out into the dark of night, walks a few blocks from his home to the 81st Street entrance to Central Park. Just a few feet beyond the stone wall that separates park from street, there is a break in the iron fence that seals off the bushes and trees from the roadway into the park. The iron bars have been bent back to allow easy access to a well-worn, narrow dirt path among the bushes. Paul follows that path until he comes to a series of turnings. Choosing one, he enters a grotto within a grotto. There, around a large, gnarled old tree—the "orgy tree"—there are little confessional-like spaces created by the untrimmed flora. There, in the darkness of the night, Paul finds a few moments of release with his own kind. Then he returns to his home, his wife, his children.

Except one night, about six months ago. That night, Paul left the park and went instead to Bellevue's emergency room to have sixteen stitches taken in his head. "I fell down an embankment," he told his wife.

"They jumped me, three kids," he told me. "Twenty, twenty-five, maybe, not older. I couldn't tell, they jumped me as I was just stepping out on the Bridle Path. I offered money. Just don't

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Doug Ireland is a frequent contributor to New York. *Certain details in this article have been changed to protect the identities of some people quoted.*

Photographed by Allen Arpadi and Allan Tannenbaum

hurt me, I said. ‘Man, we don’t want your money, you faggot,’ they said. ‘It’s probably just as queer as you are.’ Then they started kicking me. I passed out for a minute. When I came to, they were prancing arm in arm down the road, singing: ‘We killed a faggot, we killed a faggot.’ They were laughing.”

Why didn’t Paul go to the police? “My business, my reputation. My family. God, are you crazy?” Paul ran away, tears streaming down his face. The terrors of leaving his closet were more real to him than the terrors of the night.

The Ramble is a beautiful setting for such horrors. The invitingly open lawn at the northern end of the Ramble—noted for its magnificent tupelo tree (*Nyssa sylvatica*)—was called “the Fruited Plain” back in the twenties by those who frequented it and by those who lived near it.

Just south of the famous tupelo is an intimate, secluded maze defined by other unusual trees—the ginkgo, the ailanthus, the rare cork—grown tall now with age, their intermingled branches shielding those who wander there from the view of even the highest buildings along Central Park West. Around these sheltering trees, around the asphalt walkways that wind through the Ramble, are man-tall thickets of bushes. And leading into those verdurous tangles are man-made trails—cleared not by the Parks Department but by the feet of decades of men, seeking to meet other men in a gay cloister away from the city’s disdainful eyes.

There have always been parts of our city that have served as gay cruising areas: Washington Square Park in the 1940s, Third Avenue near the Queensboro Bridge in the 1950s, the Soldiers and Sailors Monument at 89th Street and Riverside Drive in the sixties, piers at the end of Christopher Street in Greenwich Village in the seventies. But Central Park West, and particularly the Ramble, has retained its popularity for 50 years.

The afternoon after I talked to Paul, I met Jerry, an attractive man of medium build in his mid-thirties, sitting on top of a large outcropping of rock in the middle of the Ramble. His T-shirt hanging out of his back pocket and his tanned runner’s legs dangling his Adidas over the edge of the rock, Jerry tells of the first time he heard about the Ramble. “It was when I read John Rechy’s novel *City of Night,*” Jerry recalls. “I was living abroad with a woman at that time, but I had begun to figure out that I was gay. It was the only place I had heard of where I could find someone who was like me. So, the second night after I got back to New York, in 1970, I went there in the early evening, right after work. My God, I never knew there were so many gay people! For the first time I didn’t feel like a freak. I was shy but people were so open I soon got over that.”

“My god, I never knew there were so many gay people! For the first time I didn’t feel like a freak. I was shy but people were so open I got over that.”

From his rock perch, Jerry has a clear view below of the Ramble’s main “meat rack”—a cruising area for men who are there for sex. As we chat, two men—a blond, athletic, bearded young fellow and a dark and handsome forty-ish man—emerge from an almost unnoticed indentation in the tent of bushes. It is nearly 6:30 on a Friday night, and both men are carrying their suit jackets and briefcases. Their shirts open to the waist, their ties loose around their necks, they grin, shake hands, and stroll lazily off in opposite directions.

Other businessmen on their way home mingle with hundreds of balding cyclists, long-haired students, tight-clothed young Hispanics wearing gold crosses, clean-cut preppies, middle-aged dog walkers, and the most ordinary-looking of men as they wander, quietly, stopping occasionally to chat, to greet old friends, to make new ones, or to sit contemplatively with a book or a joint. Some take a partner home. Others find a niche in the bushes.

As the light fades, the after-work crowd vanishes. Much later, usually around midnight on a weekday, the Ramble’s nighttime regulars begin to trickle into the park. The daytime socializing is casual, friendly, chat-filled. The nighttime sex scene in the Ramble is conducted in silence, lest the voice dissipate the mutual fantasy evoked by the look, the pose, the costume, the attitude. Body language is the only language needed for success here. Some night people prefer a particular quiet corner, for one-on-one encounters. Others gravitate toward the Tunnel, that part of the Bridle Path which runs under the 77th Street overpass. The Tunnel is the most active group-sex scene in that area of the park. Some nights it will be crowded wall to wall with men until four in the morning. Some nights, too, the cops decide to come full speed down the Bridle Path in their squad cars, headlights and spotlights blazing, barely giving the preoccupants in those close encounters time to pick up their pants and run—before being run over. “For their own protection,” say the cops.

But outdoor sex is not the only thing that draws gay people to that part of the park. Kenneth Sherrill is a Hunter College political-science professor, author of a widely used college poli-sci textbook, and a Democratic-party district leader. He and his lover, Gerald Otte, dance captain of the Alwin Nikolais Dance Theatre, live in their own brownstone, which they are renovating themselves on West 81st Street, an integrated block. (Ken was president of his block association for two years.) “I met Gerald in the Ramble,” Ken remembers. “I always went there to relax, meet other gay people, talk. To have sex? Not me. Anyway, I met Gerald as he was walking back from Sunday services—his brother is a Baptist minister, and Gerald still tithes, you know. It may sound corny, but it was love at first sight. We’ve been together for twelve years.”

Over on the north lawn—the Fruited Plain of the twenties—where scores of men are reclining, chatting, catching the day’s last rays of the summer sun, there is a spirited softball game in progress. Eight men, four women, and three children take turns dividing into five-person teams.

Leah, one of the women waiting for her turn at bat, is a 26-year-old computer operator who is there with her lover, Janice, a 35-year-old schoolteacher. One of the kids—a seven-year-old boy—is Janice’s, and the three live together as a family on West 82nd Street near the entrance to the Ramble. “Frank and Norman are lovers, and so are Bill and Tom,” says Leah, pointing out the players. “Those other two guys in the outfield are married to the other two women, and those two girls are *their* kids. The two infielders we just met—they were playing Frisbee, so we invited them to join us,” smiles Leah, sitting on a large plaid blanket spread under the tupelo tree, as she starts unwrapping sandwiches from a wicker hamper. “We all live near here. Sure, it’s mostly gay guys, but they love the kids, and the straights who live around here get along with the gays fine. Matter of fact, Bill met Tom at one of our kids’ ball games, and they’ve been living together for six months!” Tom strolls up. “Yeah, it’s like a big outdoor living room here,” he says, “a family of people even though you don’t

Gay-Bashers: The Exorcist Syndrome

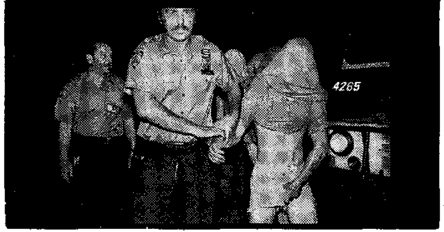
The behavior of those East Side street toughs arrested in the July 5 episode of park violence gives possible clues to the social circumstances that fostered these beatings.

"I talked to those kids through the barred windows of their cells as they were being held in the Central Park precinct," recalls photographer Allen Tannenbaum. "They seemed proud and unrepentant about what they'd done. As they were being transferred for booking, one of the young men—his T-shirt hiding his head—clowned for the media and cops as he was led away. Lewdly grabbing his crotch and exposing himself, he sneered: 'You wanna have some of this? C'mon an' get it.' The whole atmosphere was not just repulsive, it was frightening."

"They knew exactly what they were looking for—'queers,'" says sex researcher Dr. John Money of those responsible for the Ramble gay bashing. "In every case of this type I've seen in 30 years of work in this field, I have found such young men, on the one hand, attracted to homosexuality *and* acting it out. On the other, they try to destroy it. I call this the 'exorcist syndrome.'"

Dr. Money, a pediatrician and past president of the Society for the Scientific Study of Sex, is professor of medical psychology at Johns Hopkins University, chief of its Gender Identity Clinic, and co-editor of the five-volume *Handbook of Sexology.*

"I had a patient with a history of queer baiting. After each assault he'd go home and put on his mom's clothes. He's the type you're dealing with."



Central Park suspect: *Lewd and defiant.*

"The folkways of our culture fill our young people with images of homosexuals as sick, evil, less than human. There are so many signals from the home, the school, the church—and from the media—which make homosexuality the daily butt of television humor and have given such publicity to Anita Bryant and her gays-are-child-molesters campaign as to legitimize her views in the eyes of our youth," says Money, recalling the gang-stabbing murder of a San Francisco gay not long ago by youths who shouted, "This is for Anita!" "At the same time, the law itself epitomizes this attitude. The very fact that our laws make homosexuality a crime validates the idea that 'queers' are animals.

"So," says the doctor, "when teenagers see something evil about themselves, one way to get rid of the evil is to destroy it. It's an old story, isn't it?"

Dr. Money recounts a case he encountered in Boston, at the beginning of his sex research, when a gang of youths were involved in a series of attacks on lone gay men. "These kids had already had sex with the men, but those who serviced them were objects, not people. By the way, I have stayed in touch with those kids, now men, for a quarter of a century. They are married with children, and their families do not know to this day that these men still seek out and engage in homosexual activity."

Money believes the assumption that homosexuality can be "taught" or is contagious is "part of the pernicious myth that makes gays sick in the eyes of our kids. It's a silly, simpleminded idea—monkey see, monkey do. If this theory of learning were true, children would come home from Sunday school and crucify their dolls." Or, as comedian George Carlin puts it, "If my teacher could have influenced *my* sexuality I would have turned out to be a nun."

"Look," sighs Money, "it's like a farm kid who proves his manhood and gets rid of his hostility by going out and shooting a deer. There are no wild animals in New York or any other city; however, the society's values make the 'faggot' easy prey, an urban animal.

"I am presently treating a married man who is a transvestite. Macho by day, a cross-dresser at night. He had a history as a young man of queer-baiting and -beating. And after each beating, he'd go home and put on his mother's clothes. That's the type of person you're dealing with in the beatings in Central Park."—**D.I.**

always know their names. I feel free here."

All that is indicative of a kind of traffic Frederick Law Olmsted and Calvert Vaux never envisioned when they designed the Ramble a hundred years ago as a horticultural display, planned with detail to show off unique plants in an intimate setting. In Olmstead's day, you could see clear from Bethesda Fountain to the Belvedere Castle. Now, those trees Olmstead never lived to see grow up—more than half of them wild pin-cherry trees—have obscured the view, creating those secluded spots used by gays for trysting and socializing, and by birds for nesting. The bird watchers are the Ramble's other main constituency, but their tenancy is primarily confined to two months—April and October—when migratory birds flock to the sanctuary. Those are also the only two months when there is much police protection in evidence.

In the wake of the most recent gay beatings, there was much bitterness voiced against the police by gays—and straights—who frequent the Ramble. "They said only five gays were attacked, and that's bullshit," said Don, a young, straight doctor with a large gay practice in the neighborhood. "I've already heard about three other guys—one of them came to me—who were beaten by that same bunch. But at least they could walk." Why don't they go to the cops? "For what?" snorts Dr. Don. "If it happened on Central Park West, okay. The guys at the 20th Precinct are pretty good. But the cops in the park have seldom given gays anything but harassment. Go to them and you, the victim, are made to feel like a criminal."

"We're always caught between the mob and the cops," complained Jerry, the United Nations translator. "In 1970, when the Knapp Commission raided all those gay bars that had back rooms where you could have sex, there was a tremendous increase in the amount of outdoor sex in and near the Ramble."

Morty Manford recalls that in 1974, when he was president of the Gay Activists Alliance, "there were 45 guys arrested along the Bridle Path and in the Ramble for sodomy, all in one month. Dick Kuh was the D.A. then. We went to him and said how can you do this to people who are hurting no one? After threatening some demonstrations—he wanted to run for something, we knew—we got the charges reduced to disorderly conduct for everybody. But the basic attitude hasn't changed."

You get a different view from Captain Peter F. Lamb, commander of the

Central Park precinct. "We haven't had any arrests for sexual activity in the park in the thirteen months I've had this command," he says flatly. What about heterosexuals? "Fornication isn't illegal, sodomy is—but we haven't made that type of collar in years." Haven't there been gay complaints of harassment by police? "Not to my knowledge," says Lamb. "Unless somebody is really out in the open, out in front of the public, we don't worry about it. But that kind of stuff is so isolated, so rare here." Lamb sees little tension between gays and the straights who inhabit the borders of the park.

Manford, who now directs a Comprehensive Employment and Training Act training program employing 500 youths, for the New York City Department of General Services, recalls: "I first went to the Ramble on a double date with a friend of mine and two girls. I was in my senior year in high school and," grins Manford shyly, "I was still in the closet then. We went into the park, sat on a rock for a smoke. There was this good-looking guy who came and sat next to us for a while. After we left, my friend Louis said, 'Morty, that guy winked at me,' " Morty smiles. "I went back often trying to re-create that experience."

"When I first started going to the Ramble seven years ago," says Neal, a 26-year-old broadcast executive, "I'd meet doctors, lawyers, West Side professional types. But then, there was only one gay bar on the West Side. Now there are six in three blocks in the West Seventies, plus gay and mixed restaurants where you can socialize and meet people. Besides, when I first started going to gay bars, they would not let you in unless you were 21.

"I was eighteen. Where else could I go but the park?"

"It's a reflection of what we call the 'heterosexual presumption,' " says Chuck Ortleb, the bright-eyed young editor of the gay literary magazine *Christopher Street*. "If I'm straight and I come on to some girl that I've met casually, say, at work, I might get a turndown, possibly a slap in the face if I'm crude about it. But gay men can't approach other men they encounter in their day-to-day lives without risking a serious beating, their jobs, even death.

"The discrimination, the fear and hatred of homosexuals ingrained in the culture eliminate most of the opportunities for socialization that exist in the straight world. The bars are an extremely limited form of interaction. And if you don't drink—or even if you do—a gay bar can be a very tension-filled, oppressive atmosphere. The openness of the park encourages openness among people," says Ortleb. "It's one of the few places in which this society allows us to meet each other."

The Ramble is a beautiful setting for such horrors. The invitingly open lawn at the northern end was called the "Fruited Plain" back in the twenties.

There seems universal agreement that the park gay scene has changed considerably in the last two years. For more and more middle-class gays who find themselves wooed by a proliferation of bars, discos, bath houses (mostly straight-owned), and the open (if expensive) atmosphere of Fire Island, there is less need for the park. For the poor, working-class gays—who can't afford the bars or the baths—the park is not just free, it is *necessary*.

Tony is nineteen, an Italian kid who lives with his large family in Bensonhurst, where he works in his father's hardware store. "I can't bring my boyfriends home—it would kill my ma. So we have sex in the park. It's beautiful smelling the grass and not even feeling like you're in the city. But I can't wait to get my own pad. Still, my brother's straight, and he brings his girl friend to the park to get laid. What's so wrong?"

What's so wrong, indeed? Yet the harassment of gays by marauding, homophobic toughs continues. "I'm aware of only seven incidents this year," says Parks Commissioner Gordon Davis. "I'm aware of seven this *week*," says Dr. Don, "and *six* the week before *that*."

"There's a lot to be done to improve the problems here," says Bruce Kelly, a dedicated young landscape planner who heads a committee to rehabilitate the Ramble for the Central Park Task Force, a private group. Kelly's studies have been financed by a $35,000 public and private grant, but he estimates the restoration job will take "about a million dollars." "Look, gays are going to continue to use this area of the park, just like the bird watchers. Neither group bothers anybody. They're citizens too."

"We can design the Ramble to be better, safer for all, gays and everybody. Open up some spaces, thicken others. We could re-enforce certain trails so that people can have a better sense of direction and not get lost. Certainly we could put police call boxes on each of the lampposts in the Ramble. Did you know half of those lights don't even work?"

As for the police, they did post hard-to-read photocopied notices (signed by Deputy Chief Martin Duffy) on trees throughout the Ramble, asking witnesses to telephone a special police number if they had information concerning the beatings on "the night of June 7." The only problem was, Dick Button and the other new victims of the gay-bashers were assaulted on July 5.

Though Parks Commissioner Davis and Police Commissioner Robert McGuire last week announced a 22-member "special force" of undercover cops to be assigned to Central Park as a whole, these few police will have a lot of turf to cover. But 22 cops are nearly equal to the total number of police now on patrol in the entire 840 acres of the park at any one time. Sector Charlie, which covers the Ramble's winding paths from 74th to 79th Street, has only two patrolmen to cover that 30-acre maze. On the three nights I was there, I saw none.

Captain Lamb says that "less than 10 percent" of the violent crime in the park takes place after midnight. He had no figures on the Ramble. Yet one wonders how many—like Paul, the garment manufacturer—were afraid to report their attacks.

One is impressed by the dedicated work of policemen like detectives James O'Neill and Gerald Smith, who directed the swift arrest of six young suspects in these latest beatings. But one wonders: Would there have been such swift, massive action on, and careful attention to, this case had there been one lone victim, not the five whom police were able to identify? Or if one of the victims—Dick Button—had not been a celebrity? Or had not the press, because of celebrity and the number of victims, given such publicity to this case? Or if there had been an administration in City Hall less committed than Mayor Koch's to the rights of our city's million gay people?

Finally, one wonders how many more incidents there have been to match one I heard from a young executive I met on the Bridle Path: "I was attacked by two kids while walking alone in the Ramble last month. Miraculously, I found a patrolman and told him what had happened, as blood streamed down my cheek from a cut over my left eye. You know what he said? 'Serves you right, faggot.' " ▬

New York Taxis: Too Much, Too Scary

By Mark Schorr

"...If taxi-industry profiteers could be eliminated, sources say, as much as a dollar could be lopped off the average $2.75 ride..."

Nearly a decade ago, the Lindsay administration created an agency to supervise, monitor, and license the city's livery trade. It was called the Taxi and Limousine Commission, and so far it hasn't worked.

Today, New York's $300-million cab industry is mired in politics, corruption, and special-interest groups which have allowed fares to soar while service has sunk in the deepest potholes. Bagmen, wheeler-dealers, usurers, grafters, and influence peddlers make nearly as much off a ride as the cabby spending ten hours a day fighting traffic and potholes. In fact, industry sources say that as much as $1 could be lopped off the average $2.75 ride if these profiteers could be eliminated. But don't count on the Taxi and Limousine Commission to make it happen.

As Comptroller Harrison Goldin concluded in an audit last year of the commission: "New York City's taxicab regulatory process is so ineffective that passengers can have no assurance that they are adequately protected for vehicular malfunctions or operator dishonesty." In other words, the next time you're in a cab, chances are you'll be taken for a ride.

The man who ostensibly rules the hack trade is 40-year-old Jay Turoff, a former Brooklyn Democratic organization chieftain appointed by Mayor Beame to head the taxi commission the same day Goldin released his stinging audit.

When he discusses his $2.3-million, 135-person agency, Turoff seems alternately defensive and optimistic. He complains about an overworked staff, fiscal watchdogs peering over shoulders, and an industry which refuses to police itself. But he says that his agency has started stricter enforcement procedures which are making the taxis clean up their act. "If I walked out of here and was hit by a cab and decapitated, they'd throw a party," he says of the industry. But, tough talk aside, one can't see much change for the better.

Certainly, it is not all Turoff's fault. He did indeed inherit an agency crippled by intimacies with the companies it regulates, an agency hamstrung by inefficiency and incompetence. And Chairman Turoff even admits quite candidly that he still doesn't understand all the aspects of the taxi trade.

But to truly appreciate the problems Turoff and the commission face, it's necessary to run through a quick history of taxi regulation in New York.

As far back as 1925—when Mayor John Hylan transferred jurisdiction over cabs from the Department of Licensing to the Police Department—the taxi industry has been anything but a bastion of ethical dealings. In fact, even the transfer itself seemed dirty; it allegedly involved special favors for the Yellow Cab Company, which was owned by members of the mayor's family. Bootleggers, it seems, were using the cabs to transport their booze. Ultimately 25 detectives had to be flopped back to uniform for "neglect" in the taxi-clean-up campaign.

From such inauspicious beginnings, the Police Department Hack Bureau blundered its way up to the 1970s. For cops it was a cushy post, with the best opportunities to fill safe-deposit boxes outside the vice squad.

"When you first came into the business and asked one of the old-timers how to do this or that, the guy would tell you how much you should pay," a veteran cabby explains.

"The drivers really perpetuated this thing, and everybody knew the price. Like when you went in with a new car, you slipped the guy a $5 bill when he affixed the medallion. When you went for a physical inspection, you went into the station house, gave him two bucks, and made some small talk about what he was putting into his summer home. It was ludicrous. The guy never even saw the car." And with nearly 12,000 cabs coming in four times a year, the payoffs could work out to several thousand dollars annually per man, in tax-free cash.

But in December 1970, the cabbies struck, demanding higher wages. The fleet owners wanted a fare increase. So the City Council, Mayor Lindsay, and the cab industry made an agreement—a 49 percent fare increase in return for the nine-member Taxi and Limousine Commission. The chairman, who currently earns $43,216, was to be the only salaried member.

But why would anyone be eager for one of the eight unsalaried posts?

Consider Aldo Benedetto. A loyal Staten Island Democrat, he served the party by organizing dinners and putting up a brave front in two foredoomed elections. As a reward, he got an unsalaried post as one of the first commissioners. Not much of a plum? Well, if you happen to be the general sales manager of a Dodge automobile agency, and the commission decides which half a dozen makes and models can be used as cabs, it doesn't hurt. Coinci-

"... City auditors visited two garages that inspect taxicabs; neither had the equipment to check brakes and safety factors ..."

dentally or not, Dodge Aspen and Monaco are two of the models approved by the commission.

Now, the commission may be impressed with the two cars, but *Consumer Reports* is critical of them both: The Aspen is "somewhat unpredictable in emergency maneuvers." The Monaco is "sluggish in emergency maneuvers." Not to worry. No one knows the exact cost in lives of the commission's decision, since it does not keep records of taxicab accidents. The latest available figures come from the state Department of Motor Vehicles, which groups taxi and bus (excluding schoolbus) accidents in New York City together. In 1977, there were 11,906 cab and bus accidents involving personal injury. Sixty-two of those were fatal.

When Aldo Benedetto's term expired, he moved on to greener pastures in the Staten Island borough president's office. Fortunately for the city, Benedetto's old boss at the Dodge agency, George Memoly, is as civic-minded as his former sales manager. Memoly currently serves as one of the unpaid commissioners.

"George is not supplying anybody in the yellow [medallion] cab industry," Turoff claims. "He has nothing to do with selling or servicing any taxicabs at all."

At Memoly Dodge, however, they promised that for $5,400, financing available, a Dodge Aspen could be prepared for a cab package.

If such conflicts are one of the sources of taxi troubles, then money may literally be the root of its evils. Because even before a cabby can begin to worry about when his car will break down, he's got to get financing. In 1937, when medallions were first introduced as licenses to cruise the streets for fares, they cost $100. Now it costs more to purchase a cab and one of 11,787 medallions—$64,000—than it does to get a seat on the New York Stock Exchange.

With most banks unwilling to lend money to owner-drivers, the aspiring cabby must turn to "taxi brokers" and credit unions for loans. Some of these "brokers" allow a person to come in with "short money." Like a ghetto merchant's layaway plan, this means little down and a lifetime to pay. The cabby is forced to work twelve hours a day and refinance and refinance when his notes come due. Interest charges pile up, bringing the actual rate to over 20 percent. Here's an idea of how much of your cab fare goes to the financiers: If a cabby gets a 13.6 percent loan for $50,000, he'll have paid out $18,000 in interest by the end of his five-year repayment period.

The Amalgamated Taxi Federal Credit Union is a major industry lending institution, with more than $5 million in assets. Its president is Oscar Katz, an insurance broker who allegedly has a side business for cabbies deeply in debt. He lends them enough money to cover all bills and payments and then forces them to pay back the loans —through predated check or cash—on a weekly, or even daily, basis. In addition to interest charges and loan fees, the broker allegedly adds a $200 yearly "service charge" on the debtors. Katz refused to answer questions about the allegations.

While brokers have been accused of a variety of unsavory practices, somehow a law to regulate them, proposed by a previous taxi-commission chairman, was killed before it reached the City Council.

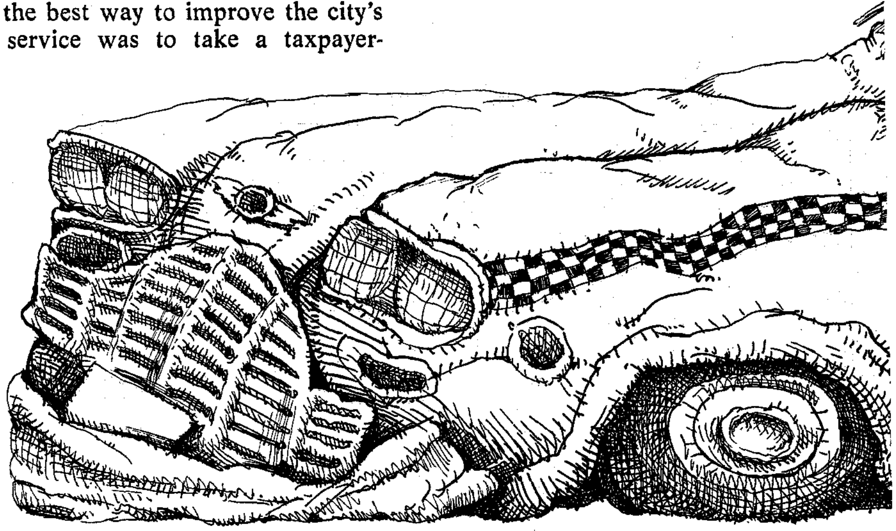
"The word of mouth is that the brokers have a bad reputation," says the commission's legal counsel, William Lifton. "Have we been able in our four months here to prove it? No. Do we think it to be so? Yes." He adds, "But knowing it and proving it are two different things."

Even if the commission were allowed to police the moneylenders, there is some question as to whether it would be able to control them. The commission has consistently shown itself to be easily manipulatable, putting personal and political interests far above concern for the public. For example, the first commission chairman decided that the best way to improve the city's taxi service was to take a taxpayer-funded trip to Paris, Rome, and London. And when the commission secured Comprehensive Employment and Training Act (CETA) funds in 1975, it hired on a "pre-select" basis, filling its staff with the politically connected instead of the hard-core unemployed.

"I come out of Brooklyn politics, but that doesn't make me a bad person," Chairman Turoff says, while boasting of "a very close relationship with Meade Esposito." Brooklyn boss Esposito, Queens boss Donald Manes, and former political leaders like Pat Cunningham and Matty Troy have had a heavy hand in the selection of the top commission administration. Clearly, the medallion-cab industry has seen the importance of playing politics. The industry associations buy $100-a-plate tickets to political dinners, mobilize cabs to run errands on election days, and hire political lawyers, like Queens Councilman Eugene Mastropieri.

Mastropieri has been in the papers recently for allegedly accumulating more than $1,000 in unpaid parking tickets, repeatedly driving without a license, living in the suburbs instead of his district, and maintaining the worst attendance record for a council member in good health.

The largest contributor to Mastropieri's 1973 campaign was the Associated Radio Metered Taxi Owners Council (ARMTOC), a parent organization representing 2,000 of the city's 5,000 independent owner-drivers. And Mastropieri was said to have been retained by the Inta-Boro Two Way Radio Taxi Association, one of the larger taxicab groups. But he denies any personal involvement in Inta-Boro's affairs. "The only thing we did—not we, actually, Mr. Joseph did—was rep-



resent them on collection work," Mastropieri says.

Mr. Joseph is Alan Joseph, who was Mastropieri's law partner and served as the treasurer for Mastropieri's 1977 campaign. Allegedly through Mastropieri's intercession, Joseph received a job as a $75-a-day hearing officer for the Taxi and Limousine Commission. The city Board of Ethics decided adjudicating cabby disputes while representing a cab group was a conflict of interest. Joseph has since moved to an administrative post at the commission, and a Board of Ethics decision is pending.

While Mastropieri was being retained by Inta-Boro, he allegedly introduced one bill directly affecting the cab industry and voted on several other measures affecting taxis. But a source at the Board of Ethics notes that the board may never render a final opinion on this affair, because Mastropieri did not solicit its opinion and all it can do is offer advice. The City Council Ethics Committee is still "having conversations about the case," a spokeswoman for Committee Chairman Sam Horwitz says, while a Department of Investigation probe is continuing.

But the really big political deals, involving the cash under the table that political slush funds thrive on, rarely are disclosed outside the back rooms. Bagmen and other professionals provide insulation and security. However, in 1973 and 1974, the fund raising was so clumsily arranged that authorities were forced to take action.

Several cab companies allegedly coerced their drivers into contributing $100 apiece for the Beame mayoral campaign. The $150,000 said to have been raised was then funneled through Matty Troy to the campaign, sources say. The Brooklyn district attorney indicted ARMTOC and three smaller radio groups.

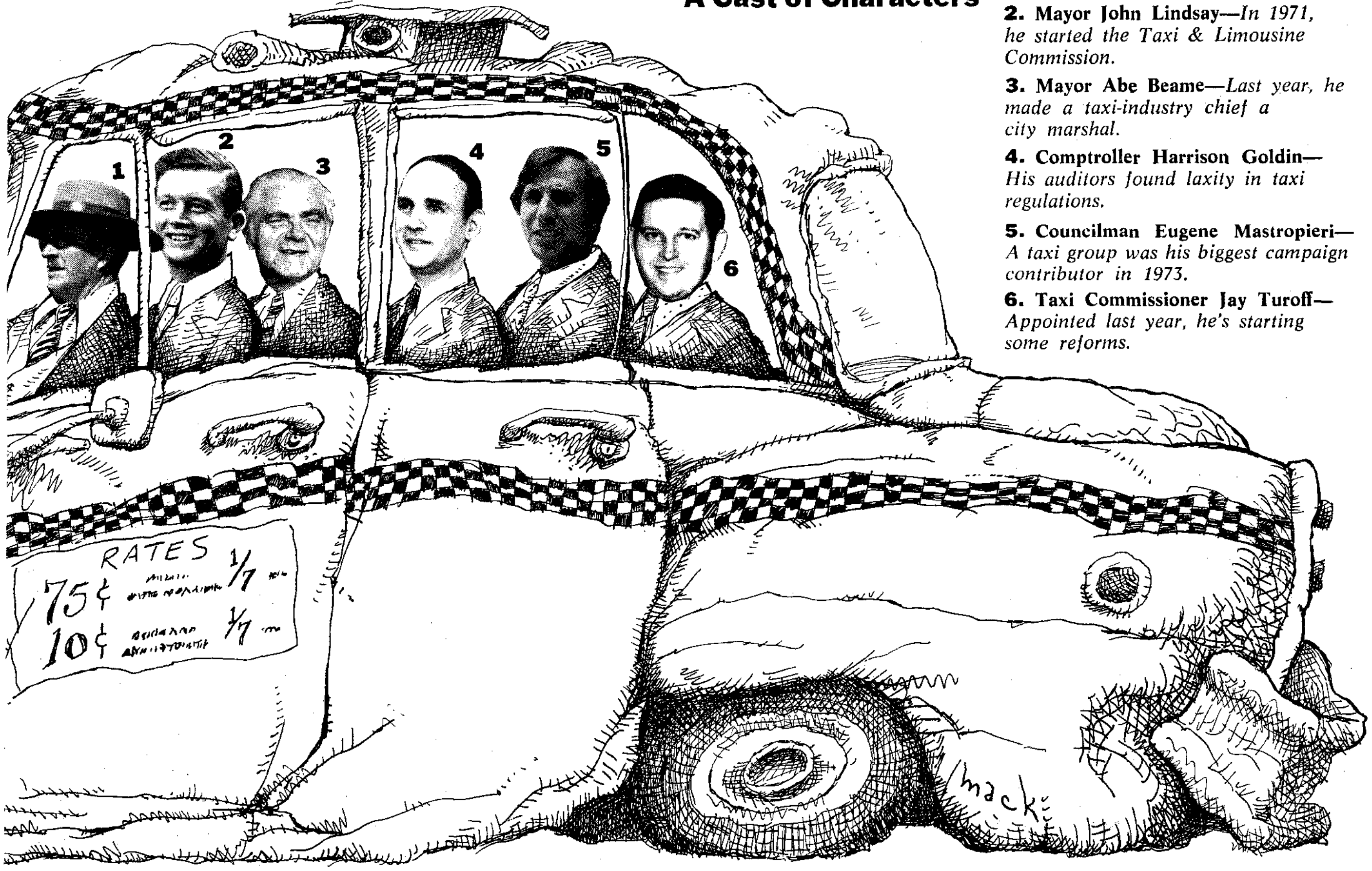
All pleaded guilty to conspiracy to violate election laws, and each received a $1,000 fine. Today, the state special prosecutor is reportedly investigating allegations of tampering with a grand jury dating back to the case.

The head of ARMTOC is Stanley Bakalar, who also heads the Queens Two Way Radio Metered Taxi Association, one of the oldest and largest groups. One source pointed to $640 listed as miscellanous expenses in his 1976 budget as one reason why Bakalar has great influence at the commission. The source says that Bakalar told him the money was to be used to "sprinkle a little Christmas cheer" at commission headquarters. Another source alleges that there also were weekly payoffs made. Last year, Bakalar was appointed a city marshal by Mayor Beame.

In 1974 the commission contracted out the responsibility for mandated quarterly inspections to a California-based firm, Olson Laboratories. The initial appropriation was pushed through the expense budget instead of the capital budget, to avoid the need for securing the comptroller's approval. The contract was not formally approved, but Olson got $800,000 anyway.

"At Olson, they wouldn't even talk to you for less than $10," a cabby explained, "though if you went in there with absolutely nothing wrong, you might get away with slipping the guy a deuce, just to stay in shape." When it came to discretionary decisions, such as whether a tire was bald or just worn, a cabby could save himself a new set of radials by coming up with the cash.

When taxi inspector Murray Kantor saw a driver hand an Olson employee money, he notified the Olson supervisor. His one-page report was concealed, until the newspapers learned of its existence. At first, a commission spokesman said it had been turned over to the Department of Investigation. But when the department said it had never received it, the commission spokesman



The Taxi Mess: A Cast of Characters

1. **Mayor John Hylan**—*In 1925, he put cops in charge of taxis.*
2. **Mayor John Lindsay**—*In 1971, he started the Taxi & Limousine Commission.*
3. **Mayor Abe Beame**—*Last year, he made a taxi-industry chief a city marshal.*
4. **Comptroller Harrison Goldin**—*His auditors found laxity in taxi regulations.*
5. **Councilman Eugene Mastropieri**—*A taxi group was his biggest campaign contributor in 1973.*
6. **Taxi Commissioner Jay Turoff**—*Appointed last year, he's starting some reforms.*

Illustrated by Stan Mack / Photo credits: left to right—Wide World, UPI, WideWorld, UPI, Fred McDarrah

"...The head of one major taxi association, who allegedly gave Christmas cash to taxi regulators, is now a city marshal..."

Safety Check: Our Taxis Flunk the Test

It's bad enough that a lot of cabbies tool around the city like they're competing in the Grand Prix de Monaco, but beyond the fear of sideswiping a bus or knocking down a baby carriage, many New Yorkers worry about the physical condition of the taxis they ride in. Although the Taxi and Limousine Commission's rules require that a cab not be used "to carry passengers unless it is in safe operating condition," many riders are uneasy about the chances of their taxi—and themselves—arriving anywhere in one piece.

To test the truth of these suspicions, *New York* accepted the offer of a fleet cabdriver for the Eighteenth Street Management Corporation to subject the cab he was assigned to a detailed safety inspection. On two separate occasions this driver took the cab he was assigned for his shift to an independent, professional mechanic designated by *New York*. The safety inspection was carried out by the mechanic in the presence of a *New York* reporter and photographer.

The first cab, described by the cabby as "the best taxi I have ever driven," was found to have several serious defects:

☐ It had been involved in three serious accidents, damage from which had been repaired in a sloppy and unprofessional fashion.

☐ Repairs to the entire front of the cab had replaced the metal body with fiberglass.

☐ The engine was badly out of tune, dieseling for 30 seconds after the ignition was shut off.

☐ The fan belt was cracked and breaking in several places.

☐ The oil was filthy and badly needed changing.

☐ The right tail and brake lights failed to operate.

☐ The universal joints, connecting the transmission to the rear end, were badly worn and within 1,000 miles of failure.

☐ The power-steering reservoir was empty, which eventually would have led to loss of all steering.

☐ The windshield wipers were worn, failing to clear the windshield under the best conditions and creating a definite viewing hazard.

The second cab, characterized by the mechanic as "a borderline death trap," had more serious problems:

☐ It had been involved in serious accidents a minimum of five times, followed by shoddy body-repair work.

☐ The wheel bearings were worn, creating the danger that the wheel could fall off while the cab was in use.

☐ The front brakes were very worn, causing inadequate braking at moderate speeds and the danger of total brake failure.

☐ The front shocks were, in the words of the mechanic, "almost nonexistent."

☐ The universal joints were seriously worn.

☐ The warning/emergency lights would not work.

☐ The left brake light would not operate.

☐ Fiberglass had been used to replace most of the originally metal rear body.

☐ The engine was badly out of tune.

☐ The oil was filthy and needed changing.

☐ The starter was defective.

The mechanic, familiar with the operation of city cabs, said, "These taxis show what systematic failure to provide regular servicing can do to a car. When all you're interested in is how many bucks you're bringing in while the cab is on the street, keeping the car in good condition isn't important." **—Greg Rose**

said his agency probably checked out the allegation and found it baseless. A subsequent Department of Investigation probe led to the arrest and conviction of two Olson inspectors for receiving unlawful gratuities. During the budget crisis, Murray Kantor was laid off.

Currently there are thirteen garages, approved by the commission, where its inspectors examine cabs. How they were chosen is a classic example of the "tail wagging the dog" problem that Chairman Turoff says has plagued his agency. What the commission did was to go to a half dozen individuals in the cab industry and ask which gas stations favored taxicab owners. The industry people gave the commission a list.

The commission checked whether the gas stations passed certain minimal criteria, such as being a state-licensed motor-vehicle-inspection station, and they were approved. For a $300 yearly licensing fee, the gas stations receive $5 for every $10 exam they conduct. Whether a mechanic would be objective with people who gave him $17,000 a year in business is questionable.

Comptroller Goldin, in his audit, found that neither of the two garages visited by his men was furnished with equipment which could permit inspectors to conduct thorough examinations of taxicab brakes, lights, and other safety factors. Instead city inspectors were merely performing a cursory examination of the outside of the vehicle. Also, Goldin tabulated the number of summonses inspectors issued. With 238 rules to enforce, twenty inspectors averaged fewer than one summons per day; only four inspectors gave out nine or more summonses daily, meaning a revenue loss to the city of more than $3-million between 1974 and 1976.

Some reform has been achieved at the commission. Fleet owners no longer can plea-bargain any offenses; only minor mechanical violations can be knocked down. Several gas stations will be eliminated from the inspection program. Cross-checking of license suspension is done on a weekly basis, and drivers will, it is hoped, no longer be able to avoid hearing notices and fines. Executives have been cut from fourteen to three, while the number of full-time lawyers has been reduced from seven to just one. New filing systems make it harder for records to "disappear," and an in-house inspector general has been hired to investigate allegations of corruption. And although half the cabbies still don't bother to show up, the number of scheduled hearings has tripled to over 2,000 per month.

Still, the new administration is being watched. The comptroller and the Office of Management and Budget are reviewing the records. Mayor Koch, who was one of the first to support the commission when Lindsay proposed it, is not satisfied with the course it has taken. He is "examining its future."

The road to recovery, it seems, is loaded with potholes, and getting there won't be half the fun. ■

Kevin Cahill, New York's Shadow Governor

By Joyce Purnick

"...A confidant of kings, Dr. Cahill counts Pope Paul as a friend..."

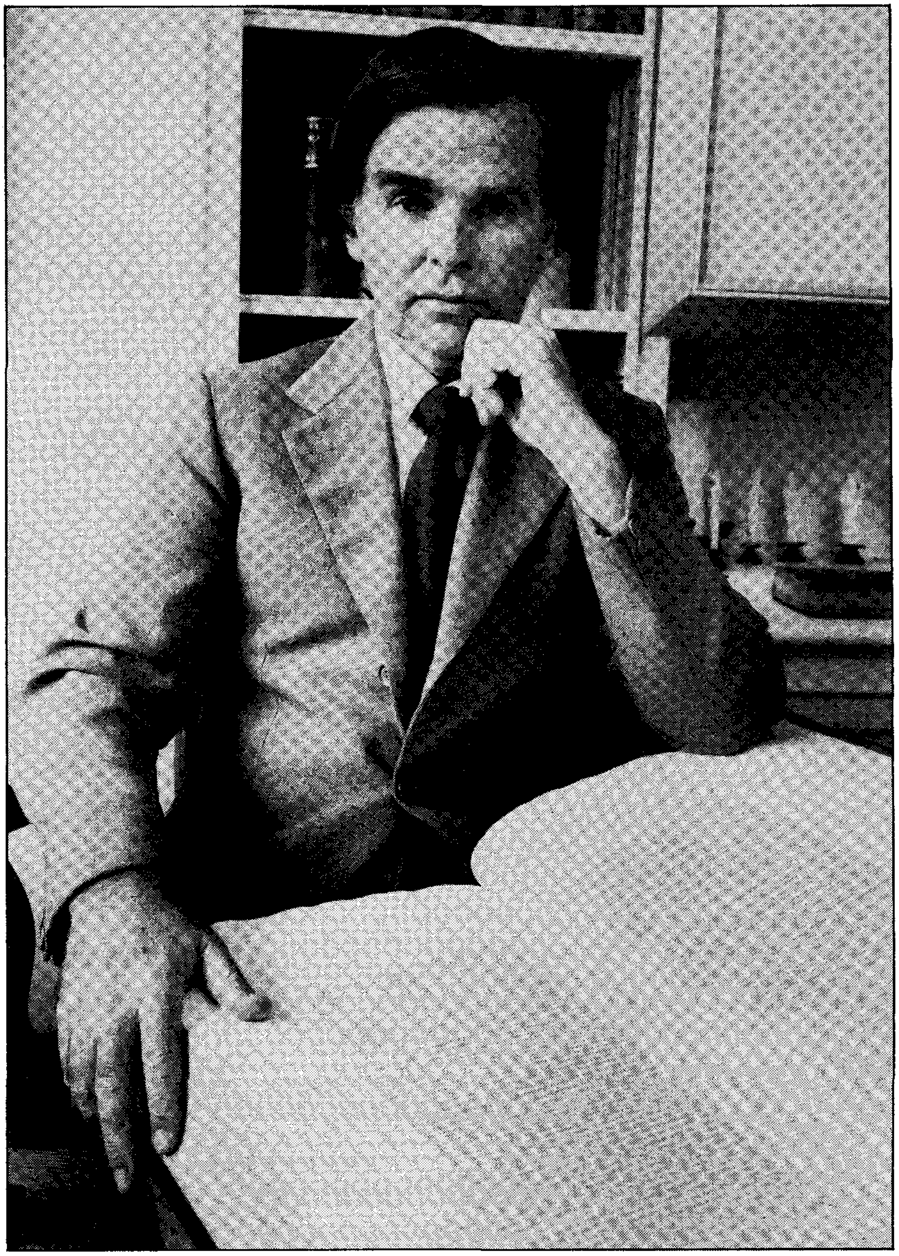
The car breezes along Meadowbrook Parkway, at this point a stretch of dune-edged road leading to Long Island's South Shore. It is an official state vehicle, a dark-blue Marquis complete with an official state phone that has two direct lines to—according to the coded key beneath the dashboard—"H.L.C." Hugh L. Carey.

Sitting in the driver's seat this fine summer day, heading for his beachfront home, is Kevin M. Cahill, M.D., the least of whose identities is as the state's special assistant for health affairs. This doctor, who ministered to Carey's wife, Helen, when she was dying of cancer, is called other things. Like Carey's superego. His Rasputin. His Savonarola. Among the more printable descriptions. The mere mention of his name raises half of Albany's eyebrows heavenward and invariably sends the governor's fearsome press strategist, David Garth, into a fit of pique. All he is, Cahill says as he drives to the rambling oceanfront house where Carey often spends weekends in a downstairs playroom, is a good friend of his good friend.

"I have tremendous respect and, in the finest sense of the word, without hesitation, use the word 'love' for the governor. Some people are born where they can unspokenly exchange ideas, which we do very often. A look of the eye, a shrug . . . "

The voice trails off, the subject changes, and the governor's doctor is off on one of his non sequitur tangents, a frequent happening that might find him talking about Medicaid rates one minute, softly chanting a Yeats poem about "white woman of numberless dreams" the next.

It's the sort of thing one comes to anticipate from Kevin Cahill, one of the most powerful but little-known figures in the state, about whom there

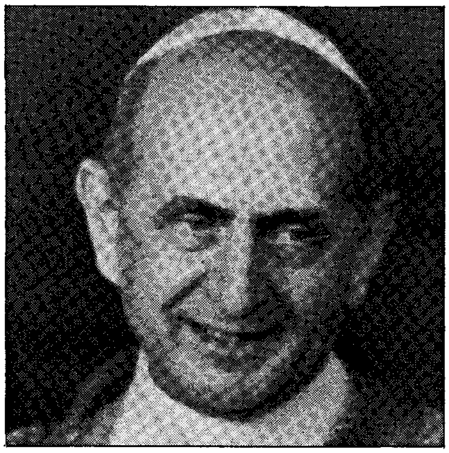


The doctor can see you now: *Kevin Cahill, in his Fifth Avenue office, where he has treated dignitaries and where many of Hugh Carey's really important meetings take place.*

Photograph by Barbra Walz

Over the years, Dr. Kevin Cahill has had many high-powered friends and patients. Here are some of them:

Pope Paul VI



Nicaraguan President Anastasio Somoza

"... When in Albany, Cahill uses Carey's office to eat his lunch in..."

is nothing simple or comfortable. The man Hugh Carey often consults several times a day about matters personal and governmental is shrouded in an Irish-edged mystique by a degree of controversy that would do the more publicly controversial Carey proud.

Nobody quite admits to understanding New York's $1-a-year health czar, who is also a general practitioner with an interest in tropical medicine, a star-studded Fifth Avenue practice, and a penchant for running off to Africa every now and again to treat sick Somalians. "Ah yes, Kevin. He's always creating roles for himself," sighs a medical colleague.

"Good gosh, do I really get people's hackles up like that?" asks Cahill, allowing a hint of a smile to impose itself on his frankly Celtic face.

He is relaxing now on the second-floor deck of his seaside home in the tiny town of Point Lookout, just west of Jones Beach. A slight figure of a man with cool blue eyes, Cahill has furred brows and boyishly gamin features that somehow clash with his patrician reserve. Little about him hints that this is a self-styled confidant of kings, a man who has a friend—the pope—in the Vatican, who once dabbled (rather unhappily) in international diplomacy, and numbers, he says, 22 heads of state among his patients.

In fact, the only thing about Cahill that would make you look, or listen, twice is his voice—a metallic Robert Kennedy sound-alike, even though Cahill, son of a general practitioner, is a New Yorker and went to Fordham, not Harvard.

"Oh, I think it's just Bronx-Irish," says the doctor, stopping to peer at the yellow helicopter that's just appeared over the dunes. "That's the governor's plane. Yes, that's it. If you check Hugh's schedule you'll see he was on his way somewhere."

Carey was indeed on his way somewhere, to make a speech at the Lido Beach Hotel just a few miles down the road. Which Cahill, if he'd thought about it, probably knew. Or would soon have found out, so intertwined are the lives of the politician from Brooklyn and the medical man seventeen years his junior.

Ad H.O.C. The depth of the Carey-Cahill relationship is signaled in brass, in the letters engraved on a plaque that graces the front door of Cahill's 850 Fifth Avenue office: Ad H.O.C.— to Helen Owen Carey. The governor put the sign up after his wife died of cancer in March 1974. Cahill keeps it here, just as he keeps a photograph of the late Helen Carey (the same one Carey has in his upstate office) in the sunny front room the governor uses as his in-town refuge.

The two met about thirteen years ago, when Cahill's sister Eileen and Carey's nephew Ed were engaged. Over the years the Carey-Cahill friendship has grown, honed on a series of deaths. In the space of less than a year, beginning in 1969, two of Carey's sons and Eileen Cahill Carey died in separate auto accidents. Ed Carey Jr. soon married another Cahill sister, Moreen.

At about that same time, Helen Carey's cancer was discovered. Cahill was, in the words of one ex–Carey aide, "the doctor Helen chose to die with."

Carey revered his wife, drew his moral identity from her. She was the keeper of his conscience, his most trusted adviser. "I think Carey thinks Helen is in heaven, watching over everything he does," said that same ex-aide. "The fact Helen chose Cahill, I can't explain it."

It was Helen Carey's judgment, the governor said a year after her death, that Cahill "would be an invaluable asset to the campaign, the government, the family, and in friendship, and that's how it's been. His care of her and closeness in the family have bound us very warmly together."

That closeness, clearly, endures.

"Kevin's almost a substitute for Helen," suggests Carey's friend Harold Fisher, chairman of the Metropolitan Transportation Authority. "Her absence is a hole, a big hole, and to some small degree the governor fills the vacuum by talking to Kevin."

Carey has a "mystical faith" in Cahill, says one former adviser. Another mysteriously calls the relationship a "confessional one," with Cahill in the priestly role. The doctor has a way of reaching the brooding, introverted governor the way few can, say people who know Hugh Carey—if anyone does.

One former aide remembers going into Carey's office during the early part of the administration when Carey and Cahill were going over plans for redecorating the executive mansion. "Cahill, if you can believe it, was picking wallpaper, color schemes, upholstery. Carey started to bristle about something and Cahill said, 'Now, Hugh, let's not get excited; let's look at this calmly, rationally.' He stroked him verbally a bit. I never met Helen Carey. Maybe that's how she dealt with the guy."

The problem, complain some Cahill critics, is that his influence extends well beyond questions of color schemes or wallpaper, or even health matters, where he is the undisputed final word, more powerful than the health and mental-hygiene commissioners (his choices) combined. "He's the governor for health. He doesn't advise Carey, he tells him," says a medical writer who

Photo credits: left—Pictorial Parade; right—Wide World

Terence Cardinal Cooke

Somalian Ambassador Abdirizak Hussem

Christina Onassis

"... Cahill was the man Carey consulted before dumping Nadjari..."

has covered the administration. And more often than not, Carey listens.

"I don't know why people want to make up stories that I have some kind of perverse influence on Hugh. I don't think Hugh is the type of person you influence," says Cahill, plainly weary of the subject.

Actually, people don't say that Cahill has a perverse influence on the governor, just that he has a pervasive, all-encompassing one. Detractors often have trouble coming up with specifics, so overwhelming, it would seem, is the impact of the Cahill gestalt.

"The governor goes over to 850 Fifth Avenue, discusses every conceivable thing, then comes back and says do this, do that," says one former insider. "It would cause turmoil. Here's a guy who doesn't understand how government works and he'd undermine every single situation."

Some in Albany, the governor among them, say that Carey does not seek advice on nonhealth matters. "I don't know if he [Cahill] advises outside the medical area, except in a very close family relationship," the governor said not long ago. The thing about the doctor is that the advice comes anyway. Cahill being Cahill—a man who does not want for opinions. Or shrink from his power to impose them where they'll count.

It was Cahill who was with Carey in Dublin when the governor took his strong stand against violence in Northern Ireland, alienating a good segment of the Irish-American community. Aides are convinced Cahill was responsible for the vehemence of Carey's Dublin words. "That's what you do as an Irish political figure, you speak out on the things you feel deeply about," says Cahill, who proudly remembers rewriting Carey's speech with him.

The doctor was also the man Carey consulted before his bungled attempt to dump Special State Prosecutor Maurice Nadjari. "A classic moral issue," says Cahill. The problem with that escapade was that the governor didn't know that attorneys general, not governors, are empowered to fire prosecutors. And Cahill, being a doctor, not a lawyer, wasn't in a position to tell him.

That's the nub of the problem with Cahill, say some—that he gets in over his head. "He thinks he's Hugh Carey's moral conscience," complains one insider. "And in his mind morality enters into every decision Carey makes. Nothing is political."

The volatile Garth, an adviser who does things his way or doesn't do them at all, threatened not to handle the re-election campaign in large part because of Cahill, then almost resigned because he thought the doctor was trying to undercut him. Garth seems to have won this round, with Cahill frozen out of the campaign. Officially, that is.

While some aides, such as Robert Morgado, director of state operations, and Judah Gribetz, counsel, have made peace with the unmovable object that is Cahill, others have not. It probably doesn't help that Cahill has access to state planes, helicopters, and chauffeured cars; that he not only works in but even eats cottage cheese in Carey's office, and demands that the health speeches he writes—oddly lyrical works sprinkled with Irish verse—appear on official executive-chamber letterhead.

Just last year, Cahill put a personal dedication in the 123-page health report to the Legislature (which he lists as a book on his curriculum vitae), ending it with some Irish verse and an afterword about how "with Celtic spirit we welcome the future."

He can do things like that. He's almost expected to, pursued as he is by myths, legends, and apocrypha enough for any number of characters in his extensive collection of Irish literature.

"Kevin was thought of as being different," recalls Dr. Thomas Fahey, a friend of Cahill's who was his freshman roommate back at Cornell Medical College. No one who knew Kevin Michael Cahill, second of the eight Cahill children, who grew up in the Edenwald section of the Bronx, seems ever to have forgotten him.

"When Kevin decided he wanted something, he'd get it," says his older brother, John, also a doctor, with offices in the house where their father, an M.D. and classics scholar, died the year Kevin entered medical school.

Former Cornell classmates still recall the time Cahill helped to arrange a reception at the school for the entire Bolshoi Ballet company when it toured the United States in 1959. "Somehow he got to know a lot of United Nations people," recalls Fahey. "We'd say to each other, how does he do this? He had a knack for developing friends who would get close to him and do things for him. There's no question he's an opportunist. He'll take advantage of what's there." Consider:

Cahill came to know a famous pharmacologist at Cornell, Dr. Harry Gold, who introduced him to Dr. Edgar Mayer, a distinguished chest specialist related by marriage to the Lehman family.

Mayer got Cahill a Lehman fellowship to travel in India between his junior and senior years. It was apparently quite a trip. The young student—who years later would go into Mayer's thriving Fifth Avenue practice and eventually take over the handsome offices Mayer used until his death three years ago—somehow managed to stay with Nehru that Indian summer and

Photo credits: left–Pictorial Parade; center–U.N./T. Chen; right–UPI

Hugh and the late Helen Carey

Indian Prime Minister Nehru

"...Says his brother: 'When Kevin wanted something, he'd get it'..."

got himself an audience with the pope on his way back home.

"He had all these stories of riding on elephants and of maharajas giving him things. If you didn't know Kevin, you'd think he was hallucinating," laughs Fahey. No one at Cornell believed Cahill until—says his friend—"the trunks arrived with the tiger skins and the woven-gold tapestries."

While in India, Cahill developed an interest in tropical medicine, and after an internship at St. Vincent's, he trained at the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine—thanks to a grant he solicited directly from Cardinal Spellman. A few years later Spellman came through again, funding a program Cahill started to treat missionaries.

Not long before leaving for his London studies, Cahill became engaged to Kathryn McGinity, whom he had met at Point Lookout when he was about twelve. He courted the elegantly slim daughter of a *Times* editor and a lawyer "on the love poems of Yeats," and the couple, who now have five sons, ages seven to sixteen, visited Ireland before their 1961 marriage. "We hired a harpist to follow us around in an old open-back taxi," recalls Cahill.

Ireland, particularly Northern Ireland, is a subject he and the governor discuss often, says Cahill. "I can think of very few things I would not discuss with Hugh." Politics? "That wouldn't be the type of discussion we would have. Not that I feel I am *above* that." In fact, in off-the-record moments, Cahill offers very specific political views, even criticizes some of Carey's TV commercials. And there is no reason to believe he doesn't share these views with the man he thinks belongs someday in the White House. HLC.

Cahill's comments about Carey are nothing short of laudatory. Almost em-

New York's Most Powerful Doctor

Nothing happens in New York State's health system that doesn't bear Kevin Cahill's imprimatur.

As the governor's $1-a-year special assistant for health, he presides over the state's $2.5-billion health budget and—indirectly—over its $15-billion health industry.

Health-related commissioners (his choices) report directly to him, not to Carey. Cahill holds forth in Albany every Wednesday and lobbies legislators to support what he once called "my legislative program." Cahill even managed to call the shots—by phone—during the recent nursing-home strike, although he was then in Dublin teaching at the Royal College of Surgeons.

For all his trouble, Cahill gets decidedly mixed reviews. Advocates like Alan Hevesi, chairman of the Assembly's Health Committee, praise Cahill as main architect of the governor's health program. Others credit him with cutting the fat off the bloated health system.

Some hospital administrators, though, complain that Cahill is inexperienced, if not unqualified, and, according to S. David Pomrinse, head of the Greater New York Hospital Association, he has taken a "simplistic" approach to cost cutting.

The doctor staunchly defends his record, saying, "Yes, some hospitals have probably come close to bankruptcy. There was a fiscal crisis and decisions had to be made. Yes, they're hurting."

Cahill is proud of his medical expertise and considers himself an authority in tropical medicine. Some of his peers, though, suggest he is overstating the case, the argument being that his training is "superficial." No one questions Cahill's ability as a doctor, just the nontraditional path he took to get to where he is today.

Most authorities in tropical medicine have board certification (specialist credentials) in internal medicine, which requires three or four years of postgraduate study. Cahill had a year of interning and another year of study in London and lots of fieldwork.

Board-certified in preventive medicine, microbiology, and chest medicine, Cahill angrily counters aspersions on his qualifications—"I have the largest practice of tropical medicine in this country"—and says his two years with a navy medical unit in Cairo, along with his yearly trips to Somalia, represent "better training than anything I could possibly have gotten in this country. It's the difference between theory and practice."

An admirer, Dr. Kenneth Warren, chief health official of the Rockefeller Foundation, says of Cahill, "He may have had certain deficiencies in science, but he put tropical medicine on the map."

As is often the case with Kevin Cahill, his manner and unorthodox methods may be what rankle the most. "People are either strongly for him or strongly against him," says one distinguished New York doctor. "I've always thought he's a very capable fellow. Whether he's as capable as he thinks he is is another matter." —J.P.

Photo credits: left—Fred McDarrah; right—UPI

United Nations chief Kurt Waldheim

"Daily News" editor Mike O'Neill

Francis Cardinal Spellman

"... Cahill, says an Albany insider, is Carey's moral conscience..."

barrassing. The governor is "a rare political figure," says his doctor. "One of the most compassionate men I've ever met."

Carey is misunderstood, Cahill thinks—and partially blames the press. Is his friend a swinger? "No, extremely the opposite. And as for excessive drinking, I know there's no reality to that at all. There is too much of that perception of him, too much in the social columns."

At one point, unprompted, Cahill angrily denounced what he considered an implication in a recent magazine article that he is benefiting from the Carey connection. "I had a very nice practice before I met Governor Carey. Titles don't mean anything to me. I've had a lot of patients with titles that are far bigger than the governor's. I have never in my life mentioned the name of a patient. If anything were said about my practice, I'd like it to be said that 'he categorically refused to discuss his practice.' "

Indeed, Cahill, given to near compulsive name dropping, does not identify his powerful patients. On the record. He could, he smiles, be happy as a village G.P. "Or even selling shoes. I *could*." But he clearly delights in his esteemed clientele.

Cultivating a relationship with a political power "is about the best way I know to cut through an awful lot of red tape," Cahill once said. He has even written speeches in which he identifies with Hermann Biggs, the Tammany-connected doctor who set up this city's public-health system. And about a year and a half ago Cahill took the doctor-patient relationship to new levels when he delivered a State Department message to his friend the prime minister of Somalia, the country he first visited during his navy tenure. This message, it has been reported, was one of the factors that led to war between Somalia and Ethiopia.

Given Cahill's international roster of patients and friends (it's hard to distinguish between them), his potential influence certainly goes well beyond that of any Tammany man.

It's a shimmering list that's included, and in some cases still does, Christina Onassis, U.N. Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim, the late Cardinal Spellman, publisher Rupert Murdoch, the Careys, and many of the governor's friends.

The nature of his specialty accounts for some of Cahill's more exotic patients—particularly the U.N. people, African heads of state, and missionaries. There is that. And there is, too, the engaging talent of an entrepreneur. Just what motivates the glossier, what-makes-Kevin-run side of Cahill is the puzzle. The profile doesn't fit. He's a workaholic who spends every Wednesday and uncountable hours on the phone at his $1-a-year job, a family man, a dedicated physician who wouldn't know Elaine from Regine.

But entrepreneur he certainly is, with a unique ability to absolutely infuriate people and an ego worthy of a politician. Last year, when Cahill was asked to speak at the Cornell Medical School commencement, a number of faculty members threatened a boycott. "That's like asking the Devil himself to bless the holy water," snapped a former professor of Cahill's, who said, "He wanted to be famous before his time."

Cahill's commanding officer in the Cairo navy unit, Dr. Lloyd Miller, remembers Cahill as the man he had to remove from a detachment with a medical school in Addis Ababa because Cahill insisted on being named a full professor, but "he was too young and inexperienced," said Miller. Cahill was a "bon vivant, always surrounded by embassy people," remembers one ex-colleague. And no fewer than four doctors who served with Cahill in Cairo charged in interviews for this article that Cahill fabricated his title of director of tropical medicine. It is a measure of the kind of stirs Cahill engenders that he felt compelled to provide an official navy document from 1964 to confirm his claim.

Cahill readily admits he had some problems at Cornell: "I was young, I was poor, I was brash. I guess if you come from an Irish-Catholic Bronx background, and you're working your way through medical school and have been raised to think Irish poetry and travel and religion . . ." He stopped mid-sentence. " 'Controversial.' That's a nice favorite word everybody uses around me. I think it would be fair to say I didn't have the interest or resources to share with people from different backgrounds—Princeton, Yale, Harvard."

He angrily denies he exaggerated his role in Cairo and, in a phone conversation he initiated, wonders why "this sort of thing plagues me.

"I'm sure I stepped on toes. I probably didn't do things, didn't ask permission. . . . You're cutting your own way in life. My father died my first year." He turns philosophical. "Great men never cared. Long after those silly people are forgotten, it didn't matter to great men—gosh, my Irish is up!"

Cahill is talking quickly but calmly, in elliptical sentences. He is puzzled. He really does not seem to know why he gets to people the way he does. It may well be that Kevin Cahill understands himself no better than others do.

"You'll never get close to Kevin. Nobody does," says a friend from his internship days, Dr. Matthew Ferguson. "Some Irish are like that. It's the melancholia of the bog." ■

Photo credits: left—Michael Evans/Contact; right—UPI

Pie in the Sky

By Gael Greene

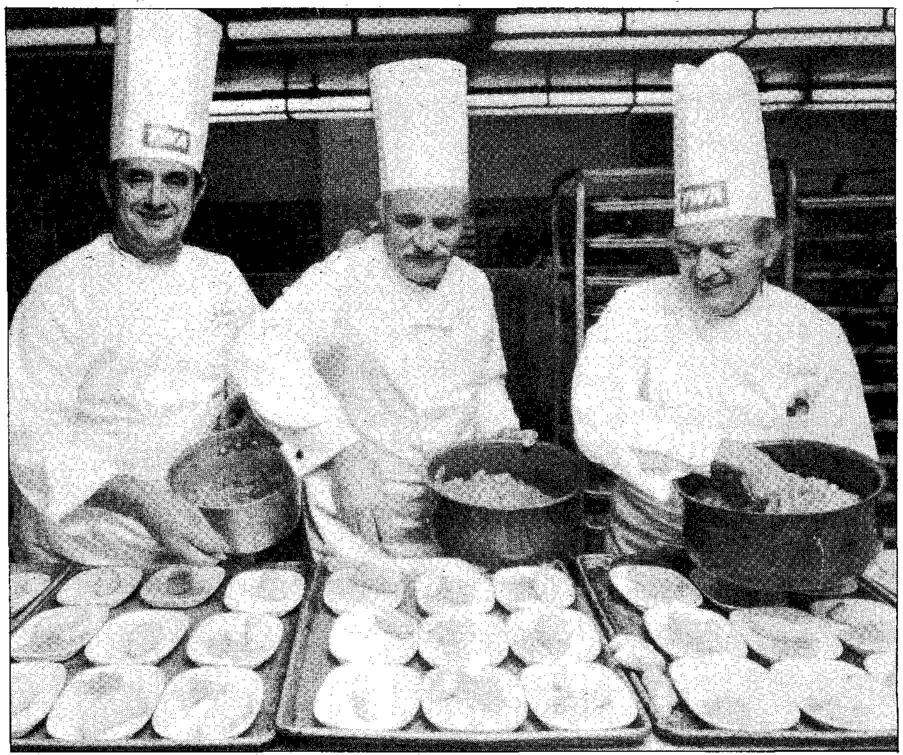
"... Nothing could discourage the great chefs of France—not microwave ovens, not trays smaller than the *Daily News* ..."

Don't you ever get bored with the repetitious honk of Paul Bocuse? friends ask. Aren't you weary of all that sauce choron, the endless parade of goat cheese, the chickens wrapped in pigs' bladders?

Impossible. As if one could be bored with the sunset or a ripe pear. There can never be enough pampering or digestive indulgence for me. So when TWA announced it would inaugurate its new Tristar flight to London with three great French chefs cooking aloft . . . I knew it was a classic publicity stunt, but for $313 one way, I couldn't resist.

Visions of great chefs in each galley deglazing butter-slicked birds 35,000 feet over Gander haunted my tuna-fish lunches. I imagined the flamboyant Bocuse—truffles bouncing in the turbulence—wrapping the entire first-class cabin in a flaky pastry croûte; envisioned Roger Vergé, the dimpled sorcerer-genius of Mougins, perfuming the air with ethereal sauces; saw myself blissed to sleep in a rain of petits fours and bonbons scattered fore and aft by Gaston LeNôtre, legendary pastry master and candy man of Paris. There were even hints (well, no one at TWA would deny it) that this exercise might herald a metamorphosis in that airline's overseas feeding.

There's not much left to be said about the sensory insult of eating aloft. Long ago, I abandoned flying's inevitable steamed steak and leather chicken for abstinence. On overseas jaunts, I taxi to Kennedy by way of Zabar's (for a shopping-bag picnic); the return flight is infinitely enhanced by emergency supplies of smoked salmon, tropical fruit, zesty terrines, and odds and ends en gelée from Fauchon, the Tiffany of delicatessens. In matters of serious gastronomy, most airlines are concentrating on sardines. How tightly can they pack us in? Cabin attendants run relay races and need advanced degrees in garbology to make it, gasping, to seat-belt safety by landing.



Jet set: *Paul Bocuse, Roger Vergé, and Gaston LeNôtre (left to right) adding little logs of cucumber to the Tristar flight's ill-fated suprême of chicken.*

Photograph by Dan Wynn

But TWA needed a hook for its inaugural ballyhoo. "In book sales, cooking runs ahead of sex and sex runs ahead of the Bible," TWA vice-president Don Casey pointed out. "I can't explain it. I'm not a food person."

Bocuse had some fine ambitions about airline catering. Dollars, headlines . . . pie in the sky . . . names columned by Suzy. What more could anyone want? Once the three chefs had seduced TWA's top brass at a dinner of 62 dishes, they were flown to New York for a quick course in the logistics of in-flight feeding. Nothing could discourage the great chefs of France—not microwave ovens, not storage limitations, not the harsh reality of commissary stacking (desserts could not be taller than one and a half inches). Plans for a tomato sorbet were abandoned. It would melt. The paper place mat must go! But cloth hanging over the tray edge would bollix the rolling carts. Five TWA feeding mavens with stopwatches counted as the chefs and their press attaché, Yanou Collart, struggled to fit three knives, three forks, two glasses, and three plates on a tray smaller than the *Daily News*.

Then the stars flew home with a stock of TWA's china-doll dishes to perfect the menu. Chicken was abandoned for fear the sauce would dry up in the radar sizzle. A prototype of boeuf à l'ancienne was forwarded from France to Kansas City to see how it would survive in-flight trauma. Transatlantic phone bills mounted. Every day, there was another crisis. Two tons of food would arrive with the chefs the Saturday before the Tuesday flight . . . everything color-coded: green for dry goods, yellow for refrigerated items, red for the deep freeze. Customs officers must be buttered up to a benign docility. The commissary union had to be wooed too, and celebrities recruited to join the international gaggle of food writers and chefs' groupies signed on for the flight.

Advance menu texts went out, inciting some cynicism. "It sounds all cooked ahead to me," sniffed fashion publicist Eleanor Lambert. "I'm not sure I'm going to like cucumber in a sweet-and-sour sauce." But Mrs. Lambert, whose credentials include second prize at the 1977 March of Dimes cookoff in Atlanta, said she'd reserve judgment. "I'll go anytime I can get a free flight to London," she confided.

Just as Roger Vergé had finished braising 260 portions of boeuf à l'ancienne in his three-star kitchen overlooking Cannes, word arrived that the Food and Drug Administration would not permit the beef to enter for fear of hoof-and-mouth disease. Two hundred chickens of Bresse were instantly relieved of their suprêmes—the delicate blue-white breast meat—to be rolled and stuffed and frozen for the flight. That afternoon, French customs officials went on strike. In New York, TWA publicity consultant Betsy Eagles got her first gray hair. Another $289 went into transatlantic phone calls.

Now nothing could stop the gears of publicity. The three musketeers arrived. All weekend they were lionized by chosen gourmands of New York. The skies rained macaroons by LeNôtre. And the euphoric trio were photographed and televised—starched white chef's coats adorned with 22-karat-gold buttons, hand-sculpted in the shape of truffles for the event. When the airline union refused to let LeNôtre's crew into the kitchen to start preparation on Monday, the cooks retreated to the Hotel Pierre to blanch the asparagus.

There were low patches of fog in the parking lot as the chefs arrived at the airport Tuesday with an entourage of press and television cameras, in a lightning of photoflash. Since almost everything had been prepared days before in France, the mythic master cooks were reduced to slicing, unfolding plastic wrap, stacking trays. The lowest apprentice trims the crust from the brioche in LeNôtre's giant catering kitchen. Now the crust trimmer was LeNôtre himself. And there was much to do. Not enough time. Bocuse's traveling companion—a wholesome brunette—slipped into a commissary lab coat and started peeling tomatoes. Vergé himself brushed each round of foie gras with a Sauternes jelly glaze. And there were smirks and snickers as a photographer focused on a commissary notice reminding the crew to pack melba rounds, chick-peas, and fried onion rings for the unprivileged standard flights.

And then a crisis. Commissary director William McCreary gasped as Bocuse assembled the cheese plates. There was a small straw stuck in each button of goat cheese. "It's too high," cried McCreary, whipping a tiny ruler out of his pocket. He measured. And sighed with relief. "Just makes it."

"Of course," press attaché Collart retorted. "We had someone back in France just to snip each straw to the correct measure."

"We're moving out, men," McCreary instructed his crew. "In 27 minutes, ready or not."

As the chariots rolled toward the runway, the passengers were already assembling in the TWA terminal for a champagne sendoff. The cooks raced to that kitchen and began to stuff tartlets—frog dumplings and quail eggs on green sauce. Periodically the lights would dim for a filmstrip promoting the upcoming film *Someone Is Killing the Great Chefs of Europe*, narrated by Bocuse himself. Publicity incest. How delicious!

At last, aboard. The raspberry-perfumed champagne has gone down as easily as cherry pop, pacifying some passengers for a rough bout of turbulence aloft. Even the stewards were strapped in as the plane danced sideways for more than an hour. "This is no way to toss a salad," a British newsman protested. Dinner at midnight was almost anticlimax. Passengers anticipating a great restaurant experience were doomed to disappointment. There was no room for first-class carts to feed 230 . . . so the first three courses were presented all at once on a napkined tray. And the chicken was, as predicted, severely humbled by exposure to the radar waves.

But the foie gras was rich enough to give at least one passenger an authentic attack of gout. The lobster terrine, with its delicate mousse of sole and caviar sauce, survived the ordeal admirably. The truffle-studded salad suffered only slightly in its proletarian presentation. And a raspberry jelly roll by LeNôtre is not to be sneered at. There were snide remarks about the plastic-wrapped cheese—but cheese that ripe would have run amok otherwise. The raisin-and-nut-studded bread of Paris's master bread maker Poilane was glorious, as always. But macaroons did not rain down. There were only three . . . perfection, of course. And chocolates. All that bouncing around may have done something wonderful to the Château Lascombes '72—it was infinitely better than anyone expected. One voyager grumbled he would have preferred two pistachio nuts and a sleeping pill. But a newsman from Kansas City reportedly wished the plane would never land.

The cabin crew wore new uniforms by Ralph Lauren, handsome and seriously military, with neckties for both sexes—and no one got a tie into the "soup," as feared. "I feel so French," thrilled a midwestern stewardess as one of the chefs patted her derrière. But by landing time everything had gotten back to normal. "There's so much garbage that we're not prepared for," she cried.

TWA won't say how much it cost to generate that much garbage. The airline normally spends $4 on each overseas tourist meal. I still think a great picnic is the way to eat on a plane. And the great chefs of France could choreograph it.

Still, there are purists who insist that caviar is the only food aloft fit for man or beast. Eavesdropping on the homebound flight, TWA public-relations chief Don Rosendale was unsettled to hear three inaugural-flight returnees comparing TWA's standard first-class fare with the chefs' Tristar revel. "They seemed happy with our everyday caviar and rack of lamb—maybe happier. At first I was insulted," he said. "But then I realized it was a compliment." So no Bocusian revisions are contemplated for now. But Rosendale, loath to say *never*, quickly adds, "We still have an open mind."

The Urban Strategist / R.V. Denenberg

DOGS ARE GOING TO THE LAW

"... As of August 1, New York City dog owners will become subject to a fine of $100 for failing to pick up after their animals..."

New York's end is cataclysmic: As if drawn by a Pied Piper, the city's dogs leave their masters, gather in a huge pack in the Alleghenies, and descend upon the city in a vengeful orgy of destruction. The scenario—from *Johnny Hell,* the novel that won France's Prix Goncourt last year—seems bizarre to those who have been expecting an urban apocalypse of a different sort. But even outside fiction, the notion that dogs may be the downfall of New York and other cities has been gaining currency.

After at least 14,000 years of symbiotic bliss, the dog has come to be regarded by many not as a best friend but as a competitor in the high-density environment, a source of danger, disease, and pollution. A prime indicator of the strength of the anti-dog movement is that, as of August 1, New York City dog owners will become subject to a state-prescribed fine of up to $100 for failing to pick up the residue of their daily walks.

Even though dog fanciers may learn to cope with the loss of freedom of excretion, they view the so-called "scoop law" as the handwriting on the curb, an omen of even more oppressive restrictions on canine companionship. No American city so far has matched the unsentimental rationalism of Iceland's capital, Reykjavik, where dogs have long been banished beyond the city limits in the interest of sanitation. However, a survey a few years ago by the National League of Cities disclosed that dogs were the leading cause of complaints to city halls. Some municipalities have already taken remedial measures. The city of Los Angeles imposes a legal limit on devotion to animals: No more than three dogs (and three cats) are allowed per dwelling unit. A similar provision is in effect in Houston, and Denver has a form of dog zoning in which the limit applies to certain sections of the city. Other localities are considering raising license fees substantially, especially on the unneutered, to control the dog population. In many places, dogs are being forbidden in public housing, and increasingly, private landlords in New York and elsewhere are hanging out the No Pets sign, at least for new tenants.

The main source of restrictionist feeling in New York is the accumulated waste left behind by an estimated 1-million owned dogs. To some officials and elected representatives, fouling the footpaths is an ecological crime, the eastern equivalent of using the Grand Canyon as a landfill site. "When the snows melted last winter, the city was just a dog latrine," says State Senator Franz Leichter, a Manhattan Democrat who sponsored the scoop law. "There seems to be more of it here than anywhere else in the world." His impression defies statistical verification, but in a scientific monograph published several years ago, Dr. Alan Beck reported estimates that as much as 20,000 tons of dog litter were left on the city's streets annually. "It's an insult to the senses," says Beck, who now directs the Bureau of Animal Affairs in the city Health Department. "It's a form of garbage."

Dog fanciers, however, consider the scoop law and other efforts to make canines feel unwelcome in the city simply misguided. "Dogs are a humanizing influence in the city, and they are actually more needed here than in the country because of the emotional isolation. They are a major force against alienation," says David Follansbee, an authority on Brittany spaniels who keeps several in his Fifth Avenue apartment. Follansbee's contention is supported by findings presented to the World Congress of Psychiatry last year by a group of Ohio State University researchers. They reported that dogs are effective psychotherapists, often succeeding in helping chronically withdrawn mental patients whom human therapists could not reach.

The mental-health cost-benefit analysis does not convince Dr. Beck. "Because dogs serve a psychological function for some, do we all have to put up with their filth? That's nonsense. Cars are important too, but that does not mean we shouldn't have emission controls."

The scoop law will be enforced in part by Sanitation Department officers, although anyone authorized to issue a parking ticket can also issue a dog-walking ticket. Defining a violation in practical terms may prove difficult. "There will be some problems, obviously," says Vito Turso, the department's public-affairs director. "Do you have to catch the person in the act? If the person is just standing nearby, is that enough evidence? There will be questionable situations."

The police will have to exercise more resourcefulness than they seem to in ticketing parked cars, where there are license plates for identification—and customary spots for leaving the summons. (Officials may also find themselves in a quandary when diplomats invoke their immunity, or perchance ask for DPL dog licenses.)

Ordinary mortals are dutifully making preparations, often ingenious, to comply with the law. A Greenwich Village apartment dweller has converted a walk-in closet into a canine bathroom by installing a ceramic shower base connected by a drain to an adjacent human toilet. Some owners are attempting to paper-train their pets indoors so that the street is used purely for exercise. An East Side resident who shares his apartment with a golden retriever plans to simulate his dog's favorite grassy spot. "I'm laying down Astroturf," he says.

Anticipating the demand that will be created when the scoop law takes effect, the Captain Haggerty School for Dogs has developed a sophisticated version of the old housebreaking trick. It is called "sewer-breaking" and will be offered for $30 extra to those who put their dogs through the school's six-week obedience-training course, which costs $145. "We arrange the dog's behavior patterns so it relieves himself at the sewer," says the school's proprietor, Arthur Haggerty. "At the end of three

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R. V. Denenberg is the author, with Eric Seidman, of the newly published Dog Catalog.

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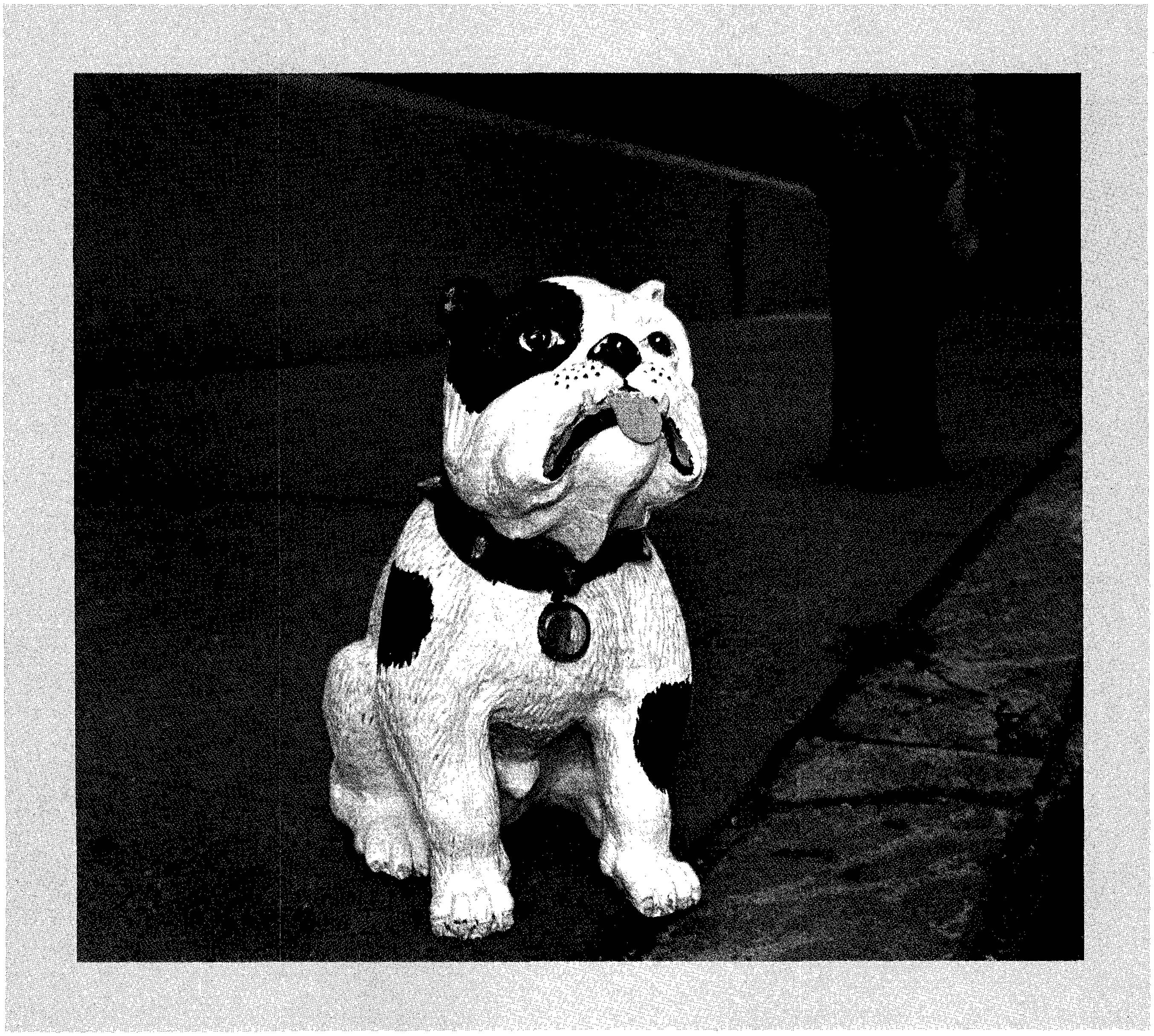
"...Dog fanciers, however, consider the scoop law, and other efforts to make canines feel unwelcome, simply misguided..."

weeks you start to see results," although it can take six months of practice to achieve reliable performance.

A painless method of complying is to hire a professional dog walker, although that will become more expensive as of August 1 to compensate for the additional services rendered. Nora Feldman of Walk n' Watchit, which takes dogs for strolls between East 50th Street and East 90th Street, predicts, "We'll get a lot of new clients who won't want to put up with the scooping—or whose maids won't put up with it." Prices will rise from $3.50 per twenty-minute walk to $5.

For those in the front-line trenches of the war on waste, an arsenal of weapons has been placed on the market. Among the low-budget models are a pail with an extra-long-handled shovel to prevent back strain and a pair of giant barbecue tongs. One device resembles an elongated bicycle pump; pulling the handle forces the litter into a plastic bag.

The state-of-the-art technology, patented by inventor Kenneth J. Brown of Yonkers, is a plumbed-in Fiberglas parabola intended for street corners and basements. It discharges a self-cleaning flush of water at the touch of a foot pedal. Another entrepreneur, sensing the American devotion to throwaways, is developing a disposable cardboard container similar to a pop-up-tissue carton. It is cut in half and hinged to form a self-locking prehensile claw. About a dozen scoop styles are on sale at the Bide-A-Wee Home, 410 East 38th Street. The prices range from about $4 to about $11. To make the contents inoffensive on the way home from the walk, the owner can adulterate the dog's food with an enzyme, sold under the name Minus, that deodorizes stools. And he can lighten his burden by using "low-residue" dog food. A gastrointestinal work saver, it makes the end product of digestion small, compact, and eminently graspable. "We expect to have a windfall from this law," says Shawn Bader, co-owner of the Fauna Foods Corporation on East 72nd Street, a distributor of several low-residue brands. "People may be a little more inclined to think about the things that



Sculpture by Seymour Chwast/Photographed by Benno Friedman make the job easier for them."

Dog owners fought hard to avoid having to do the job at all. Under pressure from them, the City Council rejected a scoop ordinance in 1972. The opposition seemed equally well entrenched in Albany last year when the Legislature received a proposed amendment to the Public Health Law "in relation to removal of canine wastes in cities of 400,000 or more persons." Senator Leichter explains, "There is a sort of dog lobby up there. They are permissive to dogs and cruel to people." The dog fanciers were joined by conservatives, who considered the proposal another of Big Government's insidious usurpations, and by some rural representatives, who perceived an opportunity to puncture urban pretensions. In debate, as one staff member described it, "there was the usual ha-ha, ho-ho." Still, the bill passed, albeit narrowly, in both houses, apparently because the proponents convinced their colleagues that it involved not only aesthetics but health hazards.

Although the law went on the books, doubts linger about its effectiveness in the face of the normal passive resistance to pet ordinances. The experience of the few cities that have tried scoop laws is not encouraging. "They are hard to enforce," reports Ron Wallace of the American Humane Association, a confederation of child- and animal-welfare agencies. "Some people are willing to obey, but then they see their neighbor just turn his dog out the door for its usual visit to the street."

New York City dog owners have not been notably law-abiding. No more than a fifth of the owned dogs (estimated, in part, on the basis of dog-food sales in the city) have the required license, which costs only $8.50 a year. "There is a leash law, but people's dogs are running around without a leash," observes Susan Brooks of the Bide-A-Wee Home. "And there's an anti-abandonment law, but dogs are still being abandoned."

Officials of humane organizations, in fact, are concerned that the difficulty of obeying the scoop law—including such impediments as the scarcity of public trash bins—could make the provision backfire by persuading owners to abandon their animals. The ASPCA contends that as many as 400,000 strays—more than it can afford to round up—are already roaming about the city, primarily because pet care proved to be more trouble than the owners expected. Says Leslie Eustace, the organization's spokesperson: "They think they're buying a plant that can be put in the window and watered once a week." ▬

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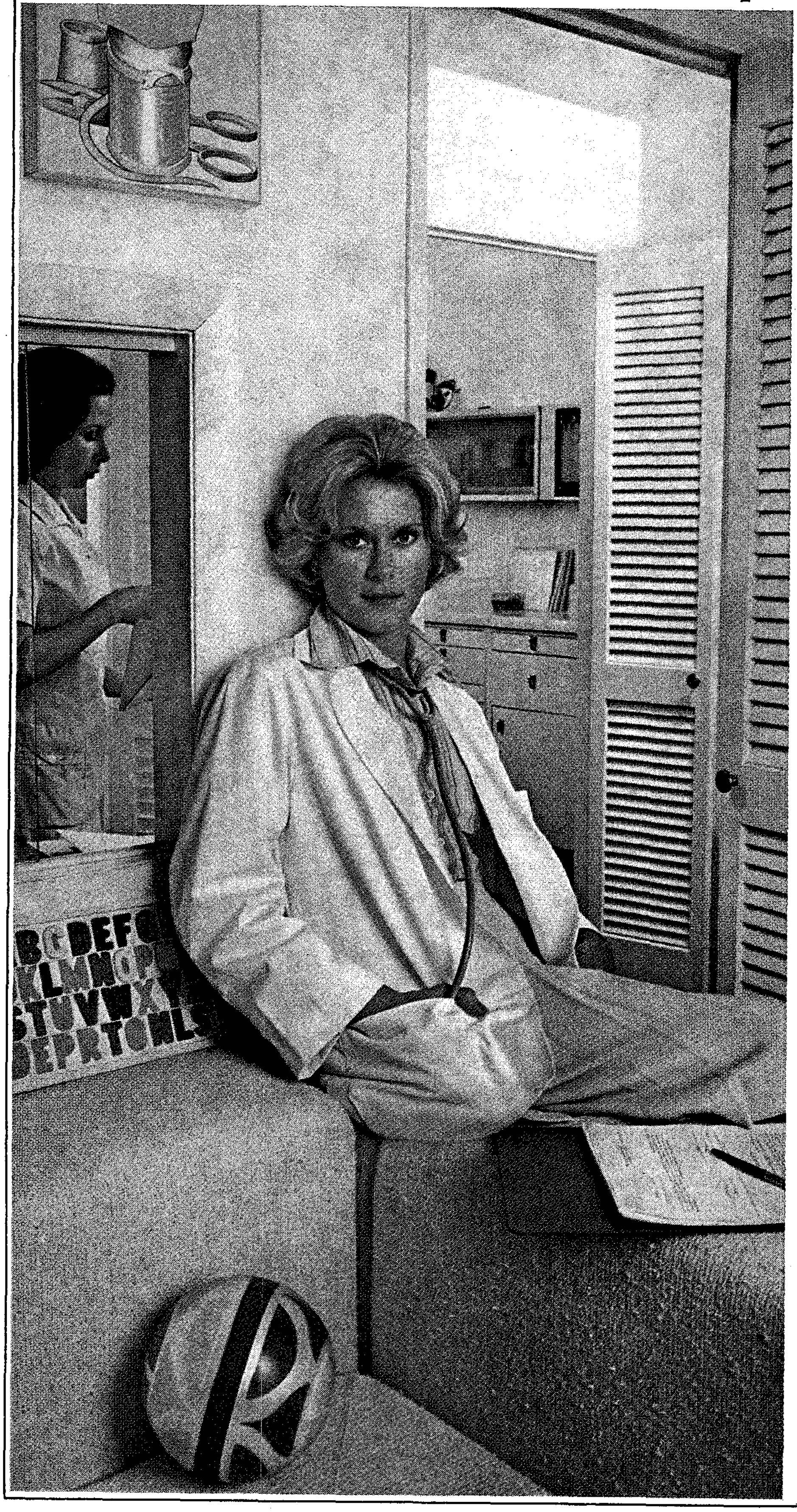

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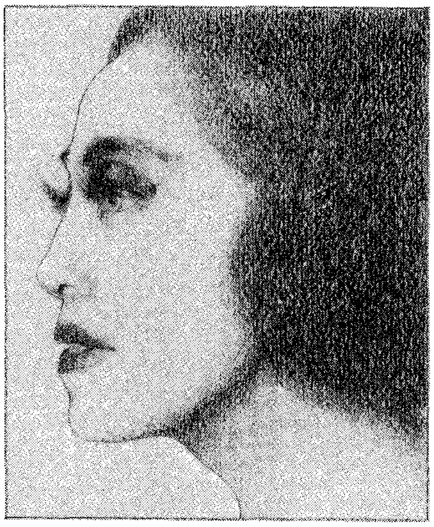
MODERNIZED DANCE

"... In a piece like *Night Journey*, which was well performed, you can still see the meshed ideas Graham was exploring in 1947..."

Martha Graham's week at the Metropolitan Opera House may not quite come under the category Death of Art, but at least it has to be seen as the End of an Era. I couldn't help taking this event symbolically. After all, the Met is the center of everything Graham opposed when she started to make dances 50 years ago.

Not that we're unprepared for seeing modern dance in an expensive, prestigious setting usually reserved for more conservative pursuits. As the maverick impulses that fostered modern dance gradually died out or were satisfied and the old antagonisms began to cool, there's been a gradual accommodation to the ways of ballet and high art. We've passed the once dreaded milestones of federal and state subsidy, modern dance on Broadway, and ballet stars as guest artists. Graham met those challenges early, so it's almost natural that she should be first over the barricades at the Met.

The repertory looked less alien in that setting than I had expected. Graham has always taken pains with costumes and décors; her dances are as inconceivable without their scenic accompaniment as they are without their scores. In the vast reaches of operatic stagedom, we could see how strong these designs are—especially those of Isamu Noguchi, who gave form to the landscapes in Graham's imagination from the mid-1930s through the 1960s. There have been other Graham designers, but the atmosphere of the dances—of objects scattered like glacial deposits over unfathomable spaces, objects cryptic and strong, demanding to be dealt with—is Noguchi's creation. Other designers have repeated his formula, but, as with Ming Cho Lee's chic, cobwebby sailboat and playground couches for the new *Owl and the Pussycat*, their settings seem more like utensils of stage necessity than necessities in themselves.



I wondered if the choreography would carry in the superhuman distances of the Met; I shouldn't have. In a piece like *Night Journey*, which was well performed by Diane Gray as Jocasta, Peter Sparling as Oedipus, and Mario Delamo as the blind prophet, Tiresias, you can still see the meshed ideas Graham was exploring in 1947: individual passion, the impersonal, irreversible workings of fate, and the cold weight of society (the Chorus) looking on.

More often, though, the dances looked prettier and less absorbed with such tremendous issues. Graham's dancers have been gradually enlarging and clarifying the dramatic content of the dances, while the dance part has gotten softer and more sympathetic. They're constantly adding things to their characterizations, the way modern actors do with Shakespeare. They gesture slightly, react, think, smile, motivate. But this is not the same as a dancer becoming a character. Ballet dancers don't seem as uncomfortable with the abstract. In *Le Spectre de la Rose* Mikhail Baryshnikov gives himself to Fokine's fictitious role by transforming himself into something thoroughly unreal. Graham dancers transform their roles by interpreting them as real. I'm sure the roles were created as archetypes, icons, symbols of whole aspects of the human experience. Bringing them closer to people we know only trivializes them.

Graham dance now doesn't get to me on a gut level. It's often violent but seldom powerful—big but never grand. Most modern dance today is tending away from the visceral energy-shapes in which it was conceived. It seems afraid of its ability to communicate in a nonliteral way, or afraid it won't be able to, though that's what it was invented for in the first place. Maybe my feeling of emptiness when I look at Graham has to do with the company's loss of trust in the power of movement.

They're even starting to rely on (gasp!) words to help make the work airtight and clear. Lengthy and syrupy program notes now accompany each dance, telling us, for instance, that a seven-minute dance called *Lamentation* is about grief. *The Owl and the Pussycat,* the only one of three new works I was able to see, even has a spoken narration, the familiar verse by Edward Lear. And the program note is careful to specify that it's *nonsense* verse, pointing the audience in the direction of comedy.

I know of only two successful Graham comic dances, *Acrobats of God* and *Every Soul Is a Circus,* and *Owl* recalls them both. It's sophisticated and knowing, it pokes fun at Graham herself, and the more you know of her work the more inside references you recognize. I saw flashes of at least seven Graham dances and intimations of others. Carlos Surinach's music provides the same brassy dissonance and acrid commentary as did his score for *Acrobats.*

Janet Eilber, dressed in glamorous green harem pajamas, recites the poem to the audience in a smart, patronizing way, being tolerant but definitely above such peculiar objects as runcible spoons and piggywigs. Yuriko Kimura, the Pussy in black Milliskin and ruffs; Tim Wengerd, the Owl with droopy wings; and various other creature-characters act out the little elopement story.

At moments I thought Graham might be spoofing her entire repertory—the reluctant heroines, the vain and ineffectual heroes, the choruses that appear conveniently to keep things from getting too oratorical, the staging conventions, and the unusual costumes. But the dance essentially doesn't make any more of a whole idea than Lear's doggerel. As a number—a divertissement—I find it precious.

Illustrated by Charles Perkalis

BEST BETS

Recommendations of events, places, and phenomena of particular interest this week

By Ellen Stern

Blue-Chip Stock

It is 50 years since the Three Arts Society took over Stanford White's Stockbridge Casino, moved it from Main Street to Yale Hill, and renamed it the Berkshire Playhouse. Every summer theater should have such a glorious 50 years . . . and such a glorious event as Joanne Woodward and Shirley Knight in *The Children's Hour.* Wouldn't it be nice if this were pre-Broadway?

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR/*July 26–August 6/The Berkshire Playhouse Stockbridge, Massachusetts (413) 298-5576*

Best Bite

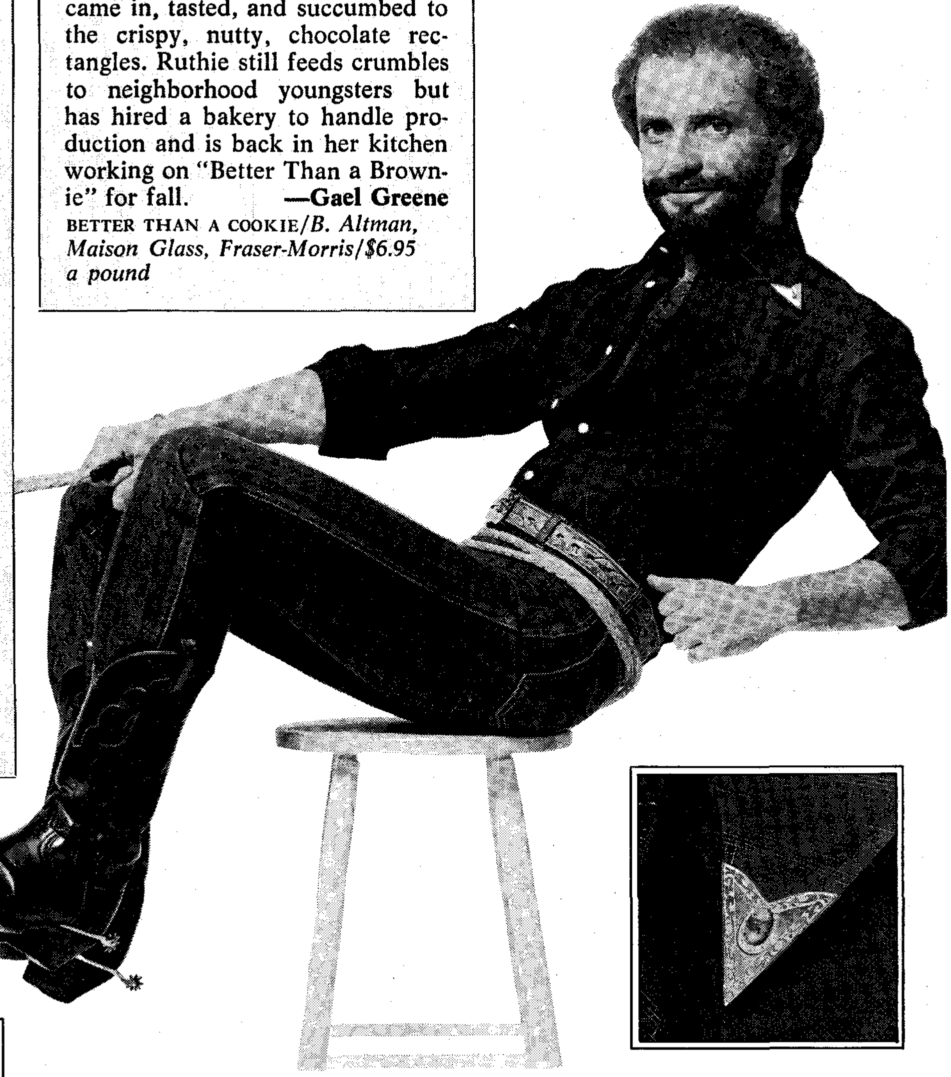
"Better Than a Cookie" is crunchily sublime and hauntingly reminiscent of a Heath bar—an improvisation from the suburban-Philadelphia kitchen of Ruth Spielman, advertising dropout and medical illustrator. Idle baking blossomed into a business when her eight-year-old dog sitter took cookies home in his pocket and Mama, rummaging among the chocolate crumbles, called to order nine dozen. Restaurants and shops began to order too. Then the Department of Agriculture stepped in, demanding labels. So there Ruthie was in Manhattan, ordering ribbons, when Altman's food buyer came in, tasted, and succumbed to the crispy, nutty, chocolate rectangles. Ruthie still feeds crumbles to neighborhood youngsters but has hired a bakery to handle production and is back in her kitchen working on "Better Than a Brownie" for fall. **—Gael Greene**

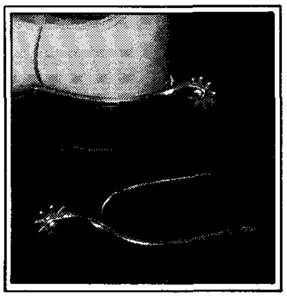
BETTER THAN A COOKIE/*B. Altman, Maison Glass, Fraser-Morris/$6.95 a pound*

Flats Fixed

Sublets, cellars, toilets, leases, roaches, and repairs are a few of the subjects covered (and thumb-indexed) in a concise pamphlet for apartment dwellers who are more aware of wrongs than their rights.

WHAT EVERY LANDLORD & TENANT SHOULD KNOW/*Citizens Housing and Planning Council of New York, Inc. 20 West 40th Street/50 cents*



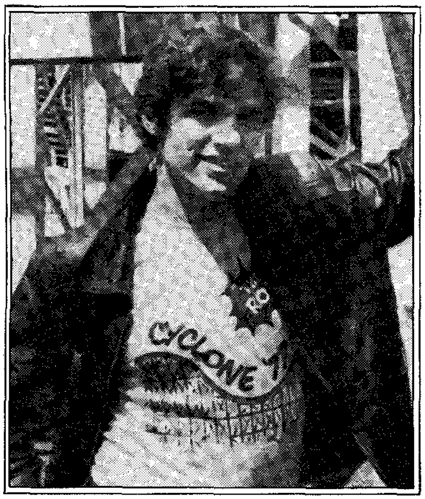


Spur of the Moment

"I'd *never* wear them when I ride," says kindhearted Nick Philolius (above) of his stainless-steel-and-brass spurs ($35). "They're just for looks." And they do look good. So do his white-metal screw-on collar tips with or without ersatz turquoise ($10 and $12 a pair) and his cast-aluminum longhorn bootjacks ($15). Nick, who was born in New Jersey, learned to be a cowboy by riding his horse to class at the University of Albuquerque.

NICK PHILOLIUS/*787-4828*

Photo credit: bottom right—Bill Hayward



The Cycloning of a Man

On August 18, 1977, at 11:35 in the morning, nineteen-year-old Richard Greg Rodriguez (above) set out to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the Cyclone at Coney Island. By August 22 at 7:30 P.M., he had finished celebrating. He had also set a world record, by riding the Cyclone for an unprecedented 103 hours and 55 minutes. The 2,361-circuit ride was almost nonstop; the breaks he allowed himself were five minutes every hour, although he did at one point go six hours without one.

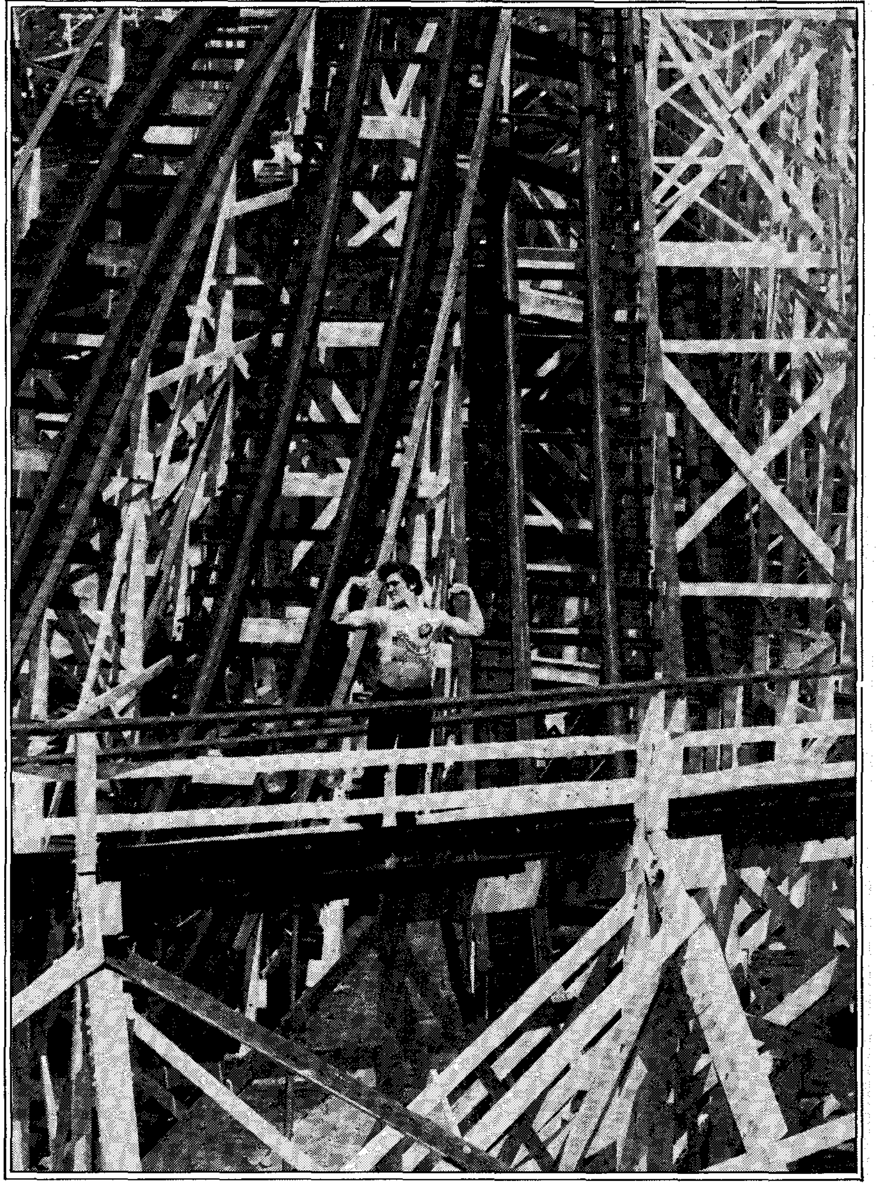
This year, in June, Rodriguez hit 110 hours in Myrtle Beach, South Carolina. And on July 21, he will return to the Cyclone for more. For 130 hours, he hopes. This year, he knows a few things he didn't know last year. He knows, for one thing, that he'll be lonely and possibly snappable, especially at night when the crowds along Surf Avenue and the "roller-coaster groupies—from Texas, even" are gone . . . when everything is black except for the moon, the stars, and the letters C-Y-C-L-O-N-E. "At two, three, four, I thought about amazing things," he says of last year's feat. "As the days went on, more amazing things were thought about. Your middle ear plays tricks on you . . . paranoia . . . you hallucinate. I kept thinking the car was going to go off the track, or the bar come off. By the third night, I didn't know where I was. The monotony got so great I had to invent things, sing to myself, pretend I was Lindbergh over the Atlantic and Ben Hur in a chariot."

He knows that he'll be cold, so he'll wear petroleum jelly on his face and, perhaps, a coat on his body. Last year, he didn't, because he was more concerned with posing for photographers. He did wear a hood on his head and a band over his ears, but not because of the weather. "A lot of girls came down, and their screaming drove me crazy. Girls have very high-pitched screams," he tells us, "and I got headaches."

Rodriguez rode in the sixth car, where whiplash was at a minimum. He slept there, too, with a favorite pillow; additional comfort was provided by "old ladies who brought me blankets." And he ate there: Nathan's hot dogs, French fries, knishes, chocolate bars, vanilla milk shakes, and even hot coffee. "At 4 A.M.," he remembers, "if I wanted a ham sandwich on rye, I'd snap my fingers and somebody would get it." Rodriguez expects to be even better attended this year. "It's a conquest," he says. "Lindbergh conquered it on water; I'm conquering it on the steel tracks. I feel that there's nothing I cannot achieve."

When the record-breaking roller-coasting is done, Richard Rodriguez has other fish to fry. He wants to cross the Atlantic in a hot-air balloon, circumnavigate the globe (nonstop, except for refueling) in a twin-engine plane, break a marathon record, and win an Academy Award. He has been writing to NASA, because he's "very interested in space and space colonies," and when he transfers to Harvard in September, he will study law and astrophysics. He plays the piano a little and goes to discos a lot. He owns a yellow Corvette Stingray, a yellow Datsun 240-Z, a green Porsche, and he loves race-car driving. He is studying for a pilot's license. And what else? Richard Rodriguez smiles. "I'd really like to buy the Cyclone."

RICHARD RODRIGUEZ/*July 21 at 11 a.m.*
The Cyclone/Surf Avenue,
Coney Island



Photographed by Charles Baum

Art/John Ashbery

EVERYTHING'S COMING UP POSES

"...From 1846 on, successive waves of journeyman photographers followed in the wake of European expansion in China..."

WAH LOONG, FROM CANTON, DEALER IN SILKS
CUMWO
WAH LOONG AND CUMWO

China hands: *This shot of the shop of Wah Loong and Cumwo in Hong Kong (1868–72) was taken by John Thomson and is part of th exhibition of photographs from Imperial China, 1846–1912, at the Asia House Gallery.*

Suddenly there are shows of photography everywhere, not just in the galleries which specialize in it but in some which usually show paintings and sculpture. Is this because looking at photos is a lightweight summertime activity, like snorkeling or reading the Lucia novels?

Perhaps, although the booming photography-criticism business would caution us against thinking of photography as entertainment. There are weighty metaphysical issues to be resolved, even though Sam Wagstaff, whose remarkable collection is now on view at NYU, calls photography "possibly the most accessible of the fine arts."

If photography criticism seems at the moment particularly susceptible to intellectualization, it may be because photographs have only recently come to be viewed as works of art on a par with the "handcrafted" kind. This has happened since Andy Warhol decreed that his silk-screen prints were original works of art, thus conferring new status on mechanical reproductions. Whatever it is, auction prices continue to set new records and photography has invaded the galleries.

Another possible reason for this summer's plethora is the photograph's invitation to voyage, in time as well as space. There is in New York at the moment no more striking opportunity for *dépaysement,* that untranslatable French word for vacation travel which literally means "taking one out of one's country," than at the Asia House Gallery (112 East 64th Street). **Imperial China: Photography 1846–1912** records the final decades of the Ch'ing dynasty in 130 vintage prints, starting with the oldest surviving one, an 1851 view of the Five-Story Pagoda in Canton.

The show has been chosen by Clark Worswick, who put together the memorable show of photographs of nineteenth-century India at Asia House two years ago. His chronicle of photography in China begins in 1846, with an advertisement in a Hong Kong newspaper for a "Daguerreotype and Lithographic Printing Establishment, Wellington Terrace. Coloured or outline views made of Hong Kong or China Scenery."

From then on, successive waves of journeyman photographers followed in the wake of European expansion in China, documenting the architecture, language, and customs for the West and making formal portraits for the Chinese upper classes. Some, like John Thomson, ventured far into the interior and along the coasts, coping with staggering obstacles such as cumbersome and hard-to-obtain equipment and far-from-friendly natives who believed the camera to be the "evil eye."

One of the impressive finds here is the work of Felix Beato, who in 1860 photographed the vast complex of parks and pavilions that was the Summer Palace in Peking, just before Lord Elgin had it put to the torch. Thanks to hindsight, we can read the limpid beauty of these idyllic scenes as the death throes of a certain civilization.

The photographs of M. Miller, an obscure figure whose complete name is not known, are another discovery. Both in his posed portraits of mandarins and their families and in genre scenes such as a family group resting by a roadside, he probes straight to the souls of his subjects and lets their gaze intersect ours in an encounter that is full of subtle resonances.

Some of the most haunting photographs are by unknown photographers. It will be difficult to forget the faces of a group of criminals condemned to execution once you have seen them. Or Thomson's classically inscrutable Wah Loong and Cumwo, proprietors of a shop for Westerners specializing in "silks, crape shawls, ivory, and lacquered ware."

It could be argued that decadence set in at the beginning of the twentieth century with the work of men like Donald Mennie, whose carefully composed landscapes with figures use rotogravure to get impressionistic effects. Yet even here the documentary element takes over aesthetics, as though the country were simply too vast and strange to respond to the lens in a normal way. Artfully diffused though it is, the light in these photographs is again the light of another place and of another time. (Through August 20.)

Sam Wagstaff is a former curator of the Detroit Art Institute who got bored with his collection of avant-garde art five years ago and started collecting photographs. One hundred sixty-two examples from his idiosyncratic and eclectic collection are on view at NYU's **Grey Gallery** (33 Washington Place, through August 25).

Although this selection includes work by most, but not all, of the great photographers, they are often represented by atypical examples (Walker Evans's quasi-abstract study on board the *Liberté* or Lewis Carroll's curiously unromantic study of a tot in *déshabillé*).

And there are also many works by lesser-known or unknown artists, and the juxtapositions are sometimes shocking but almost always fascinating. In such a context, one's reaction to an individual photograph is conditioned by the positioning of its neighbors. One might skip over the human quality of Dr. George Henry Fox's 1881 study of a syphilis victim if one encountered it in the medical textbook for which it was made, but hung near a publicity still of frilly operetta star Marta Eggerth, it becomes deeply disturbing.

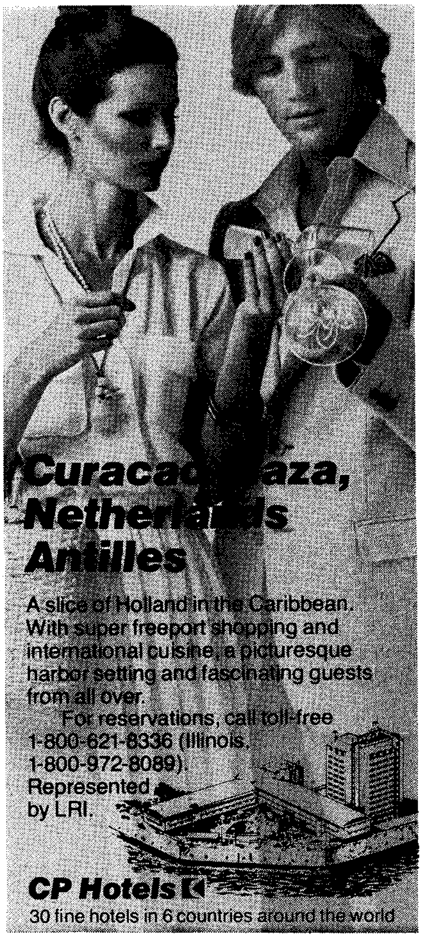
Other pleasures are Fox Talbot's views of Dickensian London, John Saché's incredibly finely detailed albumen prints of Victorian India, Eakins's swimmin' hole, two nudes attributed to Degas, and some anonymous views in the Warsaw ghetto, circa 1919, steeped in a wistful attic light. But it is the "confrontations" dear to curators, even more than the individual exhibits, that make this show so exciting.

When is a nude not a nude? When it is male. In art a nude is female unless otherwise indicated, and after looking at the show **The Male Nude** at the Marcuse Pfeifer Gallery (825 Madison Avenue, through July 28) one begins to see why. Nude women seem to be in their natural state; men, for some reason, merely look undressed.

This show throws together in somewhat haphazard fashion a feast for voyeurs. There are a few token nods to the past (Baron von Gloeden's male nymphets and George Platt Lynes's updated butch versions of them), but most of the work is recent and arch, one exception being the brooding and even rather dour eroticism of Peter Hujar. Rated PG.

Robert Doisneau is from the same pleasantly nutty part of the French landscape as René Clair and Charles Trenet. His playful, elegantly composed takes of stock Parisian characters (lovers along the Seine, an old lady wincing at a nude painting) are charming in small doses, cloying *in extenso*. **George Krause**'s studies of himself and nudes are odd and engaging, with an occasionally raunchy stand-up humor. (Witkin Gallery, 41 East 57th Street, through August 19.)

In 1975 the Washburn Gallery showed **James Abbe**'s glamour-dipped photos of "Stars of the Twenties." Now they are showing work of a very different kind from the thirties, when he was a correspondent covering political events in Europe. Included are posed portraits of Hitler and the gang trying to look human, Nazi kiddie parades and the Nuremberg rally, Franco and the siege of the Alcazar. More frightening than any of the overt horror is a crowd snapped on a Berlin bus in 1933, where, to quote W. H. Auden, "intellectual disgrace/stares from every human face." (42 East 57th Street, through July 21.) ■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DOUBLY DOPEY DOPPLER

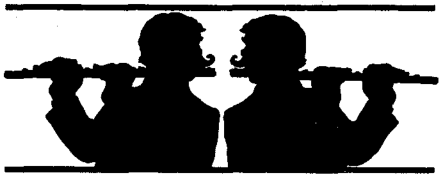
"...There's no reason to pretend that bad Romantic music is anything but trash. What attractive trash most of it is, however!..."

The bad music of the nineteenth century has a quality of endearment about it that raises it above the bad music of any other time. I'm not sure exactly why this should be—or, to put it more accurately, I have several theories. One is that bad music and good music, in the last century, were often not very far apart; all composers, skillful or otherwise, were caught up in the quest for beauty, and their ideal of beauty is still recognizable today: the passionate, soaring melody; the lush harmonic coloration; the rich and communicative sound; the direct aim at the listener's gut. The good pieces are often superior to the bad only because the composer had a superior sense of knowing what to do with his material.

Bad pieces, no less than good, are full of the most heartfelt prettiness; they are bad, often as not, simply because they don't go anywhere. This sets bad nineteenth-century music apart from bad music of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, whose composers tended to be skilled craftsmen above all, but poor inventors. The current ongoing revival of Romantic music has been enormously successful; its proponents have no reason to pretend that all that salon stuff, the fluffy chamber pieces, the virtuoso twaddle in the piano concertos, the inane songs, is anything but trash. What attractive trash most of it is, however!

There's a restaurant down the road from me in Rockland County where local musicians play chamber music during dinner, and the other night two flutists and a pianist (an ensemble that calls itself "Bach's Children") played a piece of such piercing, idiotic beauty that I found myself too choked up to eat. (I assume you all know the Saki short story called "The Chaplet.") The work turned out to be the **Andante and Rondo,** Opus 25, by one Franz Doppler; some further investigation in town the next day got the music into my hands on a record imported from England (Pearl SHE 501, at Discophile and a few other good shops). I've been playing it, virtually nonstop, ever since, weeping every time at the unalloyed beauty of it all.

Franz Doppler (1821–83) was a Polish flutist whose career extended all over Central Europe. He had a younger brother, Karl, also a flutist, and the two gave joint recitals that were much admired for the precision of the brothers' ensemble work. The story goes that Karl learned to play his flute out to the left side so that the two men could create a symmetrical pattern when they played together. I sincerely hope that they also had handlebar mustaches, but I haven't been able to check this out.

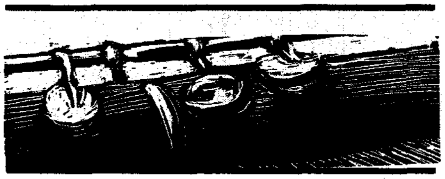


There is a quality of ecstasy in this little piece, which brother Franz obviously wrote for the act. It comes most of all from the harmony, the way, in the context of a major key, chords will be borrowed from the minor (like using an A flat, instead of the expected A natural, in C major). This idea of using "wrong" harmony to enhance the poignance of a passage seems to have originated with Schubert—check out the major-minor vacillation at the start of the C major Quintet. It's a simple trick, and by the Dopplers' time it had, via Mendelssohn, become a cliché, but it goes to the gut every time. This Doppler piece is full of it, and it's enough to destroy anyone's equanimity.

Anyhow, the Doppler piece is part of a recorded recital aptly called "A Victorian Musical Evening," and it's full of zany charm. There are two splendidly awful flute duets by one Ernesto Köhler, a hilariously pompous suite for one flute and piano by Benjamin Godard, and some piano music by Chopin and Schubert played on a wheezy Victorian piano, and with a Victorian rubato that makes you feel as if you're on a roller coaster. The flutists are William Bennett and Trevor Wye, the pianist is Clifford Benson, and it's a record you shouldn't be without.

I cannot imagine a composer today turning out anything that future generations might regard as zany, as so much from the last century seems to us. Yet, even in these serious times, there are composers who appear to be having fun with their music. One such is John Corigliano, whose Clarinet Concerto (played by the Philharmonic last year) has a kind of rowdy pizzazz that got cheers even from a hallful of dodo subscribers. Son of the Philharmonic's late, longtime concertmaster, Corigliano writes in a style that combines middle-ground progressivism with a cheeky sense of good musical theater. He takes a certain pleasure in the arrogant anachronism; blatant borrowings from the past constantly jostle other passages of higher density. The element of show biz is never far removed, but the musical manners are impeccable.

Corigliano's **Oboe Concerto** dates from 1975; it was composed for Bert Lucarelli and the American Symphony Orchestra, who introduced it in November of that year, and the same performers have now recorded it (RCA ARL1-2534). It's quite a wonderful piece, although the brashness is not quite so well controlled as in the clarinet work of two years later. In both concertos, the first movement is in the nature of an improvisation—as if the music were coming into the hall from afar. Here, the improvisation takes the form of a paraphrase of an orchestra tuning up—a process in which, in real life, the oboe is at the center. More immediately attractive is the second of the two slow movements, in which Corigliano—again, as in the Clarinet Concerto—displays a real gift for the creation of long, elegant melody. Some marvelous noise makes up most of the finale, a section full of strange, attractive contrasts and, in one instance, a loving tribute to the whine of Moroccan hootchy-kootch that I can do without. An imperfect work, perhaps, but an extremely attractive one, beauti-



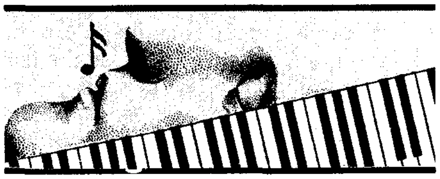
Credits: left—Heather Taylor ; right—Nina Duran

fully performed with excellent sound.

The record includes an earlier Corigliano work, *Poem in October,* a Dylan Thomas setting composed in 1970. The music is, again, never less than attractive, put together with great skill and a superior sense of musical declamation. It is a somewhat pallid piece, however, a rather predictable exercise in setting sensitive poetry sensitively. Robert White sings the music beautifully, and his diction is a pure joy; the supporting ensemble—strings, winds, and harpsichord, conducted by Maurice Peress—performs with obvious affection.

From Nonesuch comes a new record by Joan Morris and William Bolcom (H-71346), and that news should be enough to send you dashing to the nearest record shop. The new record is of songs by **Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller,** two men now in their mid-forties whose music so far has been more familiar than their names (including, as it does, "Hound Dog," which sent Elvis Presley into orbit, and "Is That All There Is?" which got Peggy Lee back onto the charts). Heard in the context of a formal song recital, with the marvelous sense that Morris has for making words glow and musical lines soar, and with the elegance of Bolcom's piano work, it becomes clear that Leiber and Stoller operate on a level several cuts above your basic American songwriters.

Leiber, who writes the lyrics, is obviously a man of great literary sensitivity and dramatic skill. Some of his lyrics have that haunting, harrowing quality of Brecht's poetry for Kurt Weill; a piece called "Tango," a gloss on a newspaper account of the murder of Ramon Navarro, raises the same kind of goose bumps as does the Brecht-Weill "Ballad of the Drowned Girl" when Lotte Lenya sings it. "Is That All There Is?" is a song I have actively loathed since the Peggy Lee recording; its lyrics preach a scatterbrained disillusion, a callous noninvolvement that strikes me as somewhat dangerous. But how often, these days, do you get to hate a popular song on grounds other than mere insipidity? Overall, this new album is a wonderful collection, deeper, far more disturbing, and performed with greater artistry than any other contemporary song composers could possibly deserve.



The same nerve endings are rubbed on by a new two-record set on Peters International (PLC 2014/15), a complete recording of a Carnegie Hall concert given by the late **Edith Piaf** on January 13, 1957. From the evidence of this recording—made, by the way, under difficult conditions, with a single microphone, but perfectly clear and listenable—Piaf was in incredible shape for this event. The throb, which always seemed to arise from deep within her troubled soul and to come out of her ravaged body without such mundane intermediaries as glottis and lips, is so powerful on these discs that the listener is virtually pounded into attention. From a recording made before television cassettes were even dreamed of, the overwhelming effect becomes as much visual as vocal.

The program is remarkably rich, including many Piaf standards and many others seldom if ever recorded. Piaf speaks a few words of introduction before several of the songs, her English no better in 1957 than it had been at her debut here a decade earlier. In those ten years, of course, she had become an international celebrity, an object of worship. Other artists, even those of an origin as dismal as hers, had been ruined, made slick, by the degree of fame that Piaf enjoyed at her peak. Piaf had not; the essence of her intense, tortured, personal art is as palpable in this big-money Carnegie Hall event as it was when she first came to us, out of the smoky Parisian low life, ten years before.

And now, class, repeat after me: The "Great" C major is the ninth symphony that Franz Schubert *began* but the seventh that he *finished.* Depending on who's doing the counting, therefore, this can be called the Seventh or the Ninth. Current taste leans toward the latter, mostly because Ninth Symphonies are regarded as Special. Several people have written to say, "Whaddya mean there's no available recording of the Schubert Seventh? I have three or four." What they have, of course, is the Ninth; what I wrote about in the June 19 issue was the true Seventh, which is in the key of E major and which is not currently available on records. All of which leaves Schubert as the only composer to have composed two Seventh Symphonies, both of them great. Clear?

Some Pearls

There's a quality to the new **Rolling Stones** album, *Some Girls* (Rolling Stones COC 39108), that's a perfect reflection of their success and their psyche. After two albums on which the world's greatest rock 'n' roll band began to show its age and its problems and its preoccupation, *Some Girls* doesn't ask for acceptance or approval or understanding; it dares the listener not to like it. But its arrogance and its indifference are, of course, irresistible. It's an album made not for fans or for critics or for posterity; it's an album they made for themselves, and with Keith Richard nearing trial, Bill Wyman nearing 40, and Mick Jagger nearing respectability, it was recorded on the edge. *They* realize something *we* haven't given much thought to yet: Someday there'll be no Rolling Stones.

To listen to the group **Foreigner** is to understand the meaning of the term "commercial art." Its new album, *Double Vision* (Atlantic SD 19999), is loaded with perfectly competent, listenable rock, but like an illustration (as opposed to a painting) it sets out in a calculating, premeditated way to solve a particular aesthetic problem. And unlike a painting, the content comes not from a unique, inspired point of view but from a skillful amalgamation of existing reference material. "Hot Blooded," the song now spun off into a hit single, for example, is an almost too obvious mix of Deep Purple's "My Woman From To-ky-o," and Free's "All Right Now." But I keep forgetting that most of Foreigner's fans are too young to remember even those not-so-oldies.

Bonnie Tyler's *It's a Heartache* (RCA AFL1-2821) seems like an album spun off from a single. The title cut, an insistent beat coated with Tyler's wonderfully engaging, raspy voice, offers loads of promise. The material selected for her on the album does its best to break that promise.

Other new releases worth having: *The Best of Lloyd Price* (Pickwick SPC-3630) and *Buddy Holly/The Crickets: 20 Golden Greats* (MCA-3040). "Best of" albums are an inferior form, it's true, but some music we have to take any way we can get it. *David Gilmour* (CBS JC 35388), B. B. King's *Midnight Believer* (ABC AA-1061), and *Johnny McLaughlin Electric Guitarist* (CBS JC 35326) are for those people who love to listen to the things that a guitar can be made to do; and the Alan Parsons Project's *Pyramid* (Arista AB 4180): Is this where we're heading? **—Tom Bentkowski**

Credits: left— Leavenworth Jackson; right— Culver Pictures

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SALES & BARGAINS

BY LEONORE FLEISCHER

NOTES ON MARKDOWNS, MONEY-SAVERS, AND RIPOFFS

Small appliances—Summer specials at Dembitzer Bros. include the Kitchen-aid K-45 mixer, with dough hook, list $169.95, here $119.95; name-brand vegetable juicer, with pulp ejector, five-year guarantee, list $89.95, here $64.95; Salton ice cream maker, list $24.95, here $15.95; 1,500-watt dual-voltage hair dryer, list $39.95, here $14.95; Braun men's shaver, list $50, here $34.95; Norelco women's dual-voltage shaver, list $19.95, here $11.95; name-brand food processor, list $100, here $69.95; name-brand eight-piece stainless-steel cookware set, list $75, here $49.95. Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted; exchanges possible. *Dembitzer Bros., 5 Essex St., at Canal St. (254-1310); Mon.–Thurs. 10 a.m.–6 p.m., Fri. till 2 p.m., Sun. till 5 p.m.; while stock lasts.*

Woolens—Summer fashions are on sale here for men and women, but the best buys of all are in knitwear. Everything here is Jaeger and quite well made. For men: crew-neck shetlands in a few nice colors, were $28, now $12; fancy cable shetlands, were $36, now $20; striped alpaca sweaters, were $75, now $40; all-wool merinos, V-necks, turtles, and crews, were $37, now $12–$25; lamb's-wool intarsias, crew-necks, and turtlenecks, were $50, now $33; lamb's-wool argyles, were $50, now $25; crew-neck cashmeres in a variety of colors, were $90, now $60; three-piece 95-percent-wool gabardine suits, mostly black, were $300, now $170; two-piece suits, were $240, now $135; two-piece all-wool flannel suits, were $290, now $200. Men's sizes 36–46 in sweaters, 36–44 in suits and jackets. For women: cotton knit sweaters, were $32–$44, now $22–$30; acrylic knits, were $32–$50, now $18 and $27; wool short-sleeve V-neck pullovers, were $40, now $20; cashmere dresses, were $160, now $75–$107; black velvet evening culottes, were $110, now $40; long velvet skirts, were $165, now $75; black polyester crepe de Chine evening blouses, were $75, now $32; cashmere ribbed turtleneck sweaters, were $110, now $55; all-wool gabardine slacks, sizes 6–10 only, were $70, now $20; silk shirts, were $110, now $74–$80; polyester-silk bow blouse, was $80, now $20; plaid wool kilt, was $130, now $86; button-fly camel's-hair-and-wool front-pleated skirt, was $95, now $64; in wrap style, was $95, now $63; camel's-hair-and-wool coats, were $250–$300, now $167–$200. Women's sizes 34–40 in knits, 6–16 otherwise. American Express, Diners Club, Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted; all sales final. *Jaeger International Shop, 818 Madison Ave., near 68th St. (628-3350); women's clothes also at 734 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (245-0151); Mon.–Wed., Fri., Sat. 10 a.m.–6 p.m., Thurs. till 7 p.m.; through 7/31.*

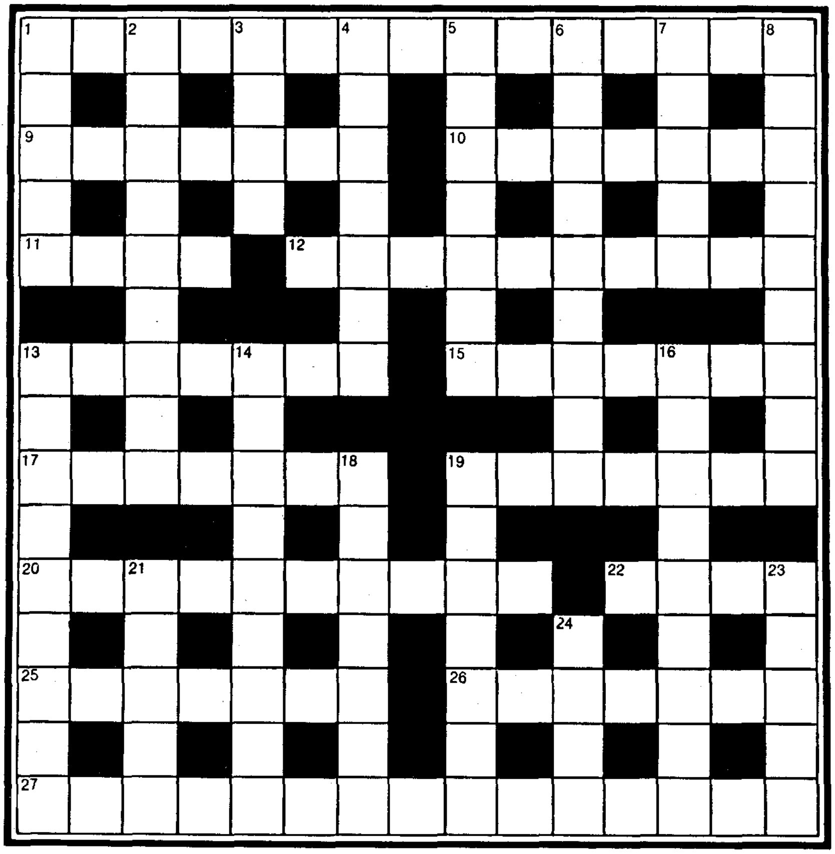
Plastic—Lucidity is offering a summer special on a number of items, including pedestals, in ¼-in. clear acrylic, for sculpture or plants. Tops are 12 by 12 in., heights range from 12 in., regularly $62.50, now $40, to 42 in., regularly $170, now $110.50. A selection of clear and bronze-colored acrylic carts on casters, imported from France, are on sale here: 15½ by 23 by 18½ in., with one shelf, were $240, now $144; with separators for records, were $280, now $168; 15½ by 17 by 21 in., three sliding shelves, were $286, now $171.60. Stackable letter trays in clear acrylic, were $12, now $9; round ice buckets, of clear acrylic with silk-screened plaid pattern, with inner linings, were $18, now $9.95. Also, floor samples and unusual items are being offered at 40 percent off. Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted; all sales final. *Lucidity, 775 Madison Ave., at 66th St. (UN 1-7000); Mon.–Fri. 10:30 a.m.–6:30 p.m., Sat. 11 a.m.–6 p.m., closed July 29 and August 5, 12; through 8/15.*

Bag it—La Bagagerie is holding a storewide clearance on handbags. Among them: sateen shoulder totes, eight colors, were $60, now $30; in suede, were $80, now $40; various canvas bags, such as snapped and zippered clutches with leather trim, were $35, now $20; all straw bags, were $15–$60, now 60 percent off; a special group of leather bags, including whites, 30 percent off; carry-on bags and 21-in. and 29-in. pigskin suitcases are down 50 percent, from $85, $120, $180, respectively. American Express, Diners Club, Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted; all sales final. *La Bagagerie, 727 Madison Ave., near 64th St. (758-6570); Mon.–Fri. 10 a.m.–7 p.m., Sat. till 6:30 p.m.; while stock lasts.* ■

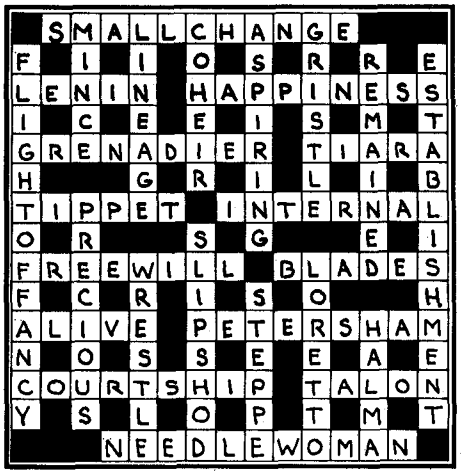
Send suggestions for Sales & Bargains to Leonore Fleischer, New York *Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017, a month before the sale. Do not phone.*

WORLD'S MOST CHALLENGING CROSSWORD

FROM THE SUNDAY TIMES OF LONDON



Solution to last issue's puzzle:



Clues

ACROSS

1 Speech amended to indicate that you've moved house? (6,2,7)
9 Is going round in circles: outbreaks against the regime are the cause. (7)
10 Hearty sea-food? (7)
11 Sprightly if going first-class by railway. (4)
12 It takes moral sense to study a non-arts subject. (10)
13 Savour anger and get cross. (7)
15 Said no lights out again? (7)
17 Concede this is getting on in Scotland. (7)
19 Reckoned it's bound to include everyone. (7)
20 Is treason's confusion the result of such declarations? (10)
22 Part of a prosperous era for the employer. (4)
25 Overcome? It's just the opposite you have to suffer! (7)
26 Uncork the wine at the point of departure? (7)
27 They currently reach boiling point: you can make steel, etc. trickle from them. (8, 7)

DOWN

1 Court appearance of low scoundrel leading to tip-top upset. (5)
2 Follow a trail that wanders in America—and suddenly you arrive in this place! (9)
3 Go over the border with the band. (4)
4 No horse moving toward the land has, it seems, reached the beach (7) . . .
5 . . . but one of the chargers is here! (7)
6 Fraudulent supplier of fuel cited. (9)
7 Girl doesn't tell enough, even partially. (5)
8 Kept hanging—like a stocking? (9)
13 You should make your mark with this kind of tune. (9)
14 Explain the meaning of tripe rent asunder! (9)
16 Food entered in national register. (5, 4)
18 I follow a robin going out to a warmer spot. (7)
19 You need money to shift your position, and there's some point to that! (3-4)
21 "The —— is wither'd from the lake. And no birds sing." (Keats) (5)
23 Apparently redresses such ceremonies. (5)
24 Sandy's characteristic firmness of spirit? (4)

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A TALE OF TWO WILLS

"...Wilford Leach cheapens the main characters in *All's Well That Ends Well* by turning them into children, to match his sets..."

Wilford Leach's production of **All's Well That Ends Well** in Central Park converts the Delacorte stage into a miniature world: Paris, Florence, Roussillion, terraced gardens, bosky landscapes complete with waterfalls—everything is here in the guise of toys, but very large toys of the sort F.A.O. Schwarz might purvey to millionaires' children. Leach, acting as his own set designer, has devised an enchanting fairy microcosm against which human actors, if they are not pygmies, loom large, evoking the perspectiveless world or certain Italian primitives. Very cute, but all's not well that starts well.

For the play is anything but cute; some have actually found it morally repellent. The eminent Shakespearean scholar Sir Edmund Chambers, so far from perceiving the heroine, Helena, as Shakespeare's "loveliest character," as Coleridge saw her, finds the issue to be "not Helena's triumph but Helena's degradation." For him, "she passes from dishonour to dishonour on the path to her final victory," and the Bertram she wins "is a poor prize for which [to trail] her honour in the dust. . . ." Taking a middle position, John Wain observes here "the comic spirit . . . struggling for survival in the harsher world of tragedy." About Bertram, however, critical opinion is unanimous; even as pedestrian an assessor as the Swiss scholar August Rüegg notes that Shakespeare "obviously found him wholly uninteresting." As Francis Fergusson points out, Shakespeare "makes him much less attractive than Boccaccio's Beltramo." The plot derives from a tale in the *Decameron,* but "adopts a far more realistic and deflated tone than Boccaccio's. There are no songs in the play, and no music beyond a few military flourishes."

Will Leach, however, will have none of this. He turns bitter or, at best, wry comedy into farce—as if Shakespeare had not already provided that (rather feebly for once) in the characters of Parolles and Lavache. These two now become intolerable caricatures, and further farcical matter is made up of whole cloth, some of it, apparently, in imitation of the dumb show from Serban's *Sganarelle,* and quite inappropriate. He has his able composer, Richard Weinstock, come up with an entire score: Some speeches suddenly turn into arias, usually obscuring the words; soldiers' marching songs and Italian serenades are worked in by means of additional lyrics. The Florentine characters are equipped with impenetrable Italian accents, and so on; the whole thing is less Peter Brook than Hollywood's *Taming of the Shrew* "With additional dialogue by Sam Taylor."

Above all, Leach has cheapened the main characters by turning them into children, to match his sets. Pamela Reed, who was splendid in *The November People* and *Curse of the Starving Class,* is made to play Helena as a cross between April Shawhan and Shirley Temple. She does it very well and sometimes even rises above the conception imposed on her, but Helena, conceivable as a hoyden, is inconceivable as a tomboy. Infantilism is carried even farther by the Bertram of Mark Linn Baker, so good as the first Yale Sganarelle, but even physically preposterous as a hero described as handsome, virile, and brave, even if insensitive and arrogant. Baker's pear-shaped, baby-fatty face, topped by a moppet's mop, his short stature and mischievous choirboy persona are totally out of place. His demeanor—expressions and gestures—makes it even less clear why Helena should fall for him rather than for Parolles or Lavache. And even the manifestly elderly Countess is turned into a woman scarcely middle-aged—why then all her talk about death?

Larry Pine, the Parolles, is a deft but limited farceur of whom one tires fairly soon; he cannot begin to make anything significant, perhaps even touching, out of the change the character undergoes. John Ferraro's Lavache is simply dreadful. As Diana and her mother, Frances Conroy and Barbara Williams would probably be uninteresting even if we could unriddle their Italian-accented ejaculations. Remak Ramsay, however, is charming as the King of France despite the trivial farce maneuvers he is directed into; George Guidall is a dignified and well-spoken Lafeu; Elizabeth Wilson, though unsuited to the role, has her moments as the Countess; and Joel Brooks makes the most of the small, largely Leach-invented, part of the interpreter.

Carol Oditz has come up with amusingly anachronistic, period-mixing costumes, oddly less good for the principals than for the minor characters; Jennifer Tipton's lighting nicely underlines the fairy-tale concept. Richard Weinstock's music is catchy, original, and deftly woven into the play: sometimes as the merest arioso, sometimes as sheer melodic rodomontade. Altogether, the production has flashes of cleverness and jollity, but what we get finally makes no sense, often substituting a newfangled dullness for what might at least have been the author's own, authentic lapses. This is not *All's Well,* but a play whose blood has been sucked out by a Leach.

Just the Immediate Family is a first work by Grace Kimmins; unsatisfactory as it is, its writer deserves encouragement. Two elderly sisters, Florie and Charlotte, share a house left to the latter by her almost legendary husband; the legend, of course, will be debunked. Charlotte is prissy, grandiose, and slightly unhinged; the chain-

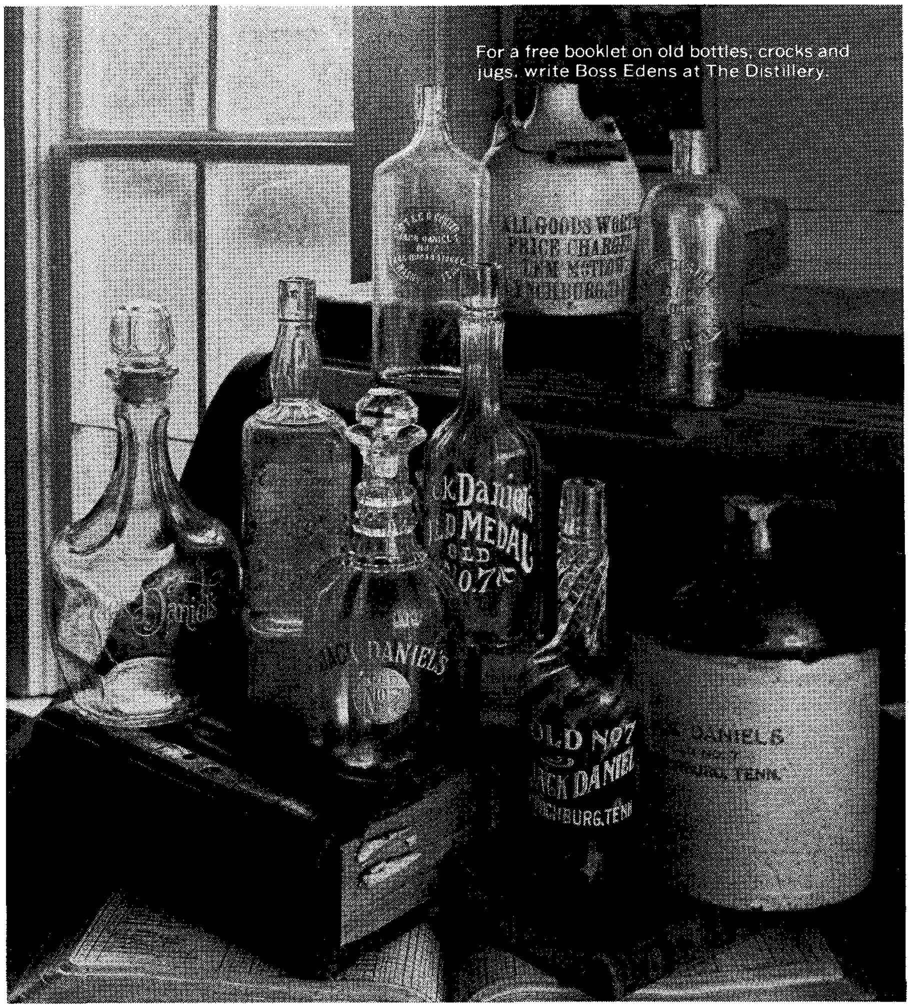
Illustrated by Randall Enos

smoking Florie is earthy, amusingly outspoken, and just short of being resigned. Each has a dead or otherwise departed husband, and each has two sons. Charlotte has Chet, a once-promising, now unsuccessful actor; and Eddie, an ex-salesman and ne'er-do-well, whose wedding to Babs, a fleshy, benighted but good-natured farmer's daughter, brings about the family reunion the play chronicles. Florie has George, decently average, repressed, and dominated by the ambitious and spoiled Lorraine, who has even had a fling with Ron; and Ron, now a successful and callous business executive, on whom Lorraine has further designs.

And all four sons have designs on the house: to sell it, tear it down for some fancy real-estate project, appropriate it, or, at the very least, move in and redecorate. The old women, who nurture hopes of turning the parlor into a card shop, would either be sent to a home or hopelessly hemmed in. The wedding and surrounding events prove calamitous or nearly; still, everyone leaves contrite or at least apologetic. Left alone, the sisters fight and confess to rivalry and hate; but mutual affection promptly reasserts itself.

The thing is too schematic by half, down to one wife's being a clever bitch while the other is a silly sweetheart. The writing is fairly derivative —Charlotte in particular is straight out of Tennessee Williams. The slide rule is used as mightily as the pen: Every character gets his carefully apportioned eruption, moment of truth, and transfiguration. Yet Kimmins, a former actress, has written very sound acting parts for everybody; she has a sense for building scenes toward mordant or grotesque climaxes; and her characters, even if conventional, have their core of individuality. Also, she does create good visual images, such as the bride's dowry arriving on the scene: boxes and boxes of stuffed animals.

Under Richard Russell Ramos's standard direction, a cogently selected cast performs delightfully—especially Sheila Coonan, James Ray Weeks, Elizabeth Torgersen, and Timothy Near. Tony Straiges's interior is dead right; Hilary Rosenfeld's costumes and Ian Calderon's lighting are pertinent. There is, alas, a shabby performance by Eugenia Rawls as Charlotte. Except for a well-delivered outburst, everything Rawls does is actorish, poseurish, self-promoting, charmless, and insincere. This goes all the way up to her chin, always elevated for the sake of her neck line; and down to her final bow, which she takes as if the other actors were stagehands who just strayed in for the curtain calls. ■



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Wine/Alexis Bespaloff

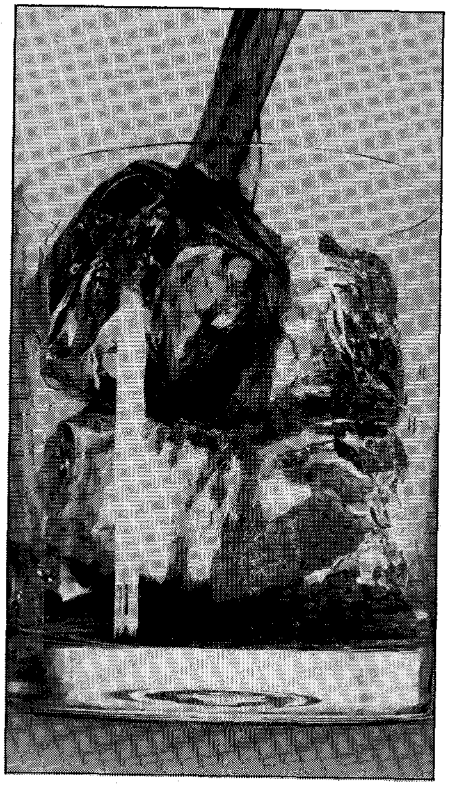
PRE-PRANDIAL NIPS

"... Flavored wines, tasting of herbs, spices, and flowers, can well claim to be the first, and most authentic, aperitifs ..."

Today's most popular aperitif is probably a glass of chilled white wine. As attractive as many white wines are, however, there's another category of wines, somewhat neglected these days, that offers a delightful variety of tastes and a complexity not found in the usual glass of bar wine poured from a jug. These are the flavored and aromatic wines that include vermouth and such proprietary brands as Dubonnet, St. Raphaël, and Lillet. A number of brands have been enjoyed for over 100 years, and flavored wines can well claim to be the first, and the most authentic, aperitifs.

At one time, before the current white-wine boom, vermouth on the rocks was about the only alternative to spirits available in many homes, because vermouth was on hand for making martinis and manhattans. Consumption of vermouth has declined in the last few years; this, says the head of one of the major vermouth firms, is why: "The sale of sweet vermouth depends on its use in manhattans, which are less frequently drunk today because of the general decline in whiskey sales. As for dry vermouth, the producers kept advertising how much drier a martini would be with their brand. The consumer figured out that if he just used less vermouth in his martini, it would be even drier, so the vermouth people talked themselves out of that business. Today, although there's more white wine being drunk, dry vermouth is not perceived by consumers as a white wine, and it's unlikely that vermouth sales will increase unless special new drinks are created for it."

It's limiting to think of vermouth only as an ingredient in mixed drinks, however, since it has so much to offer by itself. Sweet and dry vermouths are made from a wine base, flavored with various herbs, spices, and flowers (or, increasingly, with flavor extracts), and fortified to about 18 percent alcohol. The most popular imported brands come from Italy and France, and include Martini & Rossi ($3.69), Cinzano ($3.49), Stock ($2.79), and Noilly Prat ($3.79). Tribuno ($2.45) is the best-selling American vermouth just now.



The dry white vermouths are generally pale and light-bodied, with a muted herbal taste. Cinzano is especially attractive, with an appealing aroma and taste. Boissière ($3.75), from Chambéry in France, is also very good—fuller-bodied and complex. Martini & Rossi is an unusually flowery, even perfumed, vermouth, and the others seemed weak or dull and generally less attractive as aperitifs.

The sweet vermouths, tawny in color, have much more body and flavor and a slightly bitter finish. The bitterness balances the sweetness, as does the twist of lemon peel with which vermouth on the rocks is often served. There's less variation among sweet vermouths than among dry ones, but, again, Cinzano seemed to me the most distinctive and well-balanced.

The most popular aperitif among the proprietary brands is Dubonnet ($5.30), a pleasant, medium-sweet wine made in California. Out of curiosity, I obtained a sample of French Dubonnet (which is not sold in this country) from Air France and found it to be different. The French product is grapy and has an appealing and complex aroma and taste. Two French aperitifs similiar in taste to French Dubonnet are St. Raphaël ($4.79) and Byrrh ($4.34). Both have that attractive grapy taste; St. Raphaël is a bit sweeter and Byrrh has a slightly bitter finish that makes it a more interesting aperitif. Good as it is, I know several people for whom the principal attraction of Byrrh is that, because of the way it's pronounced, they can step up to a bar and ask for what sounds like "beer on the rocks."

Rosso Antico ($4.89) is an Italian aperitif, softer in taste than vermouth, with a distinctive and subtle herb-flower taste. Recently introduced here, Rosso Antico is said to be the most popular aperitif in Italy. Carpano Punt e Mes ($4.79) is characterized by a much more bitter finish than is found in vermouth, and which many find appropriate before a meal. Campari ($5.90) and Cynar ($4.89), Italian bitters that are not wine-based, are both lively and refreshing aperitifs.

Another group of aperitifs are those in which specific flavors can be discerned. The best-known is white Lillet ($5.49), produced near Bordeaux, a subtle blend that includes orange and Armagnac. Muscari ($5.95) is a new Portuguese aperitif made from white port, with an intense and intriguing almond-and-orange taste. Also new here is La Cordobesa ($5.39), from the Montilla district of Spain. It's quite sweet and flavored with oranges.

One of the most interesting aperitifs, rarely seen in this country, is Pineau des Charentes, from France's Cognac region. A blend of unfermented grape juice and cognac, it has only 17 percent alcohol and is as appealing as it is unusual. Reynac ($6.95) is the only widely available brand.

The next time you're sitting at a bar and about to order a glass of the house white wine, look over the range of bottles lined up across from you, and take a chance on one of these different, but traditional, aperitifs. ■

Photograph by Jim Gilmour

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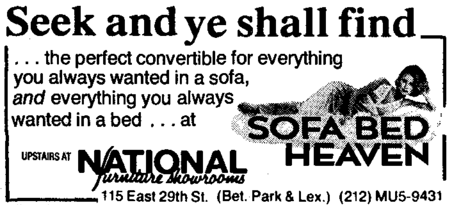

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Is there life after college... outside of a typewriter... Creative Job Campaigns, professional resumes, unique cover letter individually designed to obtain interviews. Linda Layton-RE●SPONSE CAREER COUNSELLING, (212) 228-8908

Secretaries-New School For Social Research—We anticipate a variety of interesting secretarial jobs after Labor Day. If you have skills and experience, we have excellent tuition, vacation, and other benefits, and pleasant surroundings. Why not speak with us before you go on vacation. Call 741-5673. Affirmative Action/Equal Opportunity Employer.

REAL ESTATE

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE FOR RENT

Victoriana Buffs: huge apartment. Beautiful Boonton Park. Easy commute. $425. (212) 593-4584 days.

APARTMENTS TO SHARE

Apartment Sharing for Particular People—Call LESLIE HARPER, LTD, 794-9494. As featured in... *N.Y. Times,* Careful screening, brochure. 127 East 69th Street.

A Comfortable Approach for Selective New Yorkers—PREMIERE MANHATTAN ASSOCIATES, 581-6976. Emphasis on lifestyle. Thorough screening. Ask about our "fee refundable policy". Midtown at 119 West 57th Street.

For those who demand the best in apartment living. Young T.V. Executive away 50% of time wants to share his decorator furnished Eastside Triplex Penthouse. U.N. and river views, separate bedroom and bath, a/c, wbfp, 25' ceilings and living room, roof garden terrace. $700 month. (212) 759-4957.

APARTMENT WANTED

Chairman of Board—needs 2-3 bedroom. Call Joyce, 935-8063.

Law student seeks—Furnished studio sublet, vicinity lower 5th Avenue. 9-12 months beginning August. Box 1299 NYM.

President of Corp. and Wife—need 2 bedroom or larger apartment. Barbara (212) 981-8687 or 442-3565.

Two professional men—late twenties, need two bedroom brownstone apt. in Village. September 1 occupancy or later. Can pay up to $600. (212) 986-4600, X237 weekdays, 255-7372 evenings/weekends. Ask for Bob.

Vice President major bank—needs 1 bedroom, furnished. Call Jane, 935-8063.

CO-OPS/CONDOMINIUMS

Sacrifice—Waterfront - 2 Bedroom Townhouse, South Shore. $41,990. (516) 842-1146.

SUBLETS

Luxurious 3½ room apartment—gardened terrace, views, ambiance, doorman. Sell furniture and transfer lease. Rent $450. 935-9212.

Exquisite 1 bedroom in Galleria—43rd floor. Call 935-8730.

HOUSES AVAILABLE FOR SALE/RENT

Sagaponack, Long Island—Splendid acre plus potato barn on narrow lane, $40,000. Tina Fredericks, (516) 324-4418.

Bronxville vicinity—25 minutes to Grand Central. Unique Victorian, 6 bedroom plus studio tower, 2 fireplaces, 3½ baths, panelled basement, $2000 taxes. $77,000. Principals. (914) 961-2396.

Williamstown, Massachussetts—Modern Cape on 2½ acres, 3 bedrooms, 3 baths, fireplace, apple trees. Exclusive local, minutes to Williams campus, skiing and golf. $59,500. (413) 458-4038.

Todt Hill, S.I.—4 bedroom home for sale. Near golf course. (212) 351-3660.

LAND AVAILABLE

Westhampton Beach—Prime ocean building lot, jetty area. Owner (212) 371-3375.

Send For Free List of Offerings—Choice woody acreage in recreational community, 1½ hours from NYC. No fee. P. Dydo, 56-33 136th Street, Flushing, New York 11355.

SUMMER RENTALS

Westhampton Beach—Weeks/Weekends. Tennis, pool, beach. (212) 371-3375

Martha's Vineyard—Last minute treasure. Mint condition house, secluded acreage, Katama Bay, own beach, dock, 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, fireplace. August 1st - September 15th or part. References. (212) 877-6612.

Easthampton—5 bedrooms, 7/28 - 9/5. (212) 765-6500 X459; (212) 879-0031.

Northern Catskills—luxurious Chalet overlooking 3 tennis courts and pool. $350 per week. (201) 384-2286.

Southampton Village—Beautifully situated 9 room attractive home, 6 bedrooms, 3 baths, available 8/1 - 9/15. $2500. Owner (212) 938-0059.

FOREIGN REAL ESTATE

Beautiful Bar/Restaurant/Disco—in the Caribbean – St. Maatern, Dutch Antilles. For sale or lease. 4378.

Our Readers

Are Really Going Places

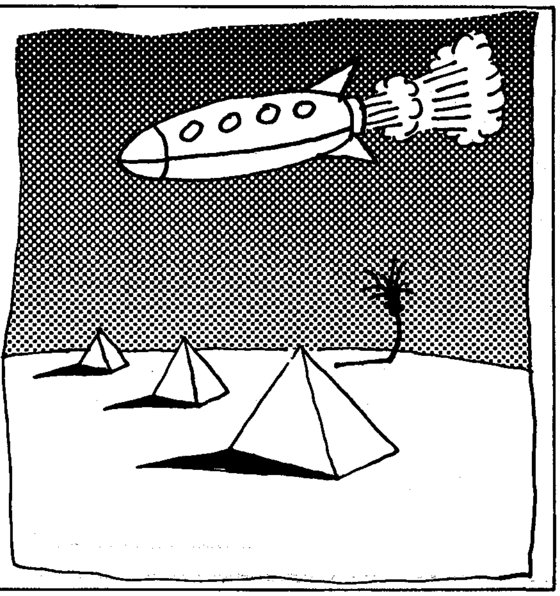
Catch them on their way by advertising in our biweekly advertising section, Travel Services.

Travel Services

A service from

NEW YORK

The Working Classified



TRAVEL SERVICES

This is a biweekly Section for Travel Agents & Tour Operators, limited to Display Ads only. Display Ads are sold by the inch. The rates for this Section are as follows: 1 time ad—$147 per inch; 2 consecutive ads—$129 per inch each; 3 consecutive ads—$120 per inch each; 4 consecutive ads or 13 during the year—$110 per inch each. Long term rates also available. Larger sizes available in increments of ¼ inch. Extra $5 for NYM Box Number. Complete rates available upon request. Closing is every other Monday at 1 p.m., for following Monday's issue.

ALASKA CRUISE TOURS

Space Available Now
7-17 Days From
$496
Roundtrip
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Cruise the Inside Passage and tour. Also Alaska Fly/Drive Tours... Low family rates.

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KNOW BEFORE YOU GO

Adventure is great but it helps to know what to expect. We've checked out sites, hotels, resorts, activities in 54 countries. In person. To help YOU make the most of YOUR travels. Call us.

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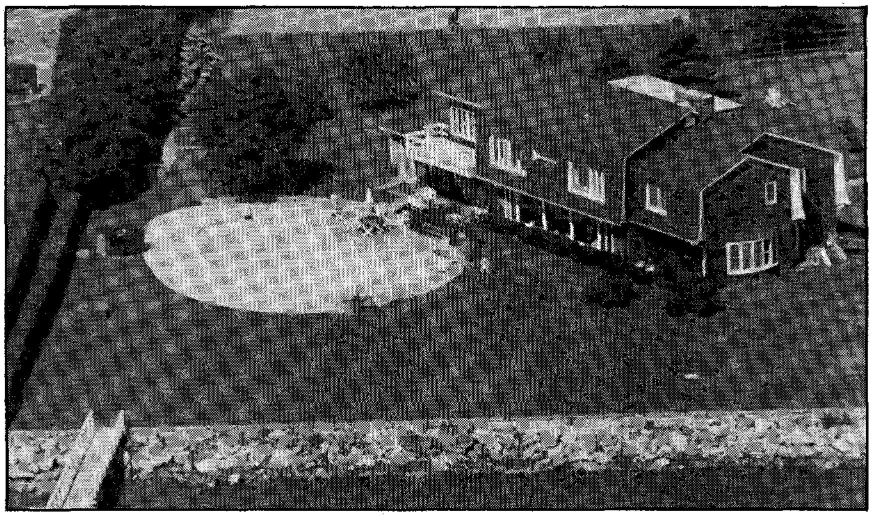
Play tennis with pro instruction, ride horseback, ski, sail, climb our mountain, canoe the Housatonic, try pottery or yoga. Choose up for a zany game of volleyball or softball. Relax on an airbed afloat on our own lake or in our huge redwood hot tub. Disco, entertainment, great food, wine, a barbecue... $115 pays for it all including a party bus to and from Kent, Conn. in the Berkshires. For more information and free brochure

(212) 935-0222

Getaway

TOWN & COUNTRY PROPERTIES

This is a Weekly Real Estate Section limited to Display Ads only. Display Ads are sold by the inch. The Rates for this section are as follows: 1 time ad—$147 per inch; 2 consecutive ads—$129 per inch each; 3 consecutive ads—$120 per inch each; 4 consecutive ads or 13 during one year—$110 per inch each. Long term rates also available. Larger sizes available in increments of ¼ inch. Extra $5 for NYM Box Number. Complete rates available upon request. Payment & closing dates are the same as regular New York Magazine Classified.



RYE, NEW YORK - FOR RENT

40 minutes by Train, 50 by Car to mid-Manhattan. Superb waterfront home for rent. Dock, tennis court, heated pool, central air conditionning. Ground floor comprises living room, dining room, kitchen and breakfast room, library, guest suite and separate maids quarters; 2nd floor has master bedroom with dressing room and ensuite bathroom, 4 other bedrooms each pair interconnect with own private bathroom. Lavish built-ins throughout and all appliances.

2 year lease available with immediate occupancy at $36,000 per annum.

Call Mrs. Flaum, (212) 355-2887.

Treetop House - Waitsfield, Vermont

Enter unique house via 50' covered footbridge: 3 bedrooms; 2 baths; 2 fireplaces; all major appliances; all furniture built-in; easy maintenance, magnificent views, near shopping, restaurants, all sports, cross country trails, 3 major ski areas. $58,500.

GRAVES REALTY COMPANY

Waitsfield, Vermont 05673 (802) 496-2523

TUXEDO PARK, NEW YORK

Executive residence with continental charm, privacy on 1.9 acre, wooded mountain views, slate roof, 8 rooms, 2 fireplaces, window greenhouse, full basement with wine cellar, playroom, laundry, stand-up attic, insulated, oil heat, most unusual. Priced $115,000. SHUART,

(914) 357-0021.

TOWN & COUNTRY PROPERTIES

Lovely 1820 Colonial on 6½ acres in Pomona, N.Y., minutes from Palisades Parkway. Living room, fireplace, 5 bedrooms, central air-conditioning, screened-in patio, 20 x 40 inground pool, in excellent condition.

Lydecker Agency

Corner Main & Franklin (914) 358-3700 Nyack, N.Y.

WATERFRONT

Stately Georgian Brick Colonial. Totally up dated in private waterfront association. Panoramic water views. Exquisite details. Pier for your boat. $490,000.

JANE JACKSON ASSOCIATES

679 Post Road, Darien, Conn.
(203) 655-8238

SUGARBUSH VERMONT

Skiing, Golf, Tennis less than five minutes. 4 bedrooms, 3 baths, sauna, 2 fireplaces-1 stone, 1 brick. Loft plank floors, excellent condition, on one acre with brook. Illness forces sale. Low taxes & maintenance. $69,500.

VERMONT (802) 496-2613
N.Y. Evenings (212) 876-8488

COUNTRY FARMHOUSE

Authentically restored Circa 1850 clapboard Colonial on ½ acre with barn, living room, dining room with fireplace, study, kitchen, 3 bedrooms, 1½ baths, large screened porch. West Nyack, $75,900.

Wright Bros.

53 South Broadway Nyack, N.Y. 10960
(914) 358-3050

50 ACRE FARM

Sale or rent with option to buy. Fully renovated farmhouse, 5 bedrooms, 2½ baths, laundry room, fully equipped eat in kitchen, living room, dining room, study. Barn, woods, fields, streams, privacy, magnificent setting. Rent furnished at $500 per month plus security or sell at $125,000 with 50 acres or $85,000 with 5 acres. Sullivan County, N.Y.

GARY A. SOREN
(212) 628-4213

WATERMILL

1883 documented Victorian-Immaculate. Tiffany windows-Oak panelling-Morris tiles. Fireplaces. Original Art Nouveau carved furniture included. 7 bedrooms, 3 baths. Reception rooms. Natured landscaped acre. Plus barn remodelled as legal 3 bedrooms separate income producing residence. $165,000. Exclusively with:

CAROLYN ROSE REAL ESTATE

Watermill (516) 726-4837

TOWN & COUNTRY PROPERTIES

ROXBURY, CONNECTICUT

Early 19th century miniature Colonial, greenhouse-linked with old converted barn to form unique 3 bedroom house on 7 acres. Wide planked floors, chestnut beams, loft, cobblestone terrace. 90 minutes from NYC. $185,000.

Owner (203) 354-9652

40 ACRES, HOME, WATERFALL

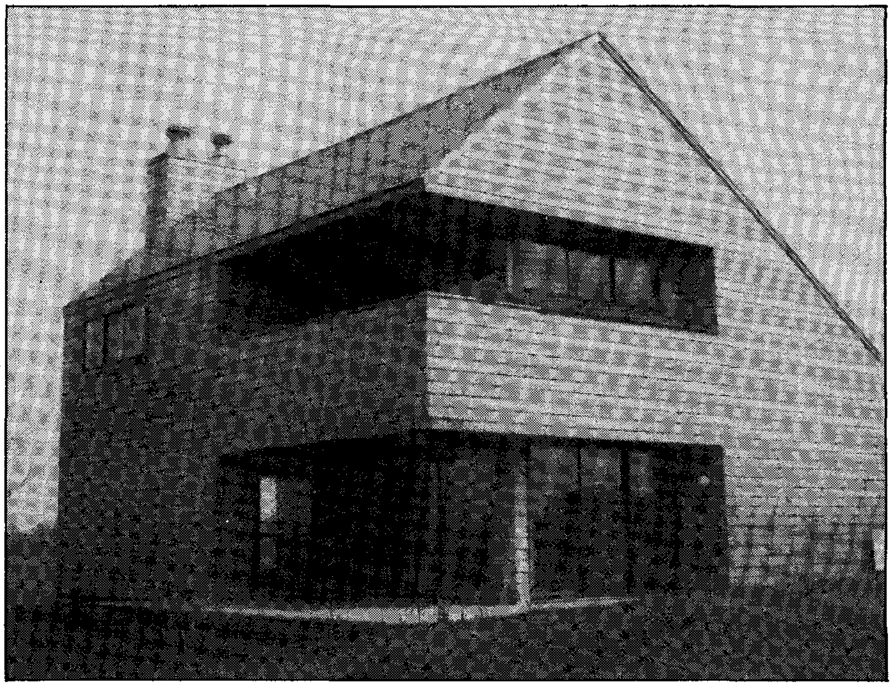
Scenic land, stream, waterfall, privacy, beautiful six room two story home with fireplace, garage, $75,000.00.

KLIMCHOK REALTORS
Callicoon, N.Y. (914) 887-4444

Greenwich, Conn.

Contemporary on 4+ wooded acres. Could be opened up to view of pond. Superb condition. 5 bedrooms, 3 baths, living room and library each with fireplace, dining room, up to the minute kitchen. Studio and family room. Many extras. Early occupancy.

NEWHALL & OGILVY
(203) 869-8100



Cedar Shake and Glass

The best of the old, the best of the new. Bright, airy, 3 bedrooms, 3 baths. Step out on one of the 2 decks and enjoy the smashing ocean views. Priced to sell at $130,000.

JACK DOUGLAS REALTY, INC.

Main Street (516) 537-3272 Bridgehampton

Northeastern Pennsylvania
210 acre secluded retreat

Country home with 12 acre lake, furnished and fully equipped. Owner financed at $165,000.

ACRES REAL ESTATE COMPANY
(717) 278-2136 (24 hours)

MATINECOCK POINT

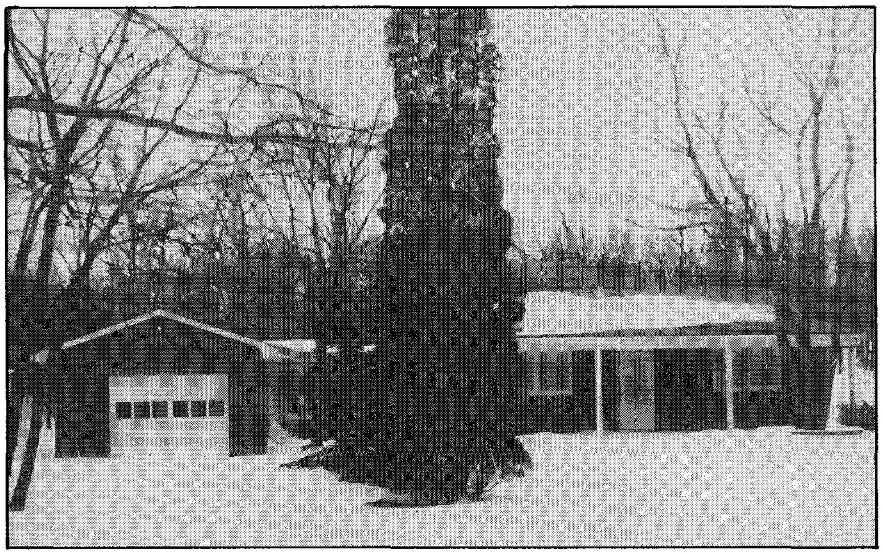
A truly superb waterfront property for one who demands & can afford the finest. Over 900' of shoreline on L.I. Sound, approx. 2½ acres. East Island-Glen Cove, N.Y. For sale: $185,000 - terms.

Days (212) 697-8730
Eves. (212) 535-2633

East Hampton and Oceanfront

90 plus acres with 2000 feet sandy beach. Priced to sell at $1,750,000. No information given over phone. Shown by appointment only.

BEADLE REALTOR
(516) 324-4040.



You should see it now! Green and secluded this little cottage with adjacent garage makes a perfect woodsy hide-away! 2 bedrooms and bath, living room with fireplace. Truly off the beaten track! Bring a little imagination, $55,000, and quietly make it yours. Talk to:

East Hampton, N.Y. **TINA S. FREDERICKS, REALTY** (516) 324-4418

SECLUDED YEAR ROUND RETREAT

Escape from rigors of city to a spacious contemporary home on 16+ wooded acres with winding brook in game area. 3 Bedrooms, Japanese style master bath with double Jacuzzi whirlpool, two additional full baths, modern kitchen with handcrafted cabinets, fireplace, pot bellied stove, big wrap-around sun deck. 80 miles NYC in New Paltz, N.Y., 5 minutes NYS Thruway. Mid 70's Owner (201) 568-9061 (evenings).

INVESTMENT ACREAGE - CATSKILLS

Centered 172.68 SURVEYED ACRES.. with everything! Level, hard road frontage, through stream, meadows in front, wooded in back, borders State land, 7 acre lakesite, large barn, excellent location-secluded, but very acceptable. $60,000. BATES REAL ESTATE, INC., 3 Main Street, Sidney, N.Y. (607) 563-2151.

TOWN & COUNTRY PROPERTIES

PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

A 90-foot gallery with skylights provides dramatic access to the spacious living/dining room, and also, for gracious entertaining, creates a flow to other living areas in this spectacular contemporary. The entire interior is a fine blend of glass, marble, oak, and brick. The three terraced acres contain a pool, entertainment complex, and lighted tennis court. Brochure. $334,000.

JOHN T. HENDERSON REALTORS INC.

4 Charlton Street, Princeton, N.J. 08540 (609) 921-2776

FREEPORT

Beautiful Southwest area - 5 bedrooms, 2½ baths, living room with fireplace, teak-floored entrance hall, and teak-floored dining room with sliding glass door, kitchen and family room. 16x19 screened porch with 10 ft. ceiling overlooking patio and beautiful garden. Approximately ¼ acre. Convenient for boating and beaches. Excellent schools. Owner moving out of state. Asking $52,500. Call (516) 379-2133.

VICTORIAN TOWER

Home in charming Essex County, N.J. 25 minutes from bridge or tunnel. Circa 1890, on hill overlooking park. Pine floors, 3½ baths, 4 bedrooms, including master suite. Beautiful condition, all modern conveniences, formal garden, potting shed, wine cellar, fantasy playroom. $78,500.

BERNARD N. JANETT REALTY
(201) 239-7700

Secluded recreation retreat, 27 beautiful acres, 480' of shoreline on Delaware River, main house has fireplace, modern bath, three bedrooms, screened porch. Guest cottage has two bedrooms. Large 26' x 54' extra building is ideal for studio. A rare find priced at $80,000. Owner terms.

DELAWARE LAND OFFICE
Hancock, N.Y.
(607) 637-2966 or Eves: (607) 467-3338

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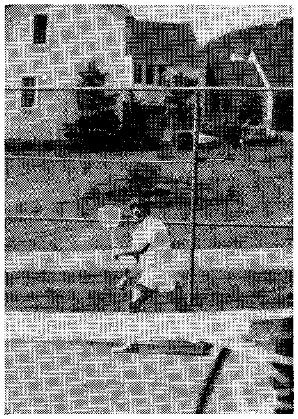
$2.75 a word—$27.50 minimum (10 words)

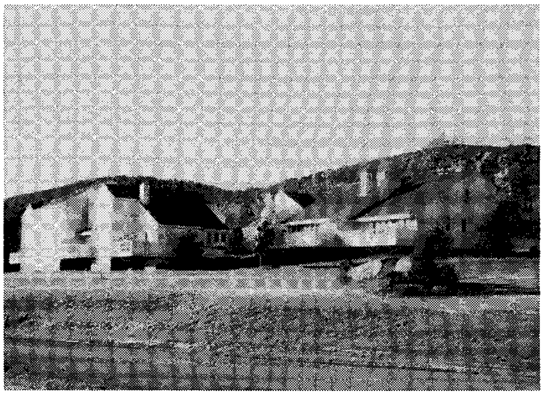
3 Consecutive Insertions
$2.60 a word—$26.00 minimum (10 words)

4 Consecutive Insertions or 13x (year)
$2.50 a word—$25.00 minimum (10 words)

26x During Year
$2.45 a word—$24.50 minimum (10 words)

51x (1 year)
$2.40 a word—$24.00 minimum (10 words)





If you like the Island, you'll love the Village.

ROXBURY RUN VILLAGE.

Enjoy your summer freedoms all year long—in a mountaintop townhouse community of your own, near Woodstock, N.Y.

Your woodland townhouse has an oversize scenic deck, beamed cathedral ceilings, a fireplace and raised hearth of native stone, sliding doors and windows of insulated glass.

Nearby is the Village's 75-foot heated pool, with sundeck, diving boards, racing lanes. Four courts to perfect your tennis under the resident pro. Unspoiled places to fish, boat and hike; to ice-skate, snowmobile and ski. Jogging trails, bridle paths and of course, the Village disco.

At Exit 19 of the N.Y. Thruway, go West on Rt. 28 to Arkville. Then North on Rt. 30 to Denver, N.Y.

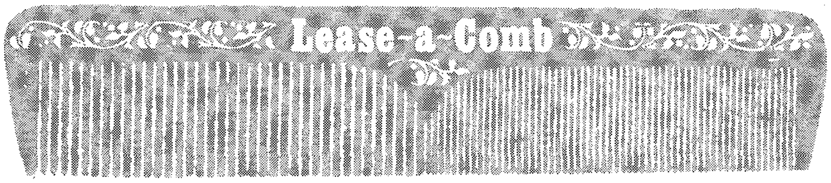
80-percent mortgages available, for financially qualified buyers. More information? Phone (212) 594-1670.

This advertisement is not an offering in the Roxbury Run Village Association, Inc., which may be made only by formal prospectus.

NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

COMPETITION NUMBER 325

BY MARY ANN MADDEN



Grow-a-Tooth • Religo-Flex Portable Altar • Cuff-Link Detonator • Inflatable Ski Lodge • Famous-Make Eyebrow Hardener • Lease-a-Comb • Vitamin-Enriched Codeine • Instant Finger • Personalized Sanitary Products • Roach Intimidator • Sugarless Pencil • Thermal Bathing Socks • Brooch-O-Matic Heirlooms

Above, sample listings from our Advertising Supplement. Competitors are invited to invent up to two appropriate items or services (plus, if needed, very brief copy).

Results of Competition 322: "The Post Office regrets that the enclosed letter, mailed to you in 1958, was lost in transit. We trust the delay has not caused inconvenience." Competitors were invited to devise the opening paragraph of a letter received after a twenty-year delay.

Report: Since instructions did not limit the post delay to the *last* twenty years, entries of more ancient persuasion were acceptable. But most were uncomfortable history changers, as in: Custer's orders switched, Napoleon skipping Waterloo, letters from Castro to Kennedy. Correspondence averting tragedy seemed to me ironic rather than funny. Amid the 1958 postmarks, these repeats: Vice-President Nixon, particularly the vicuña coat. "Congratulations. You have just won the $100,000 lottery. Prizes must be claimed in 30 days." Prophecies for 1958 including investment advice. Recasting of famous films. Notices to heirs, love letters, proposals, elopement plans—all self-destructing within a few days. Howard Hughes's will. Orders for the Edsel. And a whelming group of unrisible mistaken diagnoses of fatal illness or pregnancy. And suspended sentences. Speaking of which, one disfigured entry (from Wichita, Kansas) arrived neatly sealed in a plastic envelope which bore the legend DAMAGED IN HANDLING IN THE POSTAL SERVICE. Honest.

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to "New York" to:

The Post Office regrets that the enclosed letter, mailed to you in 1938, was lost in transit. We trust the delay has not caused inconvenience.

Harvey V. Fondiller, NYC;
Dr. Arnold Diamond, Bay Terrace, N.Y.;
Ruth Branch, McMurray, Pa.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to "New York" to:

Dear Sir: It has come to our attention that you are not content merely with being vice-president and fully intend someday to occupy the White House and be remembered as a great president. Be advised that we would rather kick you around and will utilize everything in our power—biased news reports, CIA double agents, dirty tricks, and sinister forces—to prevent you from attaining your goals.

Gerald Ray Williams, Midwest City, Okla.

Dear Sir: The Cheese of the Month Club is pleased to enclose your aged cheddar.

Sheila Danielle Klein, Flushing, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Youngman: The Post Office regrets that the enclosed letter mailed by you to Achilles' Shoe Repair in 1958 was lost in transit. We are returning it to you with the hope that the delay has not caused you inconvenience. They will be ready Tuesday.

Norman & Gloria Goldblatt, Rochester, N.Y.

And Honorable Mention to:

Attn. Pisa Construction Co.: Since all our transactions are on a cash basis only, we are unable to complete your order for one Deluxe Plumb Bob until payment is received. . . .

Howard Leichter, Warren, N.J.

Thank you for your inquiry about being a contestant on *Queen for a Day* . . .

Barry Myers, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Senator: This is to acknowledge receipt of one (1) ranch-dyed mink coat. We are surprised at your wife's sudden decision to return it, but we wish you well in your vice-presidential campaign.

Leila Klein, Harrison, N.Y.

. . . strongly urge you to follow another course of study. Many people can draw a cat (one hell of a nice animal, as you point out), but your technique seems rough. May we suggest that you pursue the field of Culinary Arts in which our fall program begins with a basic meat loaf. . . .

Frances Larson, Guilderland, N.Y.

. . . our curator feels that paintings of soup cans will not . . .

Jacqueline Fogel, Jamaica, N.Y.

Your letter dated January 4, 1958, has been found in storage. Since postage rates increased in 1958, to prevent further delay, please affix the proper postage due. . . .

similarly: Michael N. Lorenzo, Brooklyn;
Edgar F. Coudal, Park Ridge, Ill.;
Andrew A. Feeney, Old Greenwich, Conn.

Your letter and check are returned herewith. At present we have no listing for a "Zerox" Corporation.

Richard Grimes, NYC

. . . are sorry to advise that we are completely out of Hula-Hoops. However, may we suggest funny T-shirts, skateboards, or complete jogging equipment, all of which we can ship immediately—the mails willing. . . .

Stephen G. Doig, Highland Beach, Fla.
sp. mention: Mary & Walter Schubert, Central, S.C.

An envelope full of smiles from Phillips Foto Company.

Bill Emery, Oklahoma City, Okla.

Dear Sr. Castro: Enclosed please find your bonus check, 1958 season Professional Baseball Players' Standard Contract, and airline tickets from Havana to Fort Lauderdale. We are certain you will wear your Yankee pinstripes with pride. . . .

Larry I. Wiener, Rockaway, N.J.
similarly: Dr. Robert Gargano, Mobile, Ala.

Most Honoured Sir: Please be apprised that the Young Businessmen's Association of South Korea is entering upon a novel campaign in the never-ending fight for democracy. We are contacting promising legislators such as yourself . . .

similarly: Raymond E. Benenson, Niskayuna, N.Y.; Jon Henry, Newton Corner, Mass.

Dear Mrs. Dolby: Thank you for sending us your daughter's weekly-contest idea. However, we at *Life* feel that it would be inappropriate for us to tamper with our successful format at this time. . . .

similarly: Edward Steinberg, Silver Spring, Md.; Frank D'Astolfo, NYC

Enclosed is the watch awarded you upon your retirement. It is guaranteed for twenty years, and . . .

similarly: Eleanor Paul, Brooklyn; R. Scheider, NYC

Dear Dr. Barnard: We are truly sorry that the small package you had sent to South Africa some years ago . . .

Dan Grossman, Mt. Kisco, N.Y.

. . . may I suggest placing a candelabra on your piano at the Soviet Tchaikovsky Festival in Moscow? It always adds a lot to my . . .

Steve Dines, Hollywood, Calif.

In looking over our records, we have found that your son's report card for the second quarter was never returned or signed by a parent. Unless this is done, it will be impossible for Wolfgang to enter the fourth grade.

Moochie Crowe, Throgs Neck, N.Y.

I've been a very good girl in the last year and for Christmas I would like a pair of toreador pants, a Toni home-permanent kit, and a skirt with a pink poodle and a leash on it. . . .

Nikki Rosa, NYC

Sir: We apologize for the delay in locating your missing automobile. Your ticket reads, "July 2, 1958, 8 P.M., Space 4, Level F." We have no Level F in our present location. We are enclosing a parking pass good for 24 hours' free parking Monday through Thursday 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.

Mickey Sharp, Miami Shores, Fla.

Sam, Rosey, Kat, Mo, Andy: Did I mention this at the team meeting? Watch out for Ameche up the middle. . . .

Alex Vaughn, Old Lyme, Conn.

Your electric company announced a 25 percent boost in minimum rates for you—our valued New York City consumer.

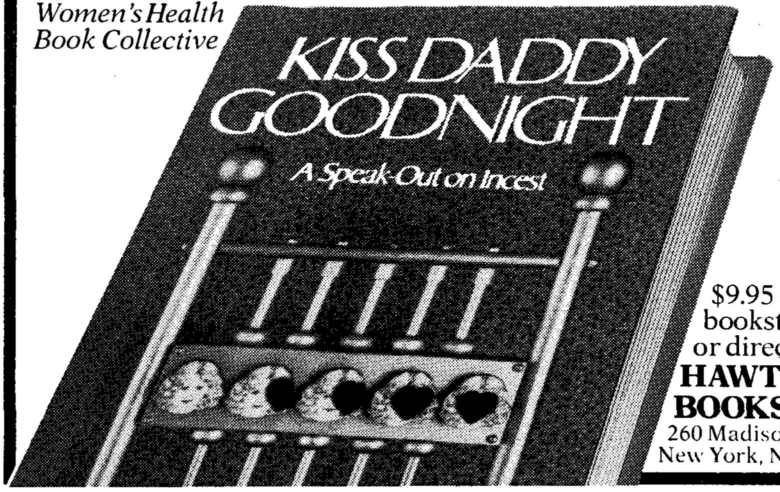
Dr. Ken Williams, NYC

Contest Rules: One entry only should be sent to Competition Number 325, *New York* Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. It must be received by July 28. Editor's decisions are final and all entries become the property of *New York*. First-prize winners will receive two-year subscriptions to *New York*, and runners-up will receive one-year subscriptions. Results and winners' names will appear in the issue of September 4. Out-of-town postmarks are given three days' grace. **Postcards only.**

The first significant book on incest ever to appear in print.... Brash, defensive, emotional—and very brave."
—Susan Brownmiller
author of *Against Our Will: Men, Women and Rape*

"*This courageous book* will be helpful not only to incest victims but to all people, lay and professional, who want to understand how power and trust are used and abused in families."—*Boston Women's Health Book Collective*

KISS DADDY GOODNIGHT
A Speak-Out on Incest
LOUISE ARMSTRONG



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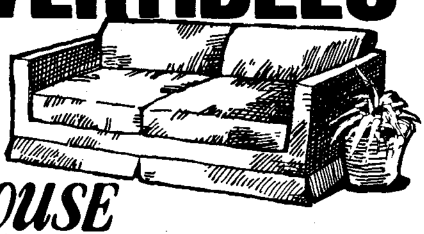
$200 CONVERTIBLES

New York City's largest selection of $200 convertible sofabeds. Values to $400.



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Immediate Delivery

UPTOWN—1530 Second Ave. (Bet. 79th & 80th Sts.) 535-1242 Mon. thru Fri. 10-9 PM. Sat. to 6.
DOWNTOWN —404 Park Ave. So. (Cor. 28th St.) LE 2-4697 Open Daily 10-7 PM.
BOTH STORES OPEN SUNDAY 12-5 PM

ENOUGH TO SPLIT YOUR SEAMS:
The wining and dining at
inn the park RESTAURANT & BAR
Lunch, dinner, Sunday brunch.

The after dinner disco at Barbizon Plaza LIBRARY
A LITERARY DISCOTHEQUE
Jackets required. No denim.
Both at the Barbizon Plaza Hotel.
Ave. of the Americas bet. 58th & 59th.
CI 7-7000

"Ladies, after the grind, unwind at my place for only $1 a drink."

BETWEEN 5 & 6:30 PM
MONDAY THRU FRIDAY
ALL DRINKS FOR WOMEN
ARE ONLY $1.

Maude's
come.eat your heart out.
Breakfast Buffet. All you can eat Lunch Buffet $4.25. Hefty drinks. Dinner. Sunday Brunch Buffet. Live jazz Tuesday thru Thursday from 8:00 P.M.
51st Street & Lexington Avenue 753-1515

Page of Lists / Elliot Willensky

THE ONLY BUILDING ON THE BLOCK

. . . Sole occupancy of a full city block is a privilege shared by only a few buildings in New York. Here, a privileged few . . .

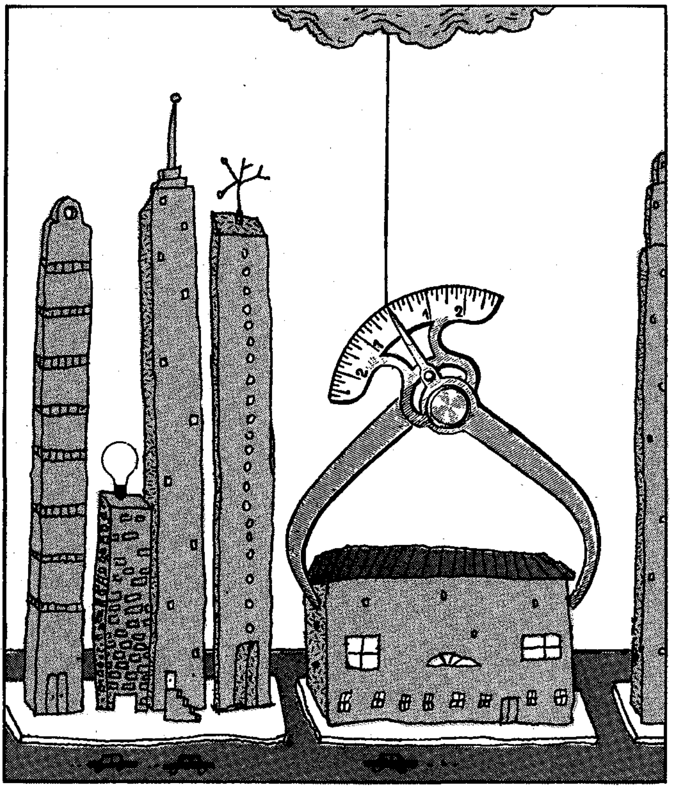
Though the World Trade Center's towers, the Empire State, the Chrysler, and the new Citicorp buildings all succeed in scraping the sky, not one of these giants enjoys a privilege rare in New York: sole occupancy of a city block. In fact, none of the ten tallest structures in the city takes up its own block. Herewith, nine that do.

1. 1 Liberty Plaza, at 743 feet, is the city's tallest building rising from a full-block site. Assembly of its lower-Broadway plot forced the demolition of the famed Singer tower (612 feet), but the deal with the city carved out another (nearly) full square block of much-needed open space to the south.

2. The Northern Dispensary, in Greenwich Village, is the most compact full-block structure in Manhattan. Curiously, this 1831 three-story building has two façades on one street (Waverly Place) and one on two (Grove and Christopher).

3. St. Paul's Chapel of Trinity Parish proves that an ideal route for achieving full-block sovereignty is getting there early. In St. Paul's case, that was in 1766, making it the only pre–Revolutionary War structure to remain from what was then "the city."

4. Port Authority Union Inland Terminal No. 1, the sober fifteen-story colossus which runs from Eighth to Ninth Avenue between 15th and 16th streets, demonstrates the efficient assembly of land through the powers of condemnation. Using its quasi-governmental status, the Port Authority is able to condemn private property for public use when a purchase isn't possible through negotiation. This power helped it to rapidly assemble the required 72 parcels, few of the same size or shape, and almost all under twenty feet wide. The building, opened in 1932, was the agency's headquarters until the opening of the World Trade Center.



5. Manhattan House, the luxury apartment building at 200 East 66th Street, was built in 1950 as a private development and therefore couldn't avail itself of the powers of condemnation. Its developers did the next best thing. They purchased the vacant full-block site of the Third Avenue Railway Company's trolley-car barns. Then, as a concession to the city for building a blockbuster, they proceeded to widen East 66th Street, thus decreasing the width of the block they had so cleverly acquired.

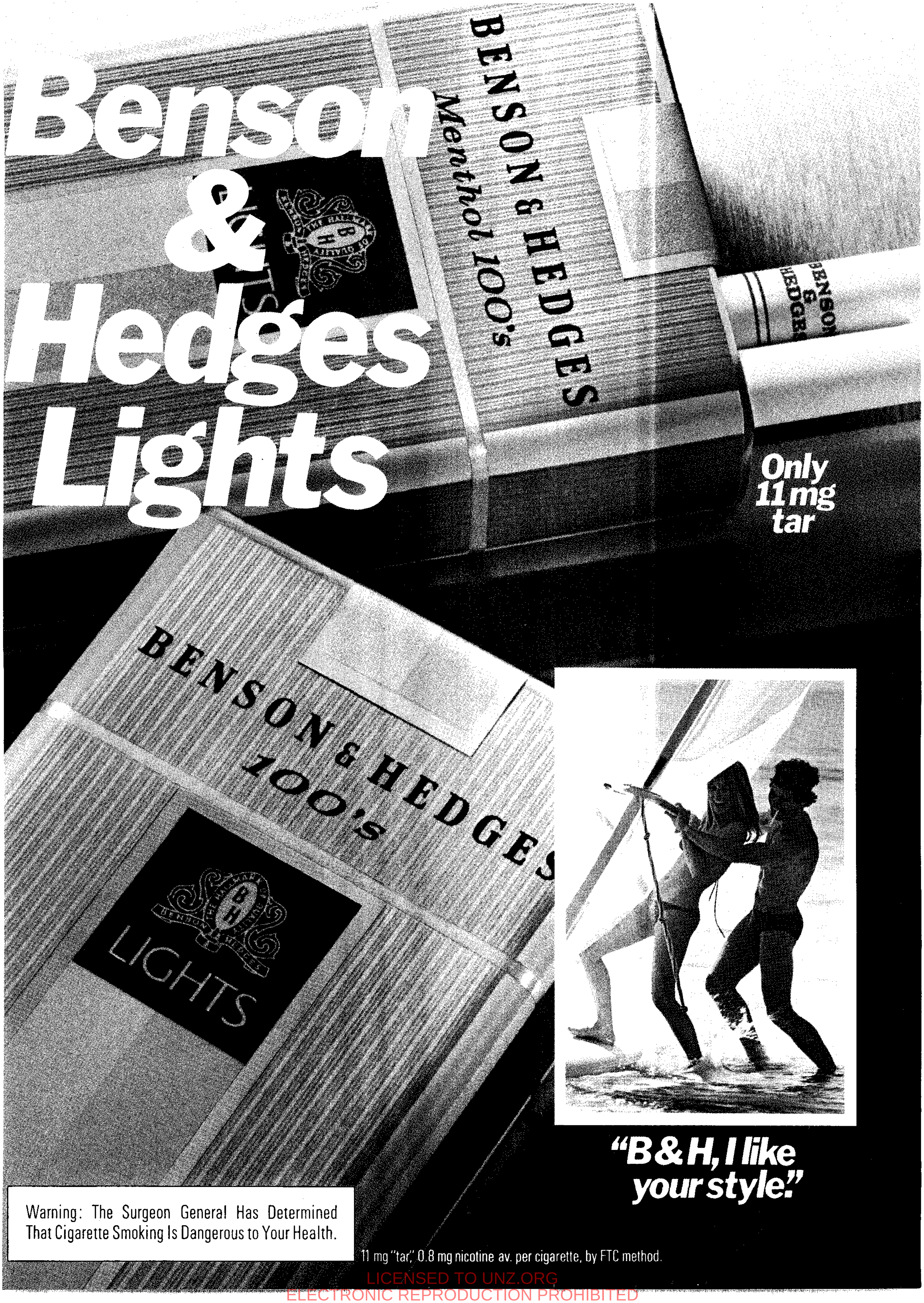
6. New York Life Insurance Company's home office building, stretching from Madison Avenue to Park Avenue South between 26th and 27th streets, best illustrates the maxim "Never divide what you have already assembled." In 1857 this block became the site of the train sheds of two of the city's earliest railroads, the New York & Harlem and the New Haven. When it was made obsolete by the opening of the first Grand Central, in 1871, P. T. Barnum leased the depot's shell as his Hippodrome, later to be rechristened Madison Square Garden. The name and site, but not the depot itself, were made famous by Stanford White in his lavish design for a monumental new Garden, opened in 1890. Its popularity faded after White was murdered in its roof garden in 1906, and it was eventually demolished. The owner, New York Life, then proceeded to cover the entire site with its own 40-story structure, which was completed in 1928.

7. Bloomingdale's varied façades reveal the patient, piece-by-piece expansion of the store from an initial foothold at the corner of Third Avenue and 59th Street (1886) to its present full-block coverage (1930). Learning from its neighbor's experience, Alexander's opened a less-than-square-block monolith in 1965, designed with a modular façade to help knit its hoped-for expansions into what will appear to be a single, block-square entity.

8. 140 West Street, the New York Telephone Company's lower West Side stalwart, fills a block and then some. In order to permit the widening of Vesey Street, the 1926 building's nine-story south façade was designed to rise directly from the curbline. Thus its sidewalk is contained in a curbside arcade, one which formerly sheltered commuters on their way to and from the Hoboken ferry across West Street.

9. The Jefferson Market Courthouse, now reworked into a library, was not designed to be sole occupant of its Greenwich Village site. It is the only remaining element of what was, between 1877 and 1927, a full-block complex of courthouse, prison, fire tower, and public market. Although the notorious Women's House of Detention shared the plot for many years afterward, the Venetian Gothic structure today sits alone, framed by formal greenery. ■

Illustrated by Ben Chase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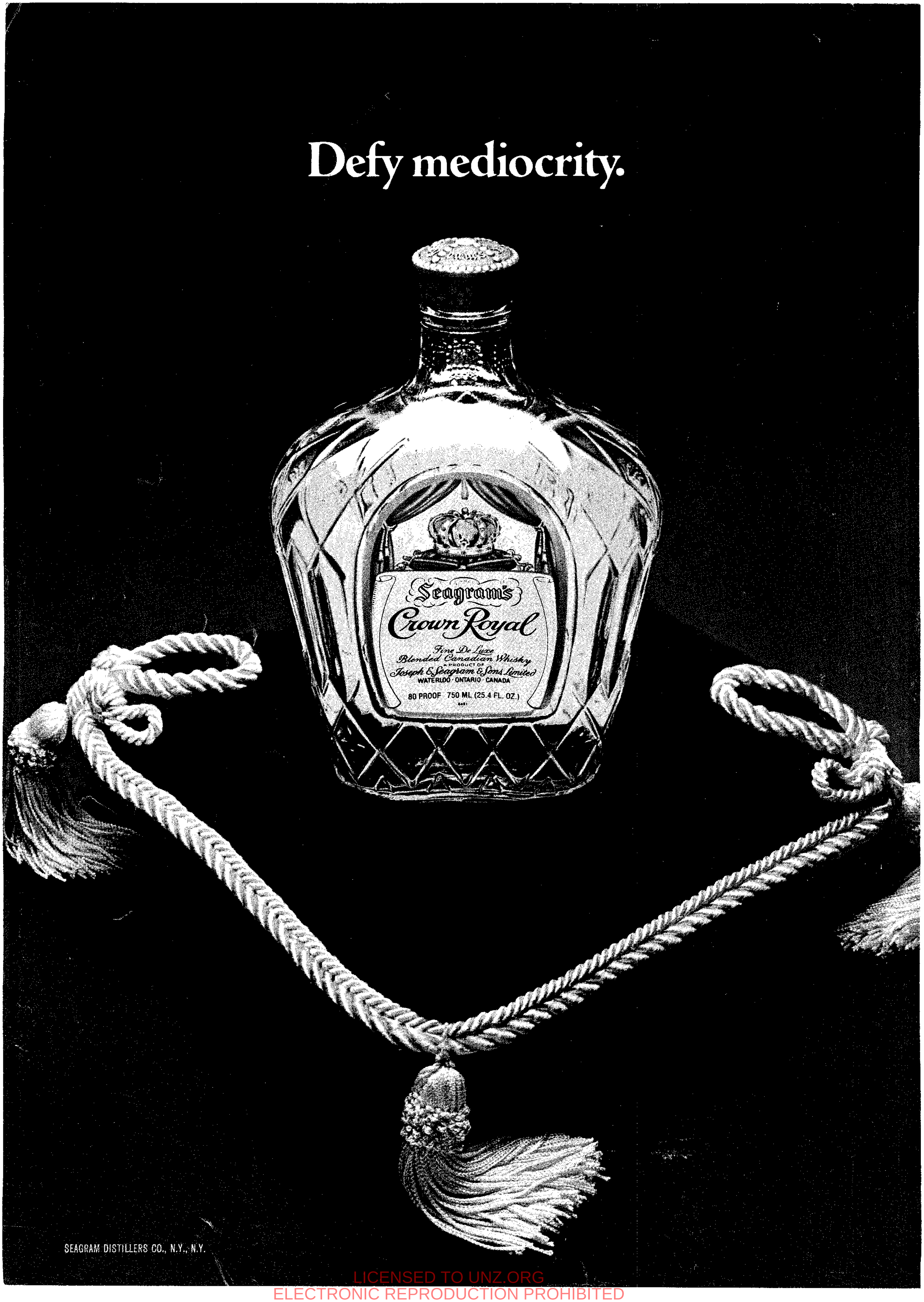
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Undiscovered Weekend Retreats in Connecticut's Litchfield Hills

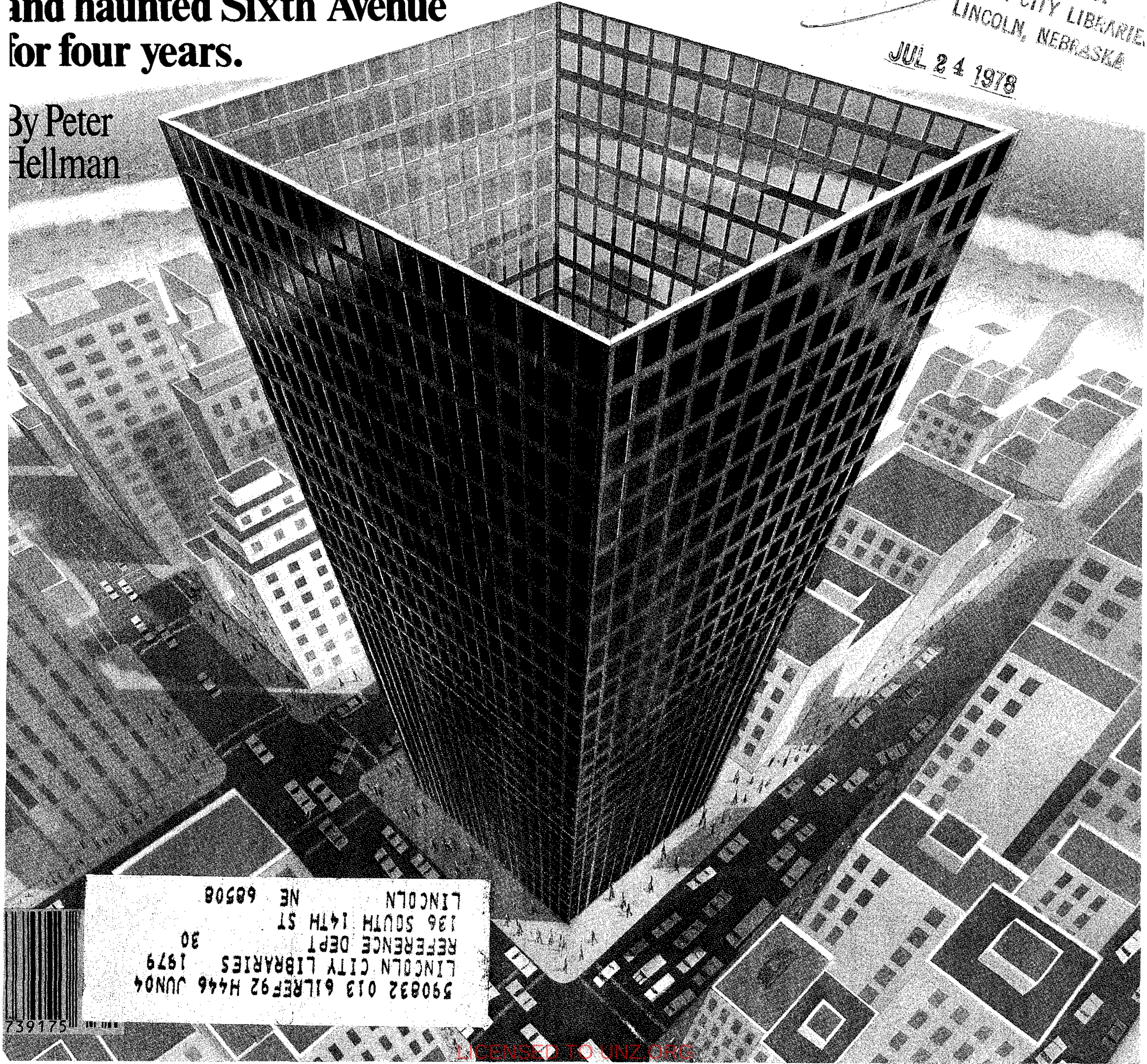
ONE DOLLAR JULY 31, 1978

NEW YORK

TOWERING FIASCO!

The empty skyscraper that devoured $100 million and haunted Sixth Avenue for four years.

By Peter Hellman



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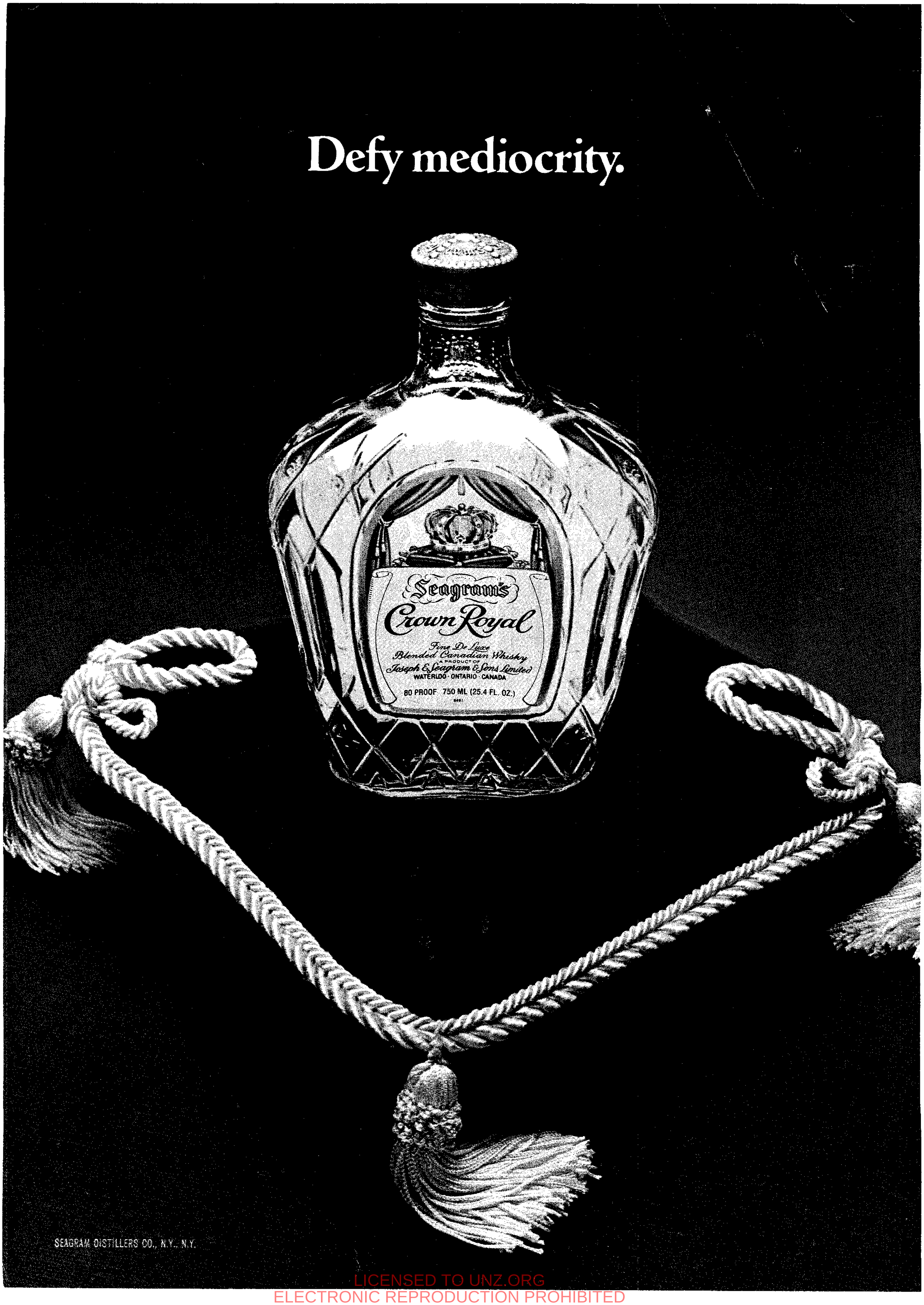
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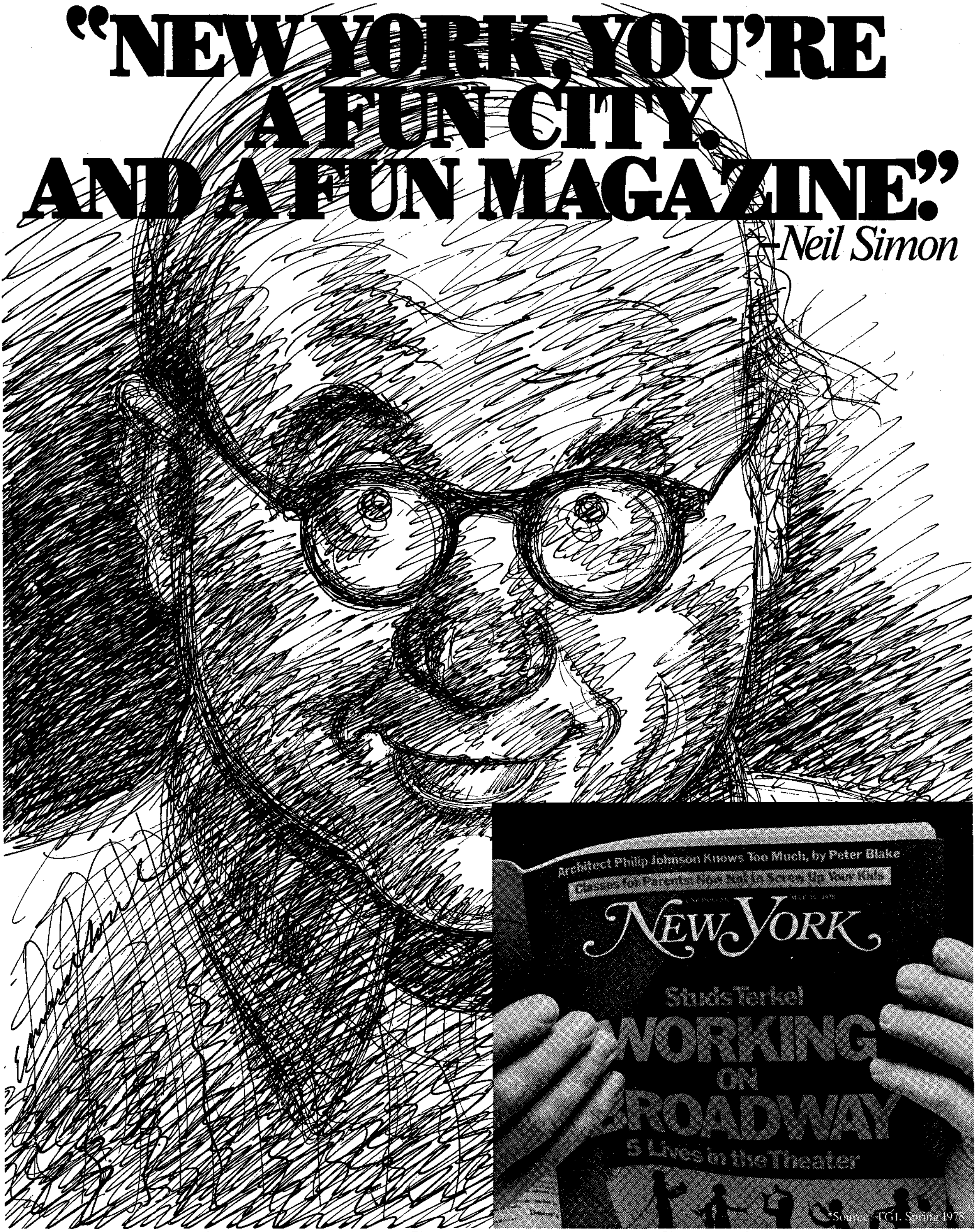
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*Source: TGI, Spring 1978

NEW YORK MAGAZINE. BECAUSE NEW YORK GOES BEYOND CITY LIMITS.

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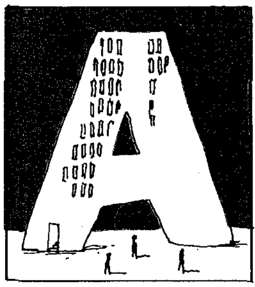
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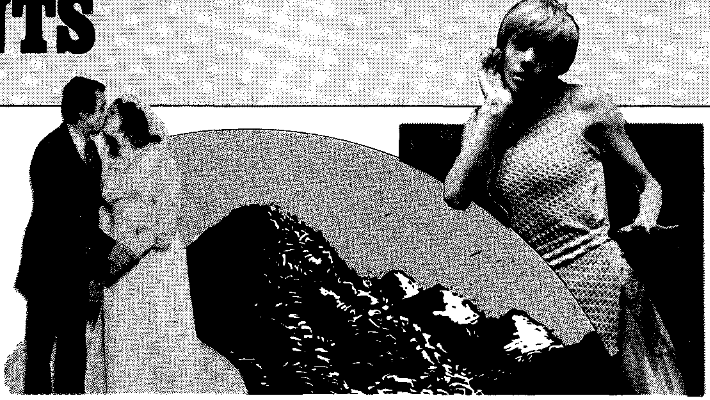
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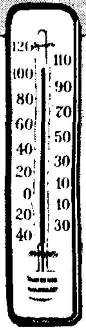

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By Peter Hellman
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By Harriet Heyman
Harry Reasoner has left ABC and gone back to his old stomping ground, CBS, leaving Barbara Walters behind. What does Harry think about that, and about life, and about what might have been?

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By Susan Berman
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By Charles F. Tebo
The natives of the Litchfield Hills, in northwestern Connecticut, were less than overjoyed to learn that *New York* was preparing an article about the area. And no wonder—these lovely highlands have remained almost undiscovered by city folk, and the residents would have liked to keep things that way.

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Frank Wedekind's *Spring Awakening* is a superior play, but the production at the Public Theater is a disaster.

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Our music man journeyed to faraway Brazil to observe a great cello teacher. Here is a record of his adventures.

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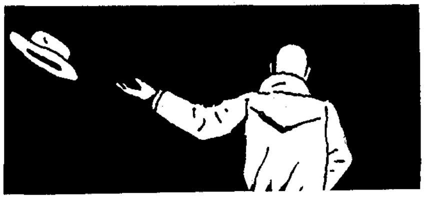

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BETWEEN THE LINES

Meeting of minds: *Thomas B. Hess (left) and Willem de Kooning, at the Met in 1975.*

Thomas B. Hess, who was art critic for this magazine from 1972 until early this year, died on July 13 after being stricken by a heart attack in his office at the Metropolitan Museum.

His untimely death, a day before his fifty-eighth birthday, is causing shock waves throughout the art world, especially at the Met, where Tom had just embarked on a series of exciting new projects. Appointed to fill the vacancy left when Henry Geldzahler became Mayor Koch's consultant on art, Tom had begun organizing a number of exhibitions which would have greatly expanded the Met's always somewhat cautious approach to modern art. Major exhibitions of Clyfford Still, Georgia O'Keeffe, and Balthus were being planned, as well as smaller ones of Barnett Newman, Larry Rivers, and Ellsworth Kelly. Another project was a Brancusi show for which Tom hoped to bring over Brancusi's studio, now installed in the Centre Pompidou in Paris.

Tom was born in Rye, New York, in 1920. His family lived much of the time in Europe, and he attended Swiss schools. He graduated magna cum laude from Yale in 1942, where he majored in seventeenth-century French art and literature, and wrote his thesis on Poussin under Henri Peyre. (It is somewhat ironic that this lifelong Francophile, born on Bastille Day, was instrumental in encouraging a new American modernism which finally succeeded in throwing off French influence.)

After a stint in the air force and marriage to Audrey Stern, of a prominent New Orleans family, Tom went to work at *Art News* under Alfred Frankfurter, whom he eventually replaced as editor after Frankfurter's death in 1965. During the late forties and fifties he did much to promote the new Abstract Expressionist painters: de Kooning, Pollock, Kline, Motherwell, Still, Newman, Rothko, and others.

The New York School became internationally famous thanks to *Art News.* As Tom's friend art historian Meyer Schapiro put it, "Even when they didn't read the articles, people all around the world saw the illustrations and knew what the new art looked like."

In addition to Tom's moral and editorial support for the artists he believed in, he and Audrey (who died in 1974) set up the Longview Foundation, a little-publicized institution whose main purpose was to buy works from promising but impoverished artists and place them in public collections.

Tom came to *New York* after *Art News* was sold in 1972. Here for the first time his erudite, feisty criticism reached a public beyond the art world, and this seemed to revive the sensitive pugilist in him, who had been somewhat under wraps since the 1960s.

This stage seemed to lead naturally to a level of organization on a new and grandiose scale—first the major show called "The New York School," which he put together for Albany last year, and finally the Met post, which, to our loss, remains a set of ravishing possibilities. Those of us who loved this wonderful, generous, wise, witty, and truly noble man can only echo the words of his sister Betty, who has said that she considers this death "totally unacceptable."

—John Ashbery

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LETTERS

/orth Ten-Thousand Words

This office represents Division 1181-)61 Amalgamated Transit Union, FL-CIO, and its president, Mr. Fred ıporita.

The June 19, 1978, edition of *New ork* Magazine contains an article en- tled "Warily We Roll Along on Our 'ay to School," by Nicholas Pileggi. his article is full of inaccuracies, isstatements, and untruths.

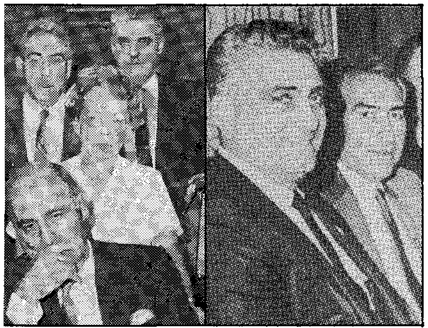
The main source of Mr. Pileggi's in- ırmation appears to be one Walter reene. Mr. Greene is certainly not ıe most reliable source under the cir- ımstances and Mr. Pileggi should ave checked the facts before writing ıe article.

On page 36 Mr. Pileggi states that [r. Greene pulled out a 1969 photo- ·aph and identified one Fred Sapo- ta, president of Local 1181, as one of ıe persons in the picture. This picture then published on page 38. At the ft is a legend which states:

> The company he keeps: He says, "We run a legitimate local. We're connected with nobody but legitimate people." But, in 1969, Local 1181 president Fred Saporita (right, rear) was photographed accompanying a wheelchair-bound Thomas "Tommy Ryan" Eboli, a known mobster, out of an organized-crime hearing.

Mr. Saporita was not present and the ərson so identified is not Mr. Sapo- ta. The person identified as Mr. ıporita was in fact a member of the aff of the New York State Crime ommission.

Wilfred L. Davis
'ilfred L. Davis & Stephen Davis, P.C.
Manhattan



'**ogether again:** *On the left, Davis and aporita (left to right, behind nurse wheel- ıg Thomas Eboli) in our June 19 photo- raph. On the right, Saporita and Davis nce more, pictured in the Amalgamated 'ransit Union journal,* In Transit.

The author replies: Mr. Davis, who was probably preoccupied with the health of his client Thomas Eboli at the moment, may not have realized that that was indeed Fred Saporita accompanying him out of the 1969 Senate crime hearing. But, according to a number of sources in addition to Mr. Greene, that was Fred.

Another photograph of Davis and Saporita, smiling this time, appeared in the official magazine of the Amalgamated Transit Union that same year.

Power Play

Carolyn Brancato ["Where Will You Be When the Lights Go Out This Summer?" July 17] portrayed Con Edison as a company resistant to change and reluctant to undertake measures necessary to avoid a recurrence of the blackout. Not so. Here are the facts:

☐ The many steps taken by Con Edison since July 13, 1977, should substantially reduce the likelihood of the recurrence of a major blackout. So states a report on the blackout issued by the Federal Energy Regulatory Commission (FERC). The report calls the preventive measures taken by Con Edison "commendable."

☐ On July 21, 1977, only a week after the blackout, the company met an all-time-record demand for power. The temperature in New York City reached 104 degrees that day, the eighth day of a severe heat wave.

☐ On September 26, 1977, eight Con Edison lines were struck by lightning. The measures the company adopted following the blackout restored the electric system to normal.

☐ Con Edison did not ignore any previous recommendations for improvements to its power system. As the FERC report notes, Con Edison evaluated all recommendations made following the 1965 and 1977 blackouts and adopted most of them, rejecting some on the basis of impracticality or excessive costs in relation to the benefits.

☐ FERC found that Con Edison's system design and operating procedures were consistent with industry practice and that the equipment at the company's Energy Control Center was adequate to provide the basic information and control functions required on the night of the blackout.

☐ The lightning-related transmission outages of July 13 were described in the FERC report as "a highly improbable event"—one that could not have been conceived of in planning the design of a system.

In accusing Con Edison of an obsession to add new facilities, Dr. Brancato claims we are more interested in profits than in reliable service. But, at the same time, she accuses Con Edison of not spending millions of dollars on new substation facilities and new equipment for the Energy Control Center. In addition to being inconsistent, she is wrong on both counts. We build facilities which result in increased reliability. We don't build those which do not benefit our customers.

Finally, Dr. Brancato has long been an opponent of our proposed Cornwall (Storm King) pumped storage hydroelectric project. In the interim report on the blackout, published in August 1977, FERC concluded—as it did following the 1965 blackout—that if the Cornwall project had been in service, the blackout might have been averted.

Joyce Hergenhan
Vice-president
Consolidated Edison Company
Manhattan

The author replies: Despite her rhetoric, Miss Hergenhan obviously cannot find any factual errors in my article, since she fails to specify any. Also, her reliance on FERC is itself misleading, because FERC's final blackout report explicitly agrees with my commission's analysis of the specific cause of the power failure as well as with my proposed modifications to the system—which have not yet been made.

She distorts the facts on Storm King by neglecting to mention testimony two weeks ago by FERC and PSC chairmen that Con Ed had all the in-city generators it needed to avert the blackout without the benefit of Storm King. I am perfectly consistent in criticizing the poor behavior of management as well as the regulatory process which rewards its continued inefficiency and its drive to spend billions on new plants rather than moderate sums on making existing ones work.

Corrections: In "Discount Fever," by Jon J. Bloomberg [July 17], the telephone number given for Uncle Steve should have been listed as 226-4010. The return policy of Typewriter Sales & Service of Staten Island should have been stated this way: An exchange or credit will be given if returned merchandise is accompanied by a sales receipt.

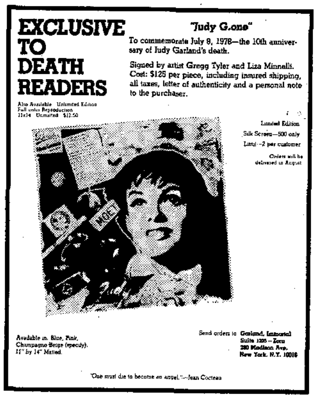
oto credit: left, N.Y. Daily News

NEW YORK

INTELLIGENCER

Fake Ad Rips Off Liza, Judy

The exploitation of Judy Garland and her famous daughter continues unabated. The latest ripoff is being advertised in something called *Death*, a newspaper for the morbid. A full-page ad in *Death* offers a commemorative montage of Judy "signed by the artist Gregg Tyler and Liza Minnelli." For $125, anyone sick enough to buy this work of art gets "a letter of authenticity and a personal note." Only problem is that Liza has never heard of the project. The promoters of the offer will be hearing from her lawyers.



EXCLUSIVE TO DEATH READERS

"Judy G.one"

To commemorate July 9, 1978—the 10th anniversary of Judy Garland's death.

Signed by artist Gregg Tyler and Liza Minnelli. Cost: $125 per piece, including insured shipping, all taxes, letter of authenticity and a personal note to the purchaser.

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"One must die to become an angel."—Jean Cocteau

What Goes On Beneath Covers

Just this once, we're going to go blind. It seems a reporter for a national publication was preparing a cover story about a major figure in the film world. As part of his research, he went on the set of a hot upcoming film and flabbergasted its stars by asking them: "What's it like to be gay and making a straight movie like this?" The stars told the major figure about the strange encounter and so he was prepared when, a couple of months later, he granted the reporter an interview. "What," he sarcastically asked the nonplused reporter, "is it like to be gay and working for a straight magazine?" None of this will you find in the cover story.

Author Saves Her Best for FBI

Kunstler, Caldwell: Strange stories of assassination plots.

Taylor Caldwell is now enjoying the greatest success of her 78 years. The veteran novelist has become the darling of the TV-mini-series producers, with *Captains and the Kings* and *Testimony of Two Men* already aired and three more of her works bought for similar treatment. But one of Miss Caldwell's best literary efforts has not, until now, been featured in the public prints. It is the running correspondence she has had with the FBI in which she stresses the dangers of Communism and the dastardly plots Red fellow travelers have laid here. A pet target has been William Kunstler, the civil-rights lawyer. Writing in the September issue of *Crawdaddy*, Kunstler reveals that Miss Caldwell wrote the FBI ten years ago accusing him of plotting to murder Martin Luther King Jr. and implying that he was connected with the assassination of Robert F. Kennedy.

Kunstler (who served as special counsel to King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference) has obtained Caldwell's letters to the FBI and the bureau's reports on them. He notes with some pleasure that the FBI reports constantly refer to Miss Caldwell's "known unreliability" and her "penchant for intermingling fact and fiction indiscriminately." Miss Caldwell based her assassination-plot charges against Kunstler on an exchange of letters she had with a "terrified Negro businessman friend in New York." But she could never put agents in touch with this friend and the bureau, after a series of interviews with her, quietly shelved the Kunstler investigation.

Vere Lording It Underground

Just when he has ascended to his father's peerage, press lord Vere Harmsworth has decided to expand his holdings in the American underground press. The newly titled Lord Rothermere's associates say he is moving to buy all the stock (he now owns 25 percent) in Michael Goldstein's *Soho Weekly News* and that he wants to buy the Boston *Real Paper*. A national chain of undergrounds is the eventual goal.

Meanwhile, Vere will have to adjust to our rough-and-ready ways with the nobility. Another peer, the entertainment mogul Lord Delfont, is still laughing over the way he was paged at the pool of the Beverly Hills Hotel the other day. They called for "Mr. Lord Delfont." And later, in the Polo Lounge, the maître d' bowed deeply and said: "This way, Your Royalship." For the record, Vere should be addressed as "My Lord" and wife Bubbles as "Your Ladyship."

Kissinger Style Suits Wall Street

Henry Kissinger is proving to be a gold mine for his latest employer, Goldman, Sachs and Company, the Wall Street investment bankers. "He is producing millions in new business for them," says an envious competitor. "He puts in only three days a month, but in that time he can speak to dozens of potential customers. He doesn't have to do anything as mundane as selling Goldman's services. Just the chance to have lunch with Henry the K is enough to make some tycoons of industry switch investment bankers."

The people at Goldman, Sachs (where it's believed Kissinger is paid an annual retainer in the low six figures) hope the former secretary of state will get more intensely involved with their business. And they tell the story of Kissinger taking the firm's intensive training course in finance. John Whitehead, one of the firm's managing partners, asked Kissinger how he was progressing. "One more day and then I'll be ready," beamed Henry, pointing at Whitehead. "Ready for your job."

Kissinger: Dazzling customers.

BY NEAL TRAVIS

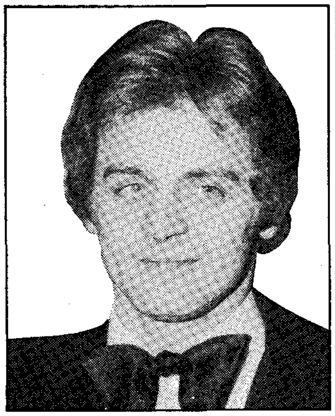
Photo credits: top left, Black Star; bottom right, Camera 5

Fired Ford Boss With Cohn Pal

Just days after Henry Ford fired him, Lee Iacocca turned up in Elaine's, dining with George Steinbrenner and Bill Fugazy. They were probably just talking baseball, but if you were conspiracy-minded you would have recalled that Fugazy and attorney Roy Cohn are very close associates and that Cohn is handling a potentially explosive stockholder suit against Ford.

Critic's Chance To Draw Blood

Veteran director Harold Kennedy's busy promoting his very funny Broadway book, *No Pickle, No Performance*, but will soon be returning to the stage. One fascinating assignment he's just been offered is directing vitriolic columnist Rex Reed in a road production of *Dracula.* Reed, whose thespian efforts to date have included the film *Myra Breckinridge* and some summer stock, has yet to decide whether to risk playing a vampire. "If he does," says Kennedy, "I'm sure I'll get enough material for another book." And Reed's past victims will have a ball opening night.

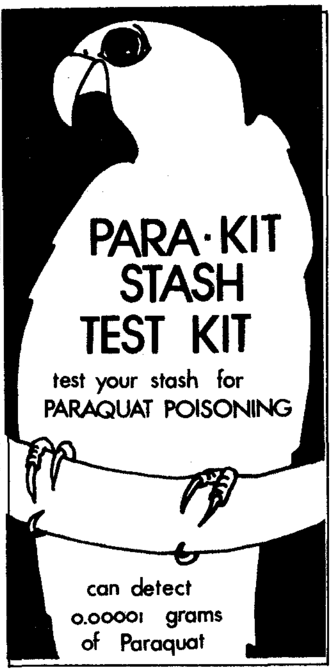


Baryshnikov: Equine diversions.

Misha Saddles Up In Saratoga

It's not all work for Mikhail Baryshnikov, now breaking in with George Balanchine's troupe in Saratoga. Caught up in the horsy ambience of the spa, Misha is spending his mornings learning to ride English style. His tutor is Krisina Maarten, a young scholarship student with the American Ballet Theatre. When she's not in Saratoga, Krisina can usually be found on Park Avenue, walking the star's black poodle and golden retriever. Meanwhile, back at the American Ballet Theatre, the whisper is that Anthony Dowell has been lured away from the Royal Ballet to take Misha's place.

Pot Comes Clean in This Test



Para-kit: Washing tainted grass.

As Mexico continues to spray the deadly herbicide paraquat on its marijuana crop, the search for an effective and cheap paraquat-testing device goes on. Now a Brooklyn pharmacist, Irwin Cohen, thinks he has found it. "Almost all the kits being marketed are ripoffs, worse than useless," Cohen tells us. "Many don't work at all because the chemicals are wrong or the paraquat is not removed from the plant. A few that could work require time and some knowledge of chemistry. What happens is that a user tests his grass with one of these types and gets a negative reading. So he thinks it's safe." What Cohen suggests pot users should do is test the testing kits by deliberately lacing small samples of grass with paraquat. "If you then get a negative reading, you know the kit is a ripoff," he says.

Cohen's interest in all this has led him to develop the "Para-kit," which he swears is the one kit that really works. It consists of a mixture of chemicals in a reactor tube, to which a special salt solution is added. ("Water's no good for stripping paraquat from the plant," he says.) We had a knowledgeable friend test the Para-kit with unadulterated marijuana and with grass that had three ascending levels of paraquat added. He reports that the testing device accurately reflected the levels and that each test was accomplished in three minutes. Proton Products, Box 14, Midwood Station, Brooklyn, New York 11230, can furnish a list of Para-kit retailers.

Chemical Reacts Against Sex Club

The city's banks, which we always thought would do anything for a buck, have suddenly gone all ethical. Their target is Larry Levinson, proprietor of the notorious swingers' club Plato's Retreat. While the establishment may have absolutely no redeeming social value, Levinson says it does pay its bills, and it doesn't bounce checks (at $40 a couple, it shouldn't need to). That's why Levinson got very angry when Chemical Bank told him his checking account was canceled forthwith after a year of what Levinson had thought was a mutually satisfactory relationship. "We just don't like your type of business," he says a Chemical officer told him. None of the other major banks will handle Levinson either, because when they check with Chemical they're told his account was "unsatisfactory." He's now talking with his attorneys about a lawsuit.

We called a Chemical spokesman, who first laughed when Plato's Retreat was mentioned, then said we'd have to talk to Chemical's lawyers about it. But, we said, we just wanted to know what were the bank's criteria for accepting customers. For example, had Chemical joined the other major banks in lending money to Chile's generals? "What's Chile got to do with Plato's Retreat?" demanded the spokesman. Then he hung up.

Wounds Healing Inside Vietnam

The networks' policy of not buying documentaries from outside sources will be sorely tested when they see an Australian film that will soon be offered them. It's a one-hour color documentary on Vietnam today by veteran war correspondent Pat Burgess. Burgess was given complete cooperation by the new regime and traveled from Saigon to the Chinese border, filming and interviewing the people. He found surprisingly little bitterness toward the Americans. "The whole stress in Vietnam today is on reconciliation," Burgess says. "Officials were careful to distinguish between what they called 'puppets and imperialist troops' and the American and Australian people." He filmed some of the thousands of children fathered by American soldiers and notes that they are not discriminated against and are, by law, full Vietnamese citizens. One thing the Vietnamese *are* bitter about, says Burgess, is the American-sponsored "baby lift," which saw thousands of children flown out of South Vietnam just before the fall of Saigon. "They want their children back," he says. The Vietnamese have put to good use all the helicopters, tanks, and armored personnel carriers the Americans left behind. They are now deployed along the borders of Cambodia and Laos, where Vietnam thinks its next war will begin.

Photo credit: Pictorial Parade

The City Politic/Sidney Zion

ANDY STEIN KNOWS THIS MUCH: HE'S STILL AROUND

Borough Power

Borough presidents seldom say anything and never do much—a truism if there ever was one. We are talking, however, about Andrew Stein, who has a way with truisms. His way is to lay them under siege for a while—usually long enough to finish a can of diet soda—and then to stomp over them as if they were clichés.

As an assemblyman, Stein went head-on against the landlords, the builders, the mental-health bureaucracy, the nursing-home operators, Con Edison, and—most important, most heretical—the entire leadership of his own Democratic party in the state and city.

Now, after a relatively quiet few months dedicated to "learning the mechanics of the office," the new borough president of Manhattan is once again off to the races, doing what he does best—disturbing the peace of the political and business establishments.

But borough presidents have little power under the city charter. So the natural question: How much real "disturbing" can anyone do out of that office? Stein's answer: "How much could a single assemblyman do?"

Until Andy Stein came along, the answer to that one was nothing, and maybe less. The State Assembly is a tight package run with strict party discipline that more often than not marches across the aisles to produce a politics of collusion known to insiders as "the two parties against the people."

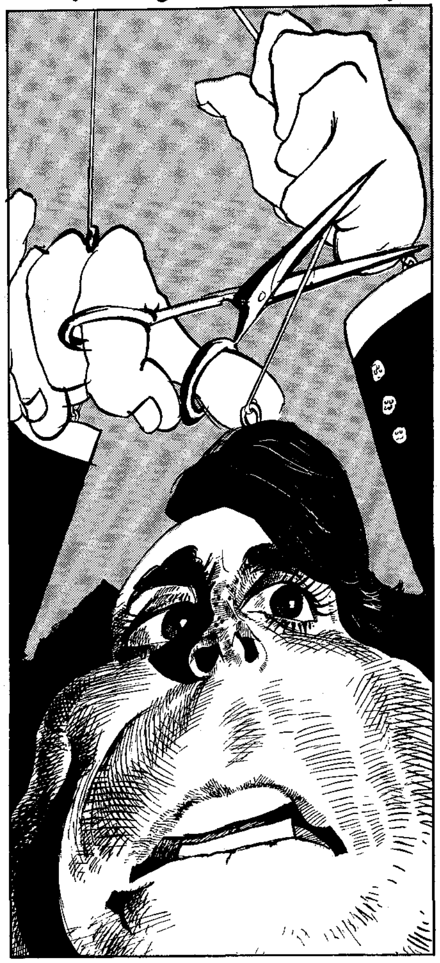
By breaking with this "tradition"—most critically in 1975, when he accused Stanley Steingut of having told him to lay off Bernard Bergman during the nursing-home investigations, and then cast the lone vote against Steingut for speaker—Stein drew the undying enmity of Democratic politicians and something of the same from Republicans.

Thus, after he beat Robert F. Wagner Jr. in the Democratic primary for borough president last September, the Republicans nominated Wagner for the office. Whereupon the state's top Democrats—Governor Carey, Senator Moynihan, Speaker Steingut—supported Wagner. Ed Koch, while technically neutral, had his operative working the vineyards for Bobby Jr.

When Stein won handily, the reform Democrats were even more upset than the regulars. By defying the machine, Stein showed the reformers up as "Tammany liberals," baying at the bosses by day, only to crawl into bed with them at night.

As if to prove they were all exactly right to oppose him, in the past few weeks Stein has been doing his best to drive them crazy.

So: He came out against the re-election of Carey, and may back Mary Anne Krupsak; he accused Koch of lying to the voters on Westway and then asserted that the mayor had the legal power to kill—as he promised he would—the controversial highway project; he has demanded that senior citizens be permitted to travel on subways and buses at half fare at all times; he is about to begin a major investigation of the Metropolitan Transportation Authority, which is run by Harold Fisher, the governor's *éminence grise;* and he is campaigning hotly in Brooklyn to defeat Stanley Steingut, who, like everyone else in the Assembly, must run for re-election this year.



Illustrated by Philip Burke

I drove out to Brooklyn with Stein the other day, partly to watch the way he struts his stuff and partly to see the cut of his jib. Of course, I had read and heard plenty about him, mostly of a disparaging nature and much of it plainly scurrilous. During the borough-presidency race last year, it was a commonplace in the salons and smart places around town to hear Stein described as everything from a woman beater to a mental retard. This was not simply whispered about; it was often shouted with a rage and a venom I had never witnessed in or out of the political arena.

None of these rumors could be backed up by evidence, though the press and the pols gumshoed around for months trying to find something. Even so, the slanders persist, and some turn the lack of proof *against* Stein, saying that it only shows the power of his father, Jerry Finkelstein, who was able to "suppress" the "truth."

Finkelstein, who publishes the New York *Law Journal* and heads the Struthers Wells Corporation, is indeed a connected, powerful man. But it would be folly to suggest that he has anything like the clout of the forces arrayed against his son, which include not only the politicians but the three New York City daily papers.

Which brings us to Brooklyn, where Stein is about to speak against his premier enemy, Stanley Steingut. The setting is a senior-citizens center in the heart of Steingut country. For the first time in sixteen years Steingut faces opposition in a primary. His opponent is a 25-year-old lawyer named Helene Weinstein, who is backed by Councilman Teddy Silverman, for reasons that are tragicomic, considering the stakes involved.

As speaker of the Assembly, Steingut controls a patronage bank estimated at anywhere from $10 million to $15 million—larger by far than the one the governor has at his disposal. Yet the reason he is in a primary fight turns on his refusal to make Teddy Silverman's wife his co-district leader!

By all accounts, Steingut is in serious trouble. Some of his closest people tell me he is running behind in the polls by an astonishing nine-to-five margin. Part of this is attributed to his strong stand against capital punishment and part of it to his neglect of the home base, which, however understandable owing to his duties as speaker, is apparently not appreciated by his constituents.

Now, smelling blood, comes Andrew Stein, right into Steingut's traditional stronghold—the elderly Jewish voters in the *kishkas* of Flatbush.

But the senior citizens—who rate as the most powerful voting bloc in New York, because nearly all of them vote—simply belong to Andy Stein. To watch him walk into the center in Brooklyn, and into others later in Manhattan, is to see a kid enter a room with hundreds of doting grandmas and grandpas.

That first day he was sniffling and coughing, and it went like this: "What's wrong, *bubeleh,* you got a bug? Why did you come out in the rain? You gotta take care of yourself!" Any minute I thought they'd bring him chicken soup.

Eventually, Stein took the mike, stifled the sniffles, and went:

"Stanley Steingut," he says, "ordered me to lay off Bernard Bergman because Bergman was a big contributor to the Democratic party. [Boos.] Do you want a man like that to be speaker of the Assembly? [No.] Do you want a man who drives around in a big limousine and hasn't got the time of day for you to be your representative in Albany? [Boos.] Well, now, finally, after all these years, you have a real choice. You have a young woman here named Helene Weinstein, who cares about you, who is for the death penalty [yeas], who will do the right things for you in the Legislature. And remember: Stanley Steingut, who controls $15 million in patronage, wanted me to leave Bergman alone—Bergman, who made $22 million off the sufferings of old people."

When Stein first made this charge against Steingut, on January 1, 1975, Steingut called him a "goddamned liar." A few weeks later, however, while testifying before a U.S. Senate committee, Steingut said he couldn't "recall" the conversation.

This waffling secured Stein's credibility with the voters, though not with the press and the pols. It also made his father breathe easier.

"I couldn't resist showing Jerry the subpoena with Stanley's name on it the night before we gave it to the marshal for service," Andy recalls with lightly disguised glee.

"He couldn't believe it; he warned me that it was a crime to make forged subpoenas. When I convinced him it was real, he had five drinks—five—before he could talk. It sounds funny now, but he was really afraid for me;

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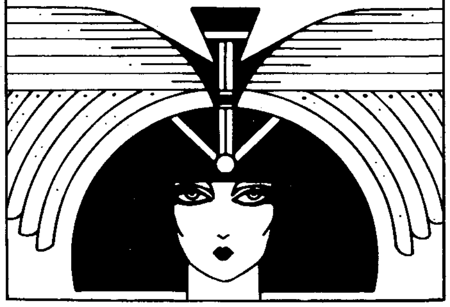
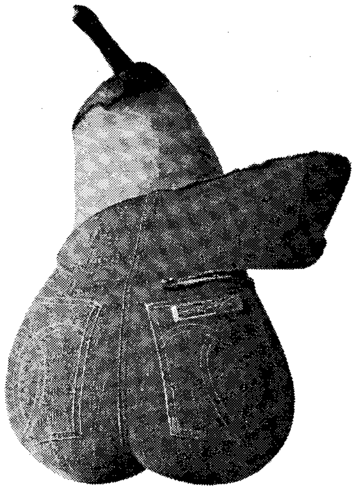


"Hart & Soul"—



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he told me they'd kill me, and he believed it. In the back of his mind, he still thinks they'll get me."

Ironically, the politicians, whom Finkelstein worked with all his life, blamed him for what the kid—then 30—was doing, and those who didn't think he had put Andy up to it were sure he could stop it.

"He begged me to stay away from the politicians, to just go after the conditions in the nursing homes," says Stein. "In his world, these guys were all-powerful, and he genuinely thought I had finished myself off.

"But I grew up around them: When I was elected to the Assembly for the first time in '68, Steingut introduced me, saying he had diapered me; later I heard he was sorry he hadn't stuck the pin through me. The point is that I guess I never had enough respect for them, knowing them around the house."

Stein frequently refers to his father as "Lupo" (after Lupo the Wolf, the old Black Hand *capo*), but he is quick to say that he couldn't have done much without Jerry's money and connections.

"He's done everything he possibly could for me; he'd jump off the roof for me," Stein says. "He went to Rockefeller and got me the chairmanship of the temporary commission from which it all began—the fight against vacancy decontrol, which led to rent stabilization, and of course the nursing homes. I worry about him because I know how he worries about me."

When Stein said Rockefeller was responsible for the nursing-home disgraces, because it went on during his administration, the story got a big play in the papers.

"I was in Buffalo, speaking before 2,000 senior citizens," he says, "when a guy came up to the podium and said my father was on the phone, it was an emergency. I thought somebody died. When I picked up, my father, in this tortured voice, said: 'How could you do that . . . how *could* you? The man gave you the commission.' He didn't get out of bed for three days."

Of course, Jerry Finkelstein had good reason to worry. After the kid's attack on Steingut, he was reviled in the Assembly—by both parties, which later tried to destroy him at the polls.

"I was really surprised that the Republicans wouldn't talk to me," Stein said the other night. "The only guy who was decent was Perry Duryea; the others wouldn't even say hello. I thought the Republicans would be cheering me on."

Nobody told him that it's the two parties against the people. Now he knows; he knows now. But if it bothers him, it's the best-kept secret in town. ■

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Monteith & Rand *do improvisations from August 25th, at Theater East, 211 East 60th Street (838-0177).*

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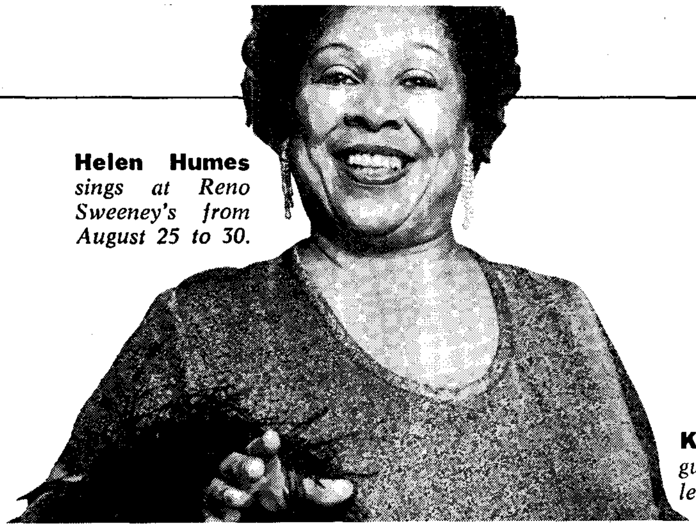

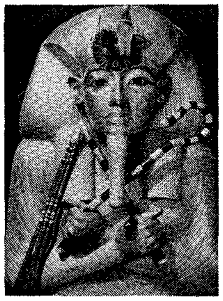

King Tut's *coffin, from August 1st at the Kodak Gallery, 1133 Sixth Avenue.*

MOVIES AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

July 25 thru August 1

THE MOVIE HOUSES

Schedules change constantly; phone ahead and avoid rage and disappointment.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E 8th (GR 3-7014). *Star Wars.*

St Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave at 8th (533-9292) Thru 7/25, *Capricorn One; Farenheit 451* 7/26-8/1, *The End; It's a Mad Mad Mad Mad World.*

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St Marks Pl (254-7400) 7/25, *Sherlock Holmes' Terror By Night; Sherlock Holmes' Woman In Green.* 7/26, *Bloodhounds of Broadway; Golden Girl.* 7/27, *The Postman Always Rings Twice; Honky Tonk.* 7/28, 29, *Murder Most Foul; Murder Ahoy* 7/30, *Honolulu; Lady Be Good.* 7/31, *Pigskin Parade; Summer Stock.* 8/1, *Auntie Mame; His Girl Friday* 8/2, *The Good Earth; Big City (Skyscraper Wilderness).*

Cinema Village, 22 E 12th (924-3363). 7/25, *McCabe and Mrs. Miller; Shampoo.* 7/26, 27, *The Story of O; Emmanuelle.* 7/28, 29, *Saturday Night Fever; They Shoot Horses, Don't They?* 7/30, 31, *Swept Away; The Seduction of Mimi.* 8/1, *Judgment at Nuremberg.*

Gramercy, 23rd St nr Lexington (GR 5-1660) *Star Wars.*

Bay Cinema, Second Ave nr 32nd (679-0160) *Grease.*

Murray Hill, 34th St nr 3rd Ave (685-7652) Thru 7/27, *Jaws II.* From 7/28, *National Lampoon Animal House.*

34th St East, near Second Avenue (683-0255) *Sgt Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band.*

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53rd (956-6100) 7/25, noon, *The Crooked Road;* 2:30, *Rembrandt;* 6 p.m., *Remember the Day* 7/27, 2:30, *Remember the Day;* 6 p.m., *Margie;* 8:30, *Tex Avery Cartoons.* 7/28, *The Song of Bernadette;* 6 p.m. *Rembrandt.* 7/29, noon, *The Black Swan;* 2 p.m. *Wilson.* 7/30, noon, *The Black Swan;* 2:30, *The Gun Fighter;* 5 p.m. *The Liberation of Rome, San Pietro, Le Retour, Nuit et Brouillard.* 7/31, noon, *Tex Avery Cartoons,* 2:30, *Twelve O'Clock High;* 6 p.m., *Wilson.*

Eastside, 3rd Ave at 55th (755-3020) Thru 8/10, *The Swarm.* From 8/11, *Hooper*

Sutton, 57th nr 3rd Ave (PL 9-1411) Thru 7/27, *Dear Inspector* From 7/28, *National Lampoon Animal House.*

Trans-Lux East, 3rd at 58th (PL 9-2262) *International Velvet.*

Plaza, 58th St, E of Madison (EL 5-3320) *Sgt Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band.*

Baronet, 3rd Ave at 59th (355-1663) *Bread and Chocolate.*

Coronet, 3rd Ave nr 59th (EL 5-1663) *The Cheap Detective.*

59th St E, 220 E 59th (688-0750) *Star Wars.*

D.W. Griffith, 59th Street East of 2nd Ave (759-4630). *Jaws II.*

Cinema I, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). *Cat and Mouse.*

Cinema II, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-0774). *Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands.*

Gemini I & II, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). *The Buddy Holly Story*

Beekman, 2nd Ave nr 65th (RE 7-2622). Thru 7/27, *An Unmarried Woman.* From 7/28, *National Lampoon Animal House*

68th St Playhouse, at 3rd Avenue (RE 4-0302). *Replay*

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave nr 71st (TR 9-1313). *Heaven Can Wait.*

72nd St East, nr 1st Ave (BU 8-9304). Thru 7/25, *The End.* From 7/26, to be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th, at Madison (BU 8-3180). *International Velvet.*

UA East, 1st Ave at 85th (249-5100). Thru 8/10, *The Swarm.* From 8/11, *Hooper*

Loews Orpheum, 86th at 3rd (AT 9-4607). *Grease.*

Loews Ciné, 3rd Avenue near 86th Street (427-1332). *Foul Play*

86th St East, off 3rd Ave (AG 9-1144). Thru 7/27, *The Bad News Bears Go to Japan.* From 7/28, *National Lampoon Animal House.*

RKO 86th I & II, at Lexington (AT 9-8900). *Jaws II.*

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St Cinema, 144 Bleecker at LaGuardia Pl (674-2560). 7/25, *Samurai, Part I: Legend of the Musashi; Samurai, Part II: Duel at Ichioji Temple.* 7/26, *The Man Who Loved Women; Vincent, Francoise, Paul et les Autres.* 7/27, *Take the Money and Run; The Half-Naked Truth.* 7/28, 29, *Every Man For Himself and God Against All; Padre, Padrone.* 7/30, 31, *The Damned; Mean Streets.* 8/1, *Samurai, Part III; Duel at Genryu Island; Bandits On The Wind.*

Waverly, 6th Ave at 3rd (WA 9-8037). *Madame Rosa.*

Greenwich, 12th at Greenwich (WA 9-3350). *The Last Waltz.*

Quad, four cinemas at 34 W 13th (255-8800). (Last minute changes frequent here; phone ahead). I. *That Obscure Object of Desire; The Lacemaker.* II. *An Unmarried Woman.* III. Thru 7/27, *The Swarm.* 7/28-8/7, *Dear Inspector* Thru 8/1, *International Velvet.* IV From 8/2, *Corvette Summer*

Loews Astor Plaza, Bdway at 44th (869-8340). Thru 7/27, *Star Wars.* From 7/28, *National Lampoon Animal House.*

Loews State I, Bdway at 45th (582-5070). Thru 8/1, *Grease.* From 8/2 *Eyes of Laura Mars.*

Loews State II, Broadway at 45th (582-5070). *Heaven Can Wait.*

Criterion, Bdway nr 45th (JU 2-1796). *The Buddy Holly Story.*

RKO Cinerama I & II, Broadway at 47th (975-8366). *Jaws II.*

Rivoli, 49th & Bdway (CI 7-1635). *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band.*

Guild, 33 W 50th (PL7-2406). *International Velvet.*

Radio City Music Hall, 50th St at 6th Ave (CI 6-4600). Thru 8/2, *Matilda.* From 8/3, *The Magic of Lassie.*

Ziegfeld, 141 W 54th (765-7600). *The Revenge of the Pink Panther*

Festival, 57th nr. 6th (757-2715). *Madame Rosa.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave betw 56th & 57th (757-2131). 7/25, *Triumph of the Will; The Last Ten Days of Hitler.* 7/26, *A Married Women; Alphaville.* 7/27, *Ikiru; Clouds at Twilight.* 7/28, *Lacombe, Lucien; Les Violons du Bal.* 7/29, *Valentino; The Loves of Isadora.* 7/30, *The Earrings of Madame De; Mayerling.* 7/31, *Burn!; Viva Zapata.* 8/1, *Twentieth Century; World Premiere.*

Playboy, 57th W of 6th Ave (JU 6-4448). Thru 7/25, *Capricorn One.* From 7/26, *The End.*

Little Carnegie, 57th St nr 7th (246-5123). *The Cheap Detective.*

Paris, 4 W 58th (MU 8-2013). *Viva Italia!*

Cinema III, 59th at the Plaza (752-5959). *Foul Play.*

Paramount, 2 Gulf & Western Plaza (247-5070). *Foul Play.*

Cinema Studio, Bdway & 66th (877-4040). *Faces of Love.*

Regency, Bdway at 67th (724-3700). Thru 7/25, *Somebody Up There Likes Me; Sweet Bird of Youth.* 7/26-29, *Singin' in the Rain; Ziegfeld Girl.* 7/30, 31, *King Solomon's Mines; Mogambo.* 8/1, 2, *Devil Doll; Mad Love.*

Embassy 72nd, at Bdway (SC 4-6745). *Madame Rosa.*

Loews Triplex, Bdway at 83rd (877-3190). I. *Star Wars;* II. *An Unmarried Woman;* III. To be announced.

New Yorker, Bdway nr 88th (TR 4-9189). Thru 7/27, *Pretty Baby.* From 7/28, *A Woman at Her Window.*

Thalia, 250 W 95th (222-3370). 7/25, *The Lady Vanishes; The 39 Steps.* 7/26, 27, *State of the Union; American Madness.* 7/28, 29, *From Here to Eternity; The Search.* 7/30, 31, *Richard III.* 8/1,*A Nous La Liberte; Pepe Le Moko.*

Olympia, Bdway at 107th (865-8128). Thru 7/27, *The Greek Tycoon; Slap Shot.* 7/28-8/1, *The Driver; Damnation Alley.*

(Listings subject to last-minute change)

THE MOVIES

Bread and Chocolate–Franco Brusati's poignant comedy (completed in 1974 and just opening here now) is about an Italian worker who emigrates to Switzerland in search of calm and order and finds that he can neither fit in nor give up his native identity. A meditation on homelessness, the movie tries to recapture the pathos-and-laughs mood of Chaplin's films but falls short: the hero is a lot less resourceful than the Tramp. Starring Nino Manfredi. Baronet. *(D.D.)*

The Buddy Holly Story–Film based on the life of the late rock 'n' roll singer who died in a plane crash in

1959. Directed by Steve Rash, starring Gary Busey Gemini I & II; Criterion.

Cat and Mouse–Claude Lelouch's playful mock-thriller stars Serge Reggiani as the cop/cat and Michele Morgan as the exquisitely magisterial mouse and Paris *et environs* (as the Michelin says) as the playpen in which these two enact one of those ultra-sophisticated duets in which love and money are entwined to the detriment of neither Cinema I.

The Cheap Detective–Neil Simon's comedy starring Peter Falk is not so much written for the screen as assembled from old-movie cliches patched up and fitted to a new line of stars. It is a very funny idea, but somehow it could have been even funnier—if Simon had been willing to develop the relationships of Peter Falk and Louise Fletcher as a vehicle for more of the personal, slightly bitter sexual humor that provides the film with its funniest and most resonant moments. Coronet; Little Carnegie.

The Damned–Campy melodrama masquerading as historical significance. The rise of the Nazis seen from the vantage point of a Krupp-like Germany family, for which read: Visconti indulging his grandly operatic taste for opulence and perversion. Even good actors give bad performances, and the cinematography is remarkably poor. Most of this doesn't even make sense. 7/30, 31, Bleecker St Cinema.

Dear Inspector–Annie Girardot and Philippe Noiret are irresistible as a police commissioner and a Sorbonne professor who fall in love, but this is despite the viscously cute format of Philippe de Broca's boulevard farce. Thru 7/27, Sutton; from 7/28, Quad.

Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands–You had to be in the streets of Bahia, where the film is set, or perhaps in a Brazilian audience (where the film is reported to have outgrossed *Jaws*), to appreciate the non-stop merriment of this witless sex farce, in which a roguish gambler awakens his virginal bride to a world of sexual delights and then dies from his own dissipation. Cinema II.

The End–This comedy about a dying man doesn't establish Burt Reynolds who stars and directs as the rival of Mel Brooks or Woody Allen, but it is a respectable miss. Its boners *seem* more egregious because of the hyperkinetic behavior of Reynolds's California Sonny, and Reynolds's failure as director to find and maintain the proper tone. Dom DeLuise and Robby Benson are hilarious in supporting roles. Thru 7/25, 72nd St E; 7/26-8/1, St Marks Cinema.

Faces of Love–Michel Soutter's new Swiss film about three actresses and their relationship with a film director while shooting on location a film of Chekhov's *Three Sisters*. It stars Jean-Louis Trintignant, Delphine Seyrig, Lea Massari, and Valerie Mairesse. Cinema Studio.

Foul Play–Chevy Chase as a police detective and Goldie Hawn as a librarian are much too cute together in this jumpy comedy-thriller set in San Francisco. The writer-director, Colin Higgins, borrowing from everyone and everything has managed to compile an anthology of sure-fire effects. Higgins will get a hit out of it but not a movie he can call his own. Cinema III; Paramount; Loews Cine *(D.D.)*

Grease–As the nerve center of the revival craze, *Grease* has been hyped so continuously that the movie version seems like one more promotional party. It is well to have Stockard Channing and John Travolta who can impose their personal rhythm on the chaotic and potentially embarrassing proceedings. Film abounds in the presence of veterans like Eve Arden, Frankie Avalon, Sid Caesar, Joan Blondell, and Dody Goodman. Edd Byrnes is hilarious as a TV host who delights in his fox-in-the-chicken-coop position. Randal Kleiser directed. Loews Orpheum; Bay Cinema; thru 8/1, Loews State I.

Heaven Can Wait–Warren Beatty, as a star quarterback, isn't meant to die in a near-fatal accident, but a heavenly functionary plucks him to paradise prematurely. He is then permitted to return to earth in the body of another. Beatty's version of *Here Comes Mr. Jordan* tries more for comedy than poignancy, and with Elaine May and Buck Henry sharing credits, the film ought to have been at least 50 per cent funnier. Loews State II; Loews Tower East.

International Velvet–A fussy, boring, overly genteel sequel to M-G-M's 1944 family classic, *National Velvet*, with the placidly uninteresting Nanette Newman playing the old Elizabeth Taylor character (a girl who loves horses) as a grown woman and a rather prim Tatum O'Neil pursing her lips like Chris Evert in the role of a very young Olympics horse-back rider Bryan Forbes, who wrote and directed the picture, has substituted ladies-magazine banality for the plain strength of the original movie. Guild; Trans-Lux E; Tranx-Lux 85th; thru 8/1, Quad *(D.D.)*

THE EGG AND I

Peter Lorre and **Frances Drake** star in Karl Freund's **Mad Love,** playing with Tod Browning's *Devil Doll* (with Lionel Barrymore and Maureen O'Sullivan). Aug 1 & 2, at the Regency

Jaws II–Roy Scheider stars in a sequel to you-know-what. Is *Jaws II* as scary as its predecessor? Yes, possibly more so, depending on which form of torture you prefer If you prefer violence relatively impersonal, of the hit-and-run variety, *Jaws II* is your poison. Directed by Jeannot Szwarc. RKO Cinerama I & II; RKO 86th St I & II; thru 7/27, Murray Hill; D.W Griffith.

Lacombe, Lucien–Louis Malle continues his development into one of our most arresting directors with this love-and-hate story about collaborators and Jews in hiding in occupied France. This is, however, no simple thriller, but an attempt to understand complex relationships against a soul-trying background, and there is so much that is fine here (including extraordinary color photography, brillant supporting performances) that is more than disappointing that the film finally does not go deep enough or ring fully true. Still, well above average. 7/28, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

The Last Waltz–Martin Scorsese's elegiac tribute to The Band is the most beautiful rock concert film ever made, but its vibrant colors and swooping camera movements are curiously at odds with the sweaty immediacy of the rock concert. Stars The Band-leader Robbie Robertson with his musicians, and Eric Clapton, Bob Dylan, Joni Mitchell, Neil Diamond, Van Morrison, et al. Greenwich.

Madame Rosa–This Oscar-winning fable about the rapport that develops between a dying Jewish ex-prostitute and an Arab orphan is a fantasy of Arab-Israeli old-young togetherness. But even as it strains credibility it breaks the heart, particularly Simone Signoret's breathtakingly courageous performance of a once-beautiful, now old and puffy whore. Festival; Embassy 72nd; Waverly

The Man Who Loved Women–Francois Truffaut's funniest and most charmingly personal film in years, the anatomy of a womanizer (Charles Denner), relating the outrageous predicaments of the hero who wriggles out of them with a strategic genius, and yearns to locate an island inhabited only by women. 7/26, Bleecker St Cinema.

Mean Streets–One of the most overestimated films of recent times, this love-and-hate letter by Martin Scorsese to the Little Italy he grew up in concerns its confused young punks, coyly sordid mafiosa, and friendship and love struggling agianst sterile and strangulating surroundings. Badly written and directed, with terrible photography and a sound track full of trashy old songs, the film has only a flashy performance by Robert De Niro to recommend it, but even he has been better elsewhere. There may be some grubby authenticity here, but much of it is merely sloppily improvised kid stuff A street-corner movie. 7/30, 31, Bleecker St Cinema.

National Lampoon's Animal House–A genial, uneven, intermittently hilarious celebration of frat-house pranks and raunchiness, set in a West Coast college in 1962. To dismiss it as infantile isn't saying much, since infantilism is precisely the point of frat-house humor The movie has a tender sexiness that saves it. With John Belushi as a beer-guzzling roughneck and Tim Matheson as a confident young make-out artist. Directed by John Landis. Opens July 28th at the Beekman, Sutton, Murray Hill, 86th St E., and Loews Astor Plaza *(D.D.)*

Padre Padrone–Saverio Marconi and Omero Antonutti play father and son in the 1977 Cannes Film Festival award-winning picture, directed by Paolo and Vittorio Taviana, telling of a Sardinian peasant boy forced by his tyrannical father to live in isolation as a shepherd until his twentieth year 7/28, 29, Bleecker St Cinema.

Replay–Michel Drach's romantic thriller about an amnesiac victim of an automobile accident and her seemingly devoted husband. As he attempts to help her reconstruct the details of her life, and their marriage, she becomes increasingly aware of half truths and deliberate deceptions. Marie Jose Nat and Victor Lanoux star 68th St Playhouse.

Revenge of the Pink Panther–The fifth Pink Panther film starring Peter Sellers as the bumbling Inspector Clouseau, directed by Blake Edwards, featuring Herbert Lom, Robert Webber, and Dyan Cannon. Ziegfeld.

Saturday Night Fever–As the disco champ of Nik Cohn's *New York* Magazine piece, John Travolta is a good enough reason for seeing the movie. Even the character inconsistencies provide a built-in audition for this enormously gifted actor. The scenes where the tribal rites occur at a Brooklyn disco are electrifying, and when Travolta glides onto the dance floor, he is grace personified. 7/28, 29, Cinema Village.

Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band–An original story based on the lyrics of John Lennon and Paul McCartney, directed by Michael Schultz, featuring Peter Frampton, The Bee Gees, George Burns, Paul Nicholas, Donald Pleasence, Dianne Steinberg, Jay W MacIntosh, Sandy Farina, and Steve Martin. Plaza; Rivoli; 34th St E

Star Wars–George Lucas's impeccable technical achievement: a quantum—or maybe quasar—leap beyond *2001* But strip the film of its often striking images and its highfalutin scientific jargon, and you get a story, characters, and dialogue of overwhelming banality without even a "future" cast to them. Still, *Star Wars* will do very nicely for those lucky enough to be children or unlucky enough never to have grown up. Gramercy; Art; thru 7/27, Loews Astor Plaza; 59th St E.

Story of O–Based on Pauline Reage's "classic" book which had literary merit as an attempt to understand the meaning of masochism and, to a somewhat lesser extent, its complement, sadism, the movie, which is just as trashy as director Just Jaeckin's previous *Emmanuelle,* is none of that, it is an x-rated fairy tale about the beauties of sadomasochism, presented as a cross between a sexual finishing school for young ladies and a nonstop vacation with some more sumptuous version of Club Mediterranee. 7/26, 27, Cinema Village.

The Swarm–Zillions of killer bees invade the United States in this Irwin Allen production. The film stars Michael Caine, Katherine Ross, Richard Widmark, Henry Fonda, Olivia de Havilland, and others. Eastside; U.A. East; thru 7/27, Quad.

An Unmarried Woman–Jill Clayburgh has the role of a lifetime and is glorious in Paul Mazursky's brilliantly funny comedy about a painful liberation. One-night stands and the singles' scene are ordeals in the process by which a woman abandoned by her husband triumphs over self-doubts and puts herself back together—or assembles herself for the first time Quad; thru 7/27, Beekman.

Vincent, Francois, Paul and the Others–Directed by Claude Sautet, film about three older men, and the son of a dead fourth, is worth seeing for its performances. Yves Montand is in peak form; Michel Piccoli keeps his characteristic edge of sinisterness well in hand; Serge Reggiani is on target in the most difficult of the principal roles; and young Gerard Depardieu continues to demonstrate his easygoing versatility Most winning among the women are Stephane Audran, and Marie Dubois, who has a marvelous way of suggesting the lower-class intentions that lurk beneath an upward-mobile complacency 7/26, Bleecker St Cinema.

Viva Italia!–Sardonic black comedy seen through the lenses of three Italian film directors—Mario Monicelli, Dino Risi, and Ettore Scola In the cast are Vittorio Gassman, Alberto Sordi Ugo Tognazzi, and Ornella Muti Paris

IN AND AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

A CRITICAL GUIDE TO ENTERTAINMENT IN THE NEW YORK AREA

Theater

ON BROADWAY

CURRENT

Ain't Misbehavin'–Would the slapdash playfulness, the lovable smallness of this show survive the lure of self-aggrandizement, moving from Off- to On Broadway? Nothing to worry about; it did. The cast of five—Ken Page, Armelia McQueen, Andre De Shields, Charlaine Woodard, and Nell Carter—works together as nimbly and wickedly as five fingers. in a piece of sleight of hand. The delicious songs by Fats Waller and his friends continue their joyous renaissance, Tues thru Sat at 8, Sun at 7, mats Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Longacre, 220 W 48th (246-5639).

Annie–*Oliver Twist* in drag, but with so much going for it (a chorus line of moppets, a Christmas tree, and a diminutive bundle of radiance named Danielle Brisebois) that only a Fagin reborn would note the drab book (Thomas Meehan) and lyrics (Martin Charnin) or Charles Strouse's recycled score. Shelley Bruce now has the title role. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. At the Alvin, 250 W 52nd (PL 7-8646)

The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas–Attempts to squeeze salaciousness out of a bordello setting are rather repellent, not because of the setting, but because it is like trying to squeeze blood out of stones. Every variation on the brothel theme has been worked into the ground. Mon thru Sat at 8, mats Wed & Sat at 2. 46th St Theater, 226 W 46th (246-4271)

Chapter Two–Neil Simon attempts, in part at least, to be serious about the real-life romance, marriage, and problems of Marsha Mason and Neil Simon and to pierce through to the troubling core of things But he handles drama as if it could be constructed out of one-liners, only sticking laments where the laughs would normally go. There are some genuinely funny one-liners afloat, but the playwright's ultimate failure stems from his belief that you can build anything out of one-liners, from coffee tables to cathedrals Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m Imperial, 249 W 45th (265-4311)

A Chorus Line–Every generation needs its own backstage legend, and this one is a worthy descendant of *42nd St.* Out of the real words of chorus-line aspirants, James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante have fashioned a shiny romance, and it bounces agreeably off Marvin Hamlisch's paper-thin score. Michael Bennett's direction covers a multitude of inadequacies. Mon thru Sat at 8, mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m Shubert, 225 W 44 (246-5990)

Da–On second seeing Hugh Leonard's bittersweet autobiographical comedy (transported almost intact to Broadway) is even more entertaining, endearing, and gently moving. And at the center of the production are three superlative performances—Sylvia O'Brien's, Brian Murray's, Barnard Hughes's Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m Morosco, 217 W 45th (246-6230)

Dancin'–Director Bob Fosse has devised a heterogeneous choreography ranging from classical ballet through modern dance to every form of show-biz and disco dancin' What doesn't work is the two side by side, like internecine Siamese twins The proximity of popular dance gives ballet an air of pretentiousness; ballet retaliates by making pop dancing look facile, tawdry *Dancin'* is sheer perfection for the vulgarians, anathema for the purists, and a mixed bag for the over-whelming rest of us Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2, Sun at 3 p.m Broadhurst, 235 W 44th (265-4311)

Deathtrap–Ira Levin's play concerns a formerly successful playwright, a disciple who sends him a play clearly destined to become a Broadway smash, and the stale playwright's disapproving wife, who has strong scruples and a weak heart. There is a basic problem with the comedy mystery genre, wherein the laughs are supposed to lull you into a false security The plot, however, is impossible. John Wood, Marian Winters, and Marian Seldes do what they can with not very rewarding material. Mon thru Sat at 8, mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Music Box, 239 W 45th (246-4636)

Dracula–Among Edward Gorey's impressive but inappropriate sets, this camped-up version of a trashy old play offers mostly cutenesses instead of thrills, and can at best impress if you sit far enough back so that the stage is reduced to the appropriate comic-strip (or Gorey drawing) dimensions. Frank Langella may be the ideal Dracula for this kind of production The other actors, except for the splendid Alan Coates, are unsafe even in comic-strip size. Dennis Rosa misdirected Tues thru Fri at 8; mats Sat at 2, Sun at 3 p.m Martin Beck Theater, 302 W 45th (246-6363)

Gemini–Albert Innaurato's saga of life in a Philadelphia backyard is, at once, a stupendous verbal circus and a touching story of people desperately needing to be noticed Innaurato writes extremely well, and his control over simultaneously ongoing lines of action is somewhat akin to Bach's mastery over fugues Peter Mark Schifter's direction is splendid Mon thru Sat at 8, mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m Little Theater, 240 W 44th (221-6425).

NUN BUT THE LONELY HEART

Susan Stevens stars in Betty Neustat's new play, **The Price of Genius** in which she plays the pivotal role of Sister Juana de la Cruz in the story of the seventeenth century Mexican nun's life-struggle Thru July 30th at the Interart Theatre, 549 W 52nd (246-6569)

The Gin Game–A first effort by D.L Coburn concerns two inmates of an old folks' home The man lives for gin rummy now; the woman is willing to learn the game They play, and miraculously—or contrivedly—she keeps winning. It is staged with almost indecent expertise by Mike Nichols With Jessica Tandy and E.G Marshall Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2, Sun at 3 p.m. John Golden, 252 W 45th (246-6740)

Grease–Broadway's senior musical, about high school shenanigans in the fifties, now seems as much a period piece as any Romberg operetta, but the energy of the original has been remarkably well preserved Without a single memorable song or solo turn, the show holds onto an amusing, attractive ridiculousness, mostly due to Patricia Birch's lively choreography and Tom Moore's no-nonsense direction Tues thru Sat at 8, mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m Royale, 242 W 45th (245-5760)

I Love My Wife–Wife-swapping in Trenton, done as a series of sleazy skits, with a Cy Coleman score and direction by Gene Saks that even brings the orchestra onstage to mess around in the action Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Ethel Barrymore, 243 W 47th (246-0390).

The King and I–Yul Brynner and Constance Towers as the king and Anna. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Thru New Year's Eve. Uris, 51st betw 7th & 8th (586-6510).

The Magic Show–A musical with book by Bob Randall; music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz, directed and choreographed by Grover Dale. Joseph Abaldo is starred as a Magician. Wed, Thurs, Fri & Sat at 7:30; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 2 & 5 p.m. Cort, 138 W 48th (489-6392).

Oh! Calcutta!–Revival of the musical devised by Kenneth Tynan. Sketches by Jules Feiffer, Leonard Melfi, John Lennon, David Newman, Robert Benton, Dan Greenburg, Sam Shepard. Mon thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 9:30; mat Wed at 2. Edison, 240 W 47th (757-7164).

On the Twentieth Century–Harold Prince has provided lively direction and Robin Wagner has come up with grand designs in this musical which stars Judy Kaye, John Cullum, and Imogene Coca. It has pizzazz and razzle-dazzle, bursts of energy and invention, music and laughter, and good expensive production values. John Cullum gives his best performance to date. Book and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green; music by Cy Coleman. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Wed at 2 p.m. St. James Theater, 246 W 44th (398-0280).

Once in a Lifetime–This George S. Kaufman/Moss Hart revival has no more than five or six honest laughs. It involves a New York playwright having a nervous breakdown in Hollywood from underwork. The rest is just shabby one-upmanship, or half-upmanship, middlebrows winking at one another across the footlights. The best work in the large cast comes from John Lithgow as the simpleton who, in Hollywood, is crowned philosopher-king. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Wed at 2; Sun at 3. Thru 8/27 Circle in the Square, 1633 Bdway (581-0720).

Runaways–A new entertainment, written, composed, and directed by Elizabeth Swados, is really about growing up—absurdly, tragically, and sometimes, despite everything, even triumphantly. The music, in all conceivable pop, folk, and ethnic modes, is fair to excellent. The performances, both by the four professionals and the fifteen semiprofessionals and neophytes are, at the very least, engaging; in many cases, enchanting. Tues thru Sat at 8; Sun at 7; mats Sat & Wed at 2 p.m. Plymouth, 236 W 45th (730-1760).

Same Time, Next Year–Bernard Slade's comedy, of a genre that used to be called "saucy," neatly mingles two sure-fire elements, fornication and nostalgia. Over the years, however, the play has become ritualized, about as titillating as, say, an exhibition of bloomers at the Smithsonian. With Betsy Palmer and Charles Kimbrough. Mon, Tues, Wed, Fri & Sat at 8 p.m.; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Ambassador, 49th St W of Bdway (541-6490).

Timbuktu!–The performances in Geoffrey Holder's musical are wildly divergent and the score is as inconsistent as it is overblown. *Kismet,* which it was based on, was a slick, vulgar, absurd musical that nevertheless managed to have enough redeeming features to be enjoyable. Eartha Kitt cannot move except in slow motion; Gilbert Price sings compellingly but has very little presence; Ira Hawkins is a handsome Hadji whose acting does not extend beyond a smirk. Tues thru Sun at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Mark Hellinger, 51st & Bdway (757-7064).

Tribute–Bernard Slade's new play starring Jack Lemmon is extremely clever and likable, which is as unusual a combination in plays as it is in people. A play that mixes laughter and tears with almost supernatural skill, always sidestepping ultimate frivolity, always teetering back from the abyss of mawkishness into the happy pratfall of farce, that takes the sting out of adultery, divorce, prostitution, failure in business, nonachievement of artistic aspirations, family in-fighting, and, best of all, death itself, is the most comforting news this side of a cure for cancer. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2. Brooks Atkinson, 256 W 47th (245-3430).

The Wiz–Oz with a black cast—Munchkins, Cowardly Lion, and all, with jivey dances choreographed by George Faison. Tues thru Sat at 7:30; mats Wed and Sat at 2 p.m.; Sun at 3 p.m. Broadway, 1681 Broadway (CI7-7992).

OFF and OFF-OFF BROADWAY

All's Well That Ends Well–In a miniature world of terraced gardens and bosky landscapes complete with waterfalls—everything here in the guise of toys —Wilfred Leach has cheapened the main characters by turning them into children, to match his sets. The production has flashes of cleverness and jollity, but what we get finally makes no sense, often substituting a newfangled dullness for what might have been the author's own, authentic lapses. Delacorte Theater in Central Park. Thru 7/30, Tues thru Sun at 8. Free, but come early for tickets (535-5630).

Academy Arts Repertory–Knott's *Dial M for Murder,* thru 7/27, Braunstein's *Synchrony*, 7/28-8/1, Kelly's *Frankenstein,* 7/27-30, 8/3-6; Agatha Christie's *Towards Zero,* 7/28, 29, 8/4, 5, 11, 12, 18, 19; Snyder's *The Days and Night of Beebee Fenstermaker,* 8/4, 5, 6, 11, 12, 13, 18, 19, 20, 25, 26, 27 $3. Academy Arts, 330 E 56th (486-1431).

American Dance Machine–A recreation of memorable moments in Broadway's musical history, directed by Lee Theodore, with Denny Sherer, Harold Cromer, Janet Eilber. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 7:30; mats Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Century Theater, 235 W 46th (354-6644).

American Theatre Experiment–7/26-8/6, Felton Perry's *Turkey Rush. . .Or,* directed by Felton Perry 8/9-20, Jim Janda's *That Sacred Hunger.* directed by Dallas John. 8/23-9/3, Brooke Breslow's *The End of the Line,* directed by Mark Rootstein. Wed, Thurs, Fri & Sun at 7:30; Sat at 7 & 10:30. $3. 78th St Theater, 276 W 78th (228-0900).

Birdland–Barry Amyr Kaleem's new dramatic musical, directed by Anderson Johnson and choreographed by Frank Ashley. Thurs thru Sun at 7:30 p.m., Sat & Sun at 3 p.m. Thru 7/30. $2.50. Harry deJur Henry Street Plyhse, 466 Grand St (766-9295).

Comedy of Errors–Shakespeare story of twins separated and eventually reunited, directed by Jim Galloway. Thurs, Fri, Sat at 8 p.m., Sun at 5 p.m. 7/27 thru 8/13. New York Theatre Ensemble, 62 E 4th (477-4120).

Divinely, Coward—*Private Lives,* thru 7/30. *Astonished Heart,* 8/2-13. *We Were Dancing/Hands Across the Sea,* 8/16-31. Three Muses Theater, Ansonia Hotel, Bdway at 73rd (242-3900).

Drama Committee Repertory–J.M. Synge's *Riders To The Sea* & *Tinker's Wedding,* Sat & Sun at 2:30 p.m., thru 8/27 Chekhov's *Ward Six,* Mon thru Thurs at 8 p.m., thru 8/10. $3. 17 W 20th (929-8377).

Family Business–Dick Goldberg's play about infighting in a suburban Boston Jewish family is a fog of melodrama occasionally pierced by a ray of something resembling truth. Much of the violence stems from the revelation that one of the four loving but internecinely embattled sons is a homosexual. The acting of a cast of six is remarkable. Astor Place Theater, 434 Lafayette St (254-4370).

The Fantasticks–Musical based on the Rostand play, in its zillionth year and the end is not in sight. Has spawned plenty of on-Bdway talent. Tues-Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Sullivan St Playhouse at Bleecker (OR 4-3838).

The 5th of July–Lanford Wilson writes intelligent, amusing, racy dialogue, but this play lacks a little urgency although it is never uninteresting. It is accorded a fine production, under Marshall W Mason's skilled direction, which errs only in trying to be too fast, too manifold, too clever Tues thru Thurs at 8 p.m. Fri & Sat at 7 & 10 p.m. Thru 9/2. Circle Repertory, 99 Seventh Ave So (924-7100).

The Flowering Peach–A revival of Clifford Odets's allegorical work about Noah and the flood. Directed by Stephen Zuckerman. Presented by The Jewish Theatre Collective of the American Jewish Congress CETA Artists Project. Thru 7/30. Sun 8 p.m., Mon, Tues, & Thurs at 9 p.m., Sat at 9:45 p.m. All performances free. St Clement's, 423 W 46th (246-7277).

I'm Getting My Act Together and Taking It on the Road–This new work by Gretchen Cryer (book, lyrics, and star) and Nancy Ford (music) about a middle aged pop singer trying to carry on her life after her manager/lover leaves her is too slight, schematic, and unoriginal to be a significant statement about human conflicts. There is a reason, nonetheless, for seeing the show· Gretchen Cryer She is a bundle of solace, a staged lesson in growing older and living on, and it is to be recommended that you memorize her Public/Anspacher Theatre, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350)

The Incredible World of Magic & Illusion–Richiardi, master of illusion, stars in a revue featuring a cast of magicians from all parts of the world. The Village Gate, 160 Bleecker (473-7270).

International Stud–Harvey Fierstein's play about a Brooklyn Jewish boy who makes his living as a drag performer and stud. Tues thru Thurs at 8; Fri & Sat at 8 & 10:30; Sun at 8. Players Theater, 115 MacDougal (254-5076).

Just the Immediate Family–A first work by Grace Kimmins who has written very sound acting parts for everybody. Her characters, even if conventional, have their core of individuality. Under Richard Russell Ramos's standard direction, a cogently selected cast performs delightfully Wed thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Sun at 3. $6. Thru 8/20. Hudson Guild, 441 W 26th (242-2695).

A Little Wine With Lunch–Comedy revue by John Von Hartz, with music by William Shimmel, directed by Norman Marshall. Thurs thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Sun at 3 p.m., thru 9/3. No Smoking Plyhse, 354 W 45th (245-9808).

Man-Wo-Man–Two plays, *Michael* by Ed Bullins, and *Passion Without Reason,* by Neil Harris, directed by Ernestine M. Johnston. Admission Free. Public/Other Stage, 425 Lafayette St (677-3572)

Marvelous Party–A madcap comedy of the 30's by Norman Beim. 7/31 thru 8/17, Mon thru Thurs at 8 p.m. Troupe Theatre, 335 W 39th, (244-9699)

Monteith & Rand–Comedy, "improvised and otherwise," by two newcomers to the stage. 7/25, 26 at 8 p.m. 7/27 at 7 p.m. Then Tues, Wed, Thurs, Sun at 8; Fri & Sat at 7:30 & 10. Thru 8/19 Theater East, 211 E 60th (838-0177).

Noel Coward in Two Keys–The master of sophisticated comedy is shown in two short plays, *Come Into the Garden Maude* and *A Song at Twilight.* Fri and Sat at 8 p.m., Sun at 3 p.m. thru 9/3. $3. Shandol Theatre, 137 W 22 St (691-7950)

Papa Bear, Mama Bear–Writer/director Rand Hopkins's new musical about the growing pains of three families. Thru 8/9, evenings at 7:30; mats at 3, Wed & Sat. Perry St Theatre, 31 Perry St (255-9186)

The Passion of Dracula–Stefan Schnabel in a totally new version of the Count's adventures (vastly preferable to the on-Broadway version), by Bob Hall and David Richmond. Peter Bennett directs. Cherry Lane Theater, 38 Commerce St (YU 9-2020)

Piano Bar–A new-style musical by Rob Fremont and Doris Willens, directed by Albert Takazuckas, about four people who take refuge in a lounge on a rainy evening. Chelsea/Westside Theater/Upstairs, 407 W 43 (541-8394).

Pins and Needles–Revival of the 40-year-old musical revue by Harold Rome. Cast with members of the ILGWA, it ran from 1937 to 1941 Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed, Sat & Sun at 2 p.m. Roundabout/Stage One, 333 W 23rd (924-7160)

P.S. Your Cat Is Dead–An absurd and unnecessary act is the reviving of this play, by James Kirkwood. It had lasted, with a much better cast and a much better-appointed production, sixteen performances on Broadway, and then joined the eponymous feline in the happy mouse hunting grounds. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St (254-6330)

Spring Awakening–An adaptation by Edward Bond of Wedekind's play written in 1891. Directed by Liviu Ciulei. Evenings at 8 p.m., mat Sat & Sun at 3 p.m. Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6350)

Square Roots–Ann Harson's new comedy farce directed by Peggy Deane Redish. 7/27-30 at 8 p.m. Royal Court Repertory, 301 W 55th (977-9582).

13th St Theatre–*Laughing Stock,* a satirical comedy revue with short sketches, music and improvisation, Fri at 10 p.m. Horovitz's *Line,* Sat at 10 p.m., Sun at 7:30. Reiter's *Joan and the Devil,* Thurs, Fri, Sat at 7:30, Sun at 3 p.m. 13th St Theatre, 50 W 13th (741-9282).

Three By Two–A showcase for two actors written and directed by Tom Millott, stars Robert Arpin, Bud Graves, and Richard Shoberg. Thurs thru Mon at 8; late shows Fri & Sat at 10:30; mat Sun at 5:30. Plays in repertory with Tom Millott's *Love, Death and Taxes.* Cubiculo Theatre, 414 West 51st St (265-2138).

Tomfooleries–GBS's *Passion, Poison and Petrification,* and Bertolt Brecht's *The Elephant Calf.* Fri, Sat & Sun at 8 p.m. thru 8/12. $4. Cubiculo, 414 W 51st (244-4270).

Vanities–Three girls from Texas grow old but not up. Jack Heifner's attractive and nicely observed play covers familiar ground *(The Group, Grease, etc.),* but Garland Wright's coiled-spring direction of a three-member cast (Sally Sockwell, Cordis Heard, Monica Merryman) gives the work cogency and wit. Westside Theatre, 407 W 43rd St (541-8394).

Volpone–The Jean Cocteau Repertory presents a Ben Jonson comedy about a miser who, by false reports of his ill health, lures his greedy aquaintances into every kind of wickedness. 7/28 thru 8/19, Fri & Sat evenings at 10 p.m. Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery (677-0060).

Which Way to Nirvana?–Written and directed by Pascal Vaquer Thru 8/16, Thurs thru Sun at 8 p.m. The Play Factor, 692 Greenwich St (243-3035).

A Women of No Importance–Oscar Wilde's play, directed by Andres Castro. Fri thru Sun at 8 p.m. thru 9/10. $3. West Side Repertory, 252 W 81st (666-3521).

New York Ticket Service

For free information regarding what tickets may be obtained for theater, dance and concerts, call 986-5872, Monday through Friday, 1 to 6 p.m. New York Magazine will be happy to advise you.

After Dark

NIGHTCLUBS

Applause–40th St & Lex. Restaurant club, with singer-pianist Ann Lebeaux holding forth Mon thru Sat from 8 p.m (687-7267)

Arthur's–44 W 56th. Continental cuisine, showcase Tues & Wed. Other nights singing waiters and waitresses (581-9765)

Barbizon Plaza Library–6th Ave, betw 58th & 59th. Lively discotheque, open Mon thru Fri, 4:30 p.m. to 3 a.m., Sat, 9 p.m. to 3 a.m., Sun, 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. (CI 7-7000)

Brandy's II–84th & York. Supper club of wood, brick, and Commodore Hotel fixtures. Touch dancing nightly to the music of the Nora and Norma trio thru 7/29 (879-5299)

Cachaça–403 E 62nd. Mirrors, dining at marble-topped tables, potted palms, gray velvet Chesterfield sofas (688-8501)

Catch a Rising Star–1487 1st Ave. Continuous entertainment by comics and singers Tues thru Sun, with steadies Pat Benatar and David Sayh (794-1906).

Chateau Madrid–48th St & Lex. Thru 8/16, a new revue featuring Marlene Saamer, bongo and conga man Candido, and the dance team of Augie and Margo (PL 2-8080)

Club Ibis–151 E 50th. Egyptian decor, international cuisine, and a new revue with belly-dancers and whirling dervishes. Two orchestras for dancing. Showtime is 9:45 & 12:30 every night but Sunday (753-3471)

Comic Strip–1568 Second Ave. Restaurant, comedy spot with an improvisational entertainment, Sun thru Fri, fun starts at 9; Sat at 9 & 12:15 (861-9386).

Copacabana–10 E 60th. Restaurant-discotheque with entertainment. 7/27, 28, 29, Mercedes Hall in the *Copacabana Lounge, at 10, midnight & 2. Closed* Sundays (755-6010).

Copa-Disco–10 E 60th. Huge dance floor with much light and sound. Fri & Sat only, 10 p.m. to 4 a.m. (755-6010).

Cotton Club–666 W 125th. Disco dancing to the music of the Pazant Brothers/Cotton Club Orches*tra. Two shows nightly at 10 and 12:30* (MO 3-7980).

Dangerfields–1118 First Ave. Comedian-impressionist David Frye in a return visit, with singer Bobby Justin. Shows at 9:30 & 11:30 p.m. thru 7/29 (593-1650).

Hippopotamus II–405 E 62nd. A pretty place with a fireplace, an English club atmosphere, and a fine chef. Plus disco-dancing from 10 to 4 a.m. nightly (486-1566).

Improvisation–358 W 44th. Comics and singing waitresses all night long, seven days a week; food; total informality (765-8268).

Jimmy Weston's–131 E 54th. Thru 7/29, singer-pianist Glen Covington and his trio; thru 7/30, Kitt and Mike Moran, nightly except Sunday at 10, midnight & 2 a.m. The Tommy Furtado Trio, Tues thru Sat, and the Bernie Leighton Quartet on Sun and Mon (838-8384).

Koatails–1189 First Avenue. New discotheque, right out of Busby Berkeley, tuxedoed waitresses, demonstrations of period dances (535-6423).

Once Upon a Stove–325 Third Ave. Fri & Sat, thru September, dancing, cheek-to-cheek, to the Randy Corts Combo from 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. (683-0044).

L'Oubliette–2 W 55th. Soul French discotheque with fine music and atmosphere (265-1595).

Playboy Club–5 E 59. Entertainment, dining, and dancing. 7/24-29, Maxine Weldon. 7/31-8/12, Roslyn Kind (PL 2-3100).

Rainbow Grill–65th floor, Rockefeller Plaza. *Viva! Viva!* a new revue with seven chorus girls and five chorus boys, directed by Peter Jackson (PL 7-8970).

Rainbow Room–65th floor, Rockefeller Plaza. Exquisite, enormous dining and dancing room, with a view of the entire world, almost. Bobby Rosengarden and his orchestra, featuring Carrie Smith, 7/25-8/6 (PL 7-9090).

Reflections–40 E 58th. Attractive bi-level discotheque, open Fri & Sat from 10 to 4 a.m. (MU 8-3365).

Le Refuge–309 E 83rd. Charming French dining place *with live baroque guitar and harp music, Mon, Tues* & Thurs, from 7:30 p.m. (UN 1-4505).

Roseland–239 W 52nd. Ballroom open for dancing Wed and Fri, from 5:30; Thurs & weekends from 2:30. American and Latin bands. Midnight disco Wed, Fri, Sat. Dance class & show Wed night (CI 7-0200).

Shepheard's–Park Ave & 56th. Disco dancing continuously on the glass floor (421-0900).

Sibi–151 E 50th. Nice warm upstairs dancing den, with pianist-singer Bobby Cole and his jazz quartet, every night but Sunday from 9 p.m. (753-3429).

Stork Club–112 Central Park South. Perhaps the most elegant room for dining and dancing in the city. From 7/31, Horace Diaz and his quartet supply dance music Mon thru Sat 8:30 p.m. til 1:30 a.m. (581-7080).

Tavern On The Green–Central Park at W 67th. Pianist Charlie Cochron, accompanied by bass player Ernie Furtado, in the Elm Cafe, from 9 p.m. to 1 a.m., Wed thru Sun (873-3200).

Touches–190 Third, at 17th. Discotheque, all scintillation, and mirrors, downstairs from that estimable eatery known as Tuesdays (533-7902).

THE HOTEL ROOMS

Biltmore, Madison at 43rd (687-7000). **Under the Clock:** Singer-pianist Theresa Kelly here for four weeks, Mon thru Fri, 7 to midnight.

Carlyle, Madison Ave & 77th (744-1600). **The Cafe:** Thru 8/31, Monty Alexander, Jamaican-born pianist, plays Sun thru Thurs.

Pierre, 5th Ave & 61st St (838-8000). **The Cafe:** Thru Labor Day, Tony Gorody plays the piano and sings Tues thru Sat 9:30-12:30.

Plaza, Fifth Ave at 59th (PL 9-3000). **Edwardian Room:** Dance music by the Roger Stanley trio, Tues thru Sun from 6:30 p.m. to 12:30 a.m.

Sheraton, 55th & 7th Ave (247-8000). **Sally's:** Turn of the century lounge-cabaret, with entertainment nightly. From 9:30 to 1:30. **The Falstaff Room:** Pianist Effie, 5 to 10 p.m. Mon thru Fri. And from 10 to 12:30, singer Mary Small.

Sherry Netherland, 5th Ave and 59th St (EL 5-2800). **Le Petit Restaurant:** Earl Rose plays from 8 p.m. to 1 a.m. Wednesdays through Fridays.

St. Regis Sheraton, 5th Ave & 55th (PL 3-4500). **Old King Cole:** *Continuous dinner/dance music,* Ray Hartley, pianist, Mon thru Thurs 5:30-8 p.m. The Peter Duchin Quartet headed by pianist John Bunch, 8 p.m.-1 a.m. Fri & Sat, 9 p.m.-2 a.m.

UN Plaza, 44th & First Ave (355-3400). **Ambassador Lounge:** Greenhouse with muted lights is the setting for Dick Hankinson at the piano, Mon thru Fri. Earl *Rose, Sat & Sun, from 5 to midnight.*

JAZZ—ROCK—GUITAR, ETC.

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Ali's Alley–77 Greene St. Ted Daniel has the big band on Monday nights. Thru 7/29, saxophonist George Braith is in charge of a quartet (226-9042).

Arthur's Tavern–57 Grove St. Dixieland on Monday evenings with the Grove Street Stompers at home *base from 9:15 until 1 a.m. Mable Godwin at the* piano Thurs thru Sat, 9:30 to 3:30 a.m. (CH 2-9468).

Assembly–16 W 51st. Pleasant restaurant, with singer-pianist Marty Berns playing Mon thru Fri until 10 p.m., scores of hit movies, Beatle songs, requests (581-3580).

Ballroom–458 West Bdway. Thru 7/29, composer/lyricist George David Weiss nightly at 8:30 p.m. with back-up singers and band. 8/1-19, singer Liz Corrigan perfoms nightly at 8:30 and 10:30 p.m. (473-9367).

Barbara's–78 West 3rd St. 7/28, 29, Terumasa Hino's Quartet (Japan's leading trumpet star); 8/4, 5, Walter Davis Jr. Trio. Music starts at 10 p.m. (473-9326).

Benihana Palace–15 W 44th. Hiroko Kondo plays pop organ in the bar, Wed thru Sat, in an authentic Japanese inn setting (682-7120).

The Bottom Line–15 W 4th. 7/24, 25, Mink De Ville (228-6300).

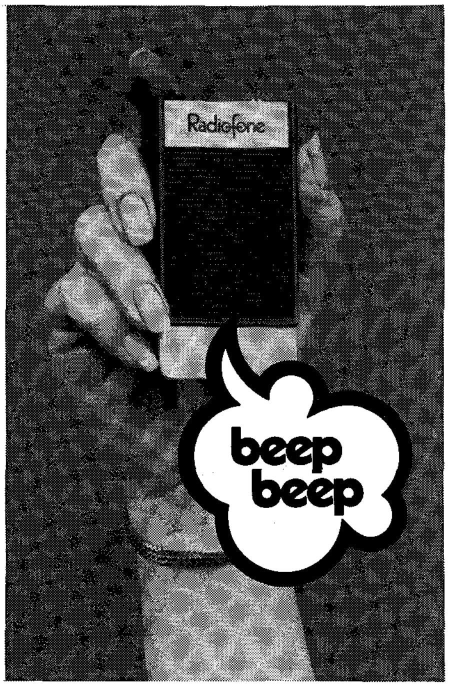
Cafe Fanny–Hotel Biltmore, Madison & 43rd. Gale and Prudence Curtis perform Mon thru Fri at this 19th century cafe with an informal ambience, which is open to midnight always (687-7115).

Carnegie Tavern–165 W 56th. Jazz pianist Ellis Larkins, known for his crystal touch, lilting swing, enormous repertoire, and short sets, is well worth hearing. 8 to midnight (PL 7-9522).

Christy's Skylite Gardens–64 W 11th. Charming restaurant filled with plants, skylights, and music nightly (673-5720).

The Clubhouse–1315 Second Ave (at 69th). Steakhouse, with a tennis and golf motif, and jazz/blues/ballads singer and pianist Sandra Alexander entertaining nightly (628-0600).

Eddie Condon's–144 W 54th. The city's bastion of traditional jazz boasts a house band led by club-owner Red Balaban, and includes the patriarch of jazz trombone, Vic Dickenson. On Sundays, a young tenor saxophonist named Scott Hamilton leads his own band and does very nicely by the Ben Webster-Don Byas tradition (265-8277).



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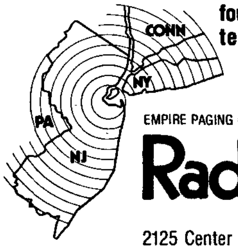

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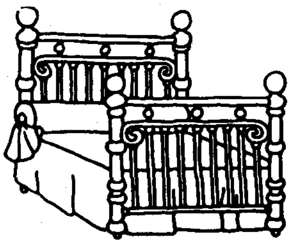

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AROUND TOWN

The Cookery–University Pl at 8th St. Joe Turner, the last of the stride pianists and a long time citizen of France, is making one of his exceedingly rare and joyful appearances in this country, until further notice. Mon thru Thurs at 8:30 & 10:30; Fri & Sat at 12:15 a.m. (OR 4-4450).

Coriander–314 E. 72 St. This cozy little restaurant is much enhanced by the presence of pianist-singer Joe Derise, a veteran charmer with an impeccable repertoire. He appears nightly from 10 p.m., with bassist Ernie Furtado (794-2700).

Crawdaddy's–45th & Vanderbilt. Scott Hamilton and his trio perform at this genuine New Orleans restaurant Mon thru Fri, 6:30 thru 11:30 (687-1860).

Gregory's–First Ave at 63rd. Mon and Tues, Al Haig, a superior pianist who was a favorite accompanist of Charlie Parker and Stan Getz, leads a trio with bass and guitar. Another piano-bass guitar trio, led by Hod O'Brian and featuring the marvelously fluent guitarist Joe Puma takes over Wed thru Sun (371-2220).

Hopper's–6th Ave. at 11th St. "Bucky" Pizzarelli, guitarist; Slam Stewart, bass. 9:30 p.m. and 11:30 p.m., Mon thru Sat; 1 a.m. shows Fri & Sat (260-0250).

Jazzmania Society–14 E 23rd. The jamming here is informal and swinging, the atmosphere unbeatable (477-3077).

Jimmy Ryan's–154 W 54th. Roy Eldridge is a monument to the jazz spirit, and to miss seeing him at work is to deny yourself the pleasure of witnessing one of the few enduring giants. Mon & Sun, Max Kaminsky, no slouch either, leads the band. Stan Gold Quartet, 5:30-8 on Fridays (664-9700).

Les Mareyeurs–988 Madison Ave. French seafood house in the heart of the art gallery country. The great Ronny Whyte entertains Tues thru Sat from 8:30 to 1 a.m. (628-3333).

Marty's–1265 Third Ave. Terraces and gardens and continental food. Jimmy Jordan plays the piano and sings blues and ballads (249-4100).

Michael's Pub–211 E 55th. Thru 7/29, the Steve Wolfe Quintet, featuring singer Nancy King, Tues thru Sat. 8/1-26, jazz pianist/singer Jay McShann, three shows nightly beginning at 9:15 p.m. Mon, Woody Allen indulges in wish fulfillment and Dixieland clarinet (PL 8-2272).

Monsignore II–61 E 55th. Plush place with excellent service, a great chef, and strolling guitarist-singer Bravo Riccardo entertaining Mon thru Sat from 6:30 (EL 5-2070).

Oliver's–141 E 57th. English-type restaurant, with singer-pianist Danny Deaver, Tues, Wed, Thurs & Sat, 6 to 11. Mon & Fri evenings singer-pianist Elaine Francis (753-9180).

Onde's–160 E. 48th. Supper club with split level room for dancing. The Art Syms band and pianist-singer Baba Motta perform from 7:30 on every night but Sunday (752-0200).

The Other End–149 Bleecker St. 7/26, 27, Vassar Clements; 7/28-30, Gary Apple; 7/31, The Widespread Depression Orchestra. (673-7030).

Reno Sweeney–126 W 13th. Tues thru Sun, at 9 & 11:30 p.m. 7/25-30, Helen Humes, whose high, piping voice is equally adept at '30s ballads and classic blues, will bring some class and a good trio to the city's premiere cabaret. 8/1-6, 8-13, Gotham (691-0900).

Sweet Basil–88 7th Ave So. 7/25-29, John Abercrombie Quartet, 7/30, 31, Nina Sheldon & Jeremy Steig Quartet. 8/1-5, Mickey Tucker Quintet (242-1785).

37th St Hideaway–32 W 37th. Music for dinner and dancing Tues thru Sat from 7 p.m. on by guitarists Peter Girardi & Alain Levy. Songs from 8 p.m. by Diana Macris. Closed Sun (947-8940).

Tramps–125 E 15th. 7/25, Dardanelle. Fridays & Saturdays at midnight, The Ivory Coast (260-0370).

Village Vanguard–178 7th Ave So. 7/25-30, Dannie Richmond, the sterling drummer who has been Charlie Mingus's right hand man for two decades, will lead a quintet in a program of the great man's music. 8/1-6, Woody Shaw Quintet. Mondays in August, the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Big Band (AL 5-4037).

SPECIAL EVENTS, CONCERTS, OPERA, SPORTS
EDITED BY GERARD KAVANAGH

Special Events

New York Experience, McGraw-Hill Bldg., Sixth Ave. between 48th & 49th Sts. (869-0345) Mon-Thurs 11-7, Fri & Sat 11-8, Sun 12-8.

Big Apple Circus, Big Apple Park, Eighth Ave. at 50th St. (581-9186). A one-ring tent circus, featuring acrobats, trapeze artists, clowns, and gymnasts; Wed at 11:15 & 2:15, Thurs-Sat at 2:15 & 7:30, and Sun at 1 & 4.

Mummenschanz, Bijou Theater, Bdwy at 45th St. (221-8500). Mon-Fri at 8, Sat at 2 and 8, Sun at 3 and 8.

Beatlemania, Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Bdwy (245-4878). Tues-Fri at 8, Sat at 2, 7, and 10, Sun at 2.

Concerts

Tuesday, July 25

Mostly Mozart Festival, Avery Fisher Hall; with Christopher Eschenbach, piano, and James Galway, flute. An all-Schubert program, at 8 (Pre-concert recital at 7).

Municipal Concerts Orchestra, St. Nicholas of Tollentine, Union Turnpike at Parsons Blvd., Queens (682-6567). Julius Grossman conducts, with Eugene Moye, cello. Works of Prokofiev, Tchaikovsky & Schubert, at 8.

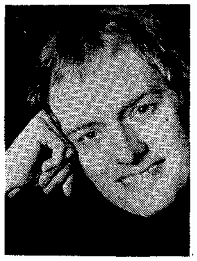
Rock Concert, Wolfe's Pond Park in Staten Island (356-1075), at 8.

Washington Square Music Festival, Grace Church, Bdwy at 10th St. (473-8321); with José Contreras, conductor, and Susan Reed, soprano, at 8.

Catharine Crozier, organ, Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 122nd St. (749-7000), at 7.

Wednesday, July 26

MUSIC IN THE PARK



Ainslee Cox leads the Goldman Band in a free concert on Wednesday, July 26 at 8 in Lincoln Center's Damrosch Park. The program, entitled "Music for Shakespeare," features works by Verdi, Berlioz, Rodgers, Porter and Shostakovich. Cornetist Frank Hosticka is the soloist on the bill (867-8290).

Mostly Mozart Festival, Avery Fisher Hall; with Christopher Eschenbach, conductor and pianist. Works of Mozart and Haydn, at 8.

Dirt Band/Richie Furay, Wollman Theater in Central Park, at 6:30.

Bucky Pizzarelli, McGraw-Hill Park, Sixth Ave. between 48th and 49th Sts. (582-2424), at 4:30.

L'Arema Chamber Ensemble, Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave. (794-0600), at 7.

Municipal Concerts Orchestra, Seaside Park, Sea Breeze Ave. at W 5th St., Bklyn (682-6567). Julius Grossman conducts, with Richard Fredrickson, string bass. Works by Rossini, Bottesini, Schubert, and Copland, at 8.

Thursday, July 27

Mostly Mozart Festival, Avery Fisher Hall; with the Tokyo String Quartet; André-Michel Schub, piano; and Richard Stoltzman, clarinet. Works of Mozart and Haydn, at 8 (Pre-concert recital at 7).

Mitchell Korn, guitar, Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave. (794-0600), at 7.

Rock Concert, Wolfe's Pond Park in Staten Island (356-1075), at 8.

Municipal Concerts Orchestra, Starrett City Community Center, 1540 Van Siclen Ave., Bklyn (682-6567). Same program as July 26, at 8.

Goldman Band, Christopher Morley Park in Roslyn, L.I. (867-8290). Richard Franko Goldman and Dorothy Klotzman conduct. Works by Dvorak, Strauss, Mendelssohn, and others, at 8.

Juice Quartet, jazz, Battery Park (784-3812), at 1.

Buck White & the Down Home Folks, bluegrass, South Street Seaport, Fulton St. at East River (427-1488), at 8.

Friday, July 28

SUMMER FESTIVAL

Pianist **Alicia de Larrocha** is the soloist this weekend at the Mostly Mozart Festival in Avery Fisher Hall. She will appear with the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, under the direction of Jorge Mester, on Friday and Saturday night at 8, performing two Mozart concertos: K. 459 and K. 466 (362-1911).

Goldman Band, Damrosch Park in Lincoln Center (867-8290). Same program as July 27, at 8.

Municipal Concerts Orchestra, Kissena Park, Oak Ave. at 164th St., Queens (682-6567). Same program as July 26, at 8.

Ed Chamblee, tenor sax, Cassidy's, 303 E 53rd St. (755-8050), at noon.

X Seamens Institute, Pier 15 of South Street Seaport, Fulton St. at East River (766-9066), at 7:30.

NEW AND EXCITING

Newband, an ensemble specializing in new and experimental music, is offering a free concert this weekend at the Museum of Modern Art's Summergarden (8 W 54th Street). The group's repertoire ranges new music to early twentieth-century classics. Friday and Saturday at 8 (956-7298).

Saturday, July 29

Mostly Mozart Festival, Avery Fisher Hall; Jorge Mester conducts, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano. Works of Mozart and Schubert, at 8.

Goldman Band, Seaside Park, Sea Breeze Ave. at W 5th St. (867-8290). Same program as July 27, at 8.

Genesis, Madison Square Garden, at 8.

Newband, Museum of Modern Art Summergarden, 8 W 54th St. (956-7298), at 8.

Russell Dedrick, flute/**Allison Brewster,** piano, Barbizon Hotel, Lexington Ave. at 63rd St. (873-4022), at 8:30.

Andrew Bolotowsky, flute/**Diana Torbert,** harpsichord, Dharmadhatu of New York, 49 E 21st St. (673-7340), at 9:30.

Sunday, July 30

Goldman Band, Damrosch Park in Lincoln Center (867-8290). Ainslee Cox and Richard Franko Goldman conduct, with Frank Hosticka and Douglas Hedwig, cornets. Works of Boito, Verdi, Puccini, Vivaldi, Rossini, and others, at 8.

Maria Neuda, soprano, Federal Hall National Memorial, 26 Wall St. (865-3571), at 2.

Trinity Church Choir, Trinity Church, Broadway at Wall St. (285-0818), at 9.

Monday, July 31

Mostly Mozart Festival, Avery Fisher Hall; with Alexander Schneider, conductor and violin, and Peter Serkin, piano. Works of Mozart and Haydn, at 8 (Pre-concert recital at 7).

John McLaughlin/Brand X, Wollman Theater in Central Park, at 6:30.

Municipal Concerts Orchestra, Dreiser Community Center, 177 Dreiser Loop, Co-Op City Bronx (682-6567). Same program as July 26, at 8.

Tuesday, August 1

Mostly Mozart Festival, Avery Fisher Hall; with Alexander Schneider, violin; Peter Serkin, piano; and Yo-Yo Ma, cello. Works of Mozart and Schubert, at 8 (Pre-concert recital at 7).

Rock Concert, Wolfe's Pond Park in Staten Island (356-1075), at 8.

Washington Square Music Festival, NYU Loeb Center, 566 La Guardia Pl. (473-8321); Paul Dunkel conducts the Festival Orchestra. Works of Rossini, Mozart, Still, Haydn, and Milhaud, at 8.

Municipal Concerts Orchestra, St. Nicholas of Tolentine, Union Turnpike at Parsons Blvd., Queens (682-6567). Same program as July 26, at 8.

MUSIC DIRECTORY

Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave (636-4100).
Brooklyn Center at Brooklyn College, Campus Rd at Ave H (859-1180).
Carnegie Hall and Carnegie Recital Hall, Seventh Ave at 57th (247-7459).
City Center, 131 W 55th (246-8989).
The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. (925-3615).
Lincoln Center: Alice Tully Hall (362-1911); Avery Fisher Hall (874-2424); Library-Museum (799-2200); Metropolitan Opera House (580-9830); New York State Theater (877-4727).
Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave at 33rd (563-8000).
Mannes College of Music, 157 E 74th St. (737-0700).
Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave at 82nd St. (535-7710).
Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. (516-794-9100).
92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (427-6000).
Town Hall, 123 W 43rd (582-4536).
Westbury Music Fair, Brush Hollow Rd., Westbury, L.I. (516-333-0533).
Wollman Theater in Central Park, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (249-8870).

Opera

D'OYLY CARTE OPERA COMPANY
NEW YORK STATE THEATER

Tues, 7/25 at 7:30: *The Pirates of Penzance.*

OTHER

Light Opera of Manhattan, 334 E 74th St. (535-6310). *The Grand Duke,* 7/26 at 2 & 8:30, 7/27-28 at 8:30, 7/29 at 4 & 8:30, 7/30 at 4.

Manhattan Opera Theater, Phillips Hall in Christ Church, Park Ave. at E 60th St. (427-0919). *The Love of Three Kings,* 7/26 at 8.

Dance

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Tues, 7/25 at 8: *Giselle.* Wed, 7/26 at 2: *Conservatoire; The Sanguine Fan; Le Spectre de la Rose; Scheherazade.* Wed, 7/26 at 8: *Romeo and Juliet.* Thurs, 7/27 at 8: *Conservatoire; The Sanguine Fan; Le Spectre de la Rose; Scheherazade.* Fri, 7/28 at 8: *Romeo and Juliet.* Sat, 7/29, at 2 & 8: *Romeo and Juliet.*

NATIONAL BALLET OF CANADA
NEW YORK STATE THEATER

Wed, 7/26 at 7: *Swan Lake.* Thurs, 7/27 at 8: *Swan Lake.* Fri, 7/28 at 7: *A Party; La Fille Mal Gardee.* Sat, 7/29 at 2 & 8: *A Party; La Fille Mal Gardee.* Sun, 7/30 at 3 & 8: *Bayaderka; The Dream; Collective Symphony.* Mon, 7/31 at 8: *Bayaderka; The Dream; Collective Symphony.*

OTHER

Tandy Beal, American Theater Lab, 219 W 19th St. (924-0077), 7/27-29 at 8.

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GREAT STEAKS

Caribbean Culture Program: Ibo Dancers & Paulette Saint-Lot/Miriam Dorisme, American Museum of Natural History, CPW at 79th St. (873-1300), 7/26 at 7.

Clark Center Dance Festival, CUNY Graduate Center, 33 W 42nd St. (246-4818): Kariamu and Company, 7/25-27 at 8; Philadelphia Dance Company, 7/28-30 at 8; 3 by Matthew Diamond, 8/1-3 at 8.

Multigravitational Aerodance Group, Fort Tryon Park Playground, Bdwy at Dyckman St. (360-8294), 7/25 at 7.

Sandra Stewart Dance Theater, Cunningham Studio, 463 West St. (964-6436), 7/28-29 at 9.

Art

Galleries are open Tues-Sat from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.
Asterisk denotes show of special distinction.
Art listings edited by Holly Pinto.

SOLOS

57th STREET

Howard Gross–A series of portraits with closed eyes, thru 8/31. Truman, 38 E 57th (688-3516).

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

Zahara Schatz–Kinetic sculptures, laminated plastics, and mixed media commemorating Israel, thru 8/15. America-Israel Cultural Foundation, 4 E 54th (751-2700).

***Egon Schiele** (1890-1918)–Self-portraits in paintings, drawings, and watercolors, thru 8/31. Sabarsky, 987 Mad Ave (628-6281). Tues-Sat 1-6 during August.

SoHo

Leo Jensen–Paintings and sculpture dealing with dog helmets/Gallery artists, thru 7/30. Hansen, 70 Wooster (431-5904).

Richard Jolley–Art glass, thru 8/13. Spring Street Enamels, 171 Spring (431-8151). Tues-Sun 12-6, Fri 12-9.

***Louis I. Kahn**–Drawings ranging from pencil sketches to large works in color of architectural monuments in Europe, Greece, and Egypt, thru 9/2. Drawing Center, 137 Greene (982-5266). Mon-Sat 11-6.

Edward Luyken/Sonnie Mason–Cartoonlike, brightly colored acrylics/Still lifes and nudes, thru 8/19. Hubris, 150 Thompson (982-1827).

Owen Morrel–Asylum, thru 9/30. Roof Top, 260 W Bdwy (966-0644). Mon-Fri 9-6, Sat 12-6.

Blinky Palermo–Gouaches on spiral-pad paper, thru 8/5. Friedrich, 393 W Bdwy (925-9380). Tues-Sat 12-6.

Perry Rollins/Joanne Watsic–Experimental works in paint/Minimalist abstractions, thru 8/5. Ward-Nasse, 131 Prince (925-6951).

OTHER

Lila Katzen–Steel outdoor sculpture and collage drawings, thru 9/1. Fordham at Lincoln Center (431-9439).

Philip Pearlstein–Recent prints of the nude/Graphic *portfolios by Abrahams, Acconci, Arneson, others,* thru 9/1. Droll/Kolbert, 724 5th Ave (541-6006). Tues-Fri 11-5.

Yvonne Poser–Judaic themes in bronze, thru 8/30. National Federation of Temple Sisterhoods, 838 5th Ave (249-0100). Mon-Fri 9:30-4:30.

***Ned Smythe**–Sculpted arcades of cast and poured concrete columns with foliated capitals, thru 10/1. Hammarskjold Plaza Sculpture Garden, 866 2nd Ave (861-3115).

Zacharias–Color images ordered by interference grids, thru 8/25. Dorfman, 831 Bdwy (473-2017). Mon-Fri 10-6.

GROUP SHOWS

57th STREET

Alonzo–30 W 57th (586-2500). Non-objective abstractions by Butchkes, Gilbert, Nagano, Valenstein, thru 7/27.

Dintenfass–50 W 57th (581-2268). Mon-Fri 10-5. Gallery artists Dove, Sheeler, Gwathmey, Leaf, others, thru 8/18.

Eric–61 E 57th (371-9270). Mon-Fri 9:30-5:30, Sat 10-5. Gallery artists, thru 8/30.

Getler/Pall–50 W 57th (581-2724). Works by known and unknown artists including Boxer, Dine, Rauschenberg, Ruscha, thru 8/30.

Hammer–51 E 57th (644-4400). 19th and 20th century French and American works, thru 8/25.

Long–7 W 57th (752-6244). Mon-Fri 10-5:30. Anzalone, Christensen, Hughto, Wingren, others, thru 7/31.

Midtown–11 E 57th (PL8-1900). Mon-Fri 10-5:30. Bishop, Cadmus, Sivard, others, thru 9/9.

Pearl–29 W 57th (838-6310). Mon-Fri 10-5:30. Painters on paper, including Greene, Loew, Lytle, Phillips, and Chaet, thru 7/28.

Phoenix–30 W 57th (245-5095). Mon-Fri 11-5:30. *Process as Art by Abadi, Firestein, Locksoeuser,* Snyder, others, thru 8/9.

Portnoy–56 W 57th (757-0461). Mon-Thurs 10-5:30. The back room in ceramics by members, thru 7/30.

Sande–61 E 57th (688-1904). Works by gallery artists, thru 8/30.

Zabriskie–29 W 57th (832-9034). Mon-Fri 10-5:30. Sculpture, paintings, and photos, thru 7/29.

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

Automation House–49 E 68th (899-2953). Mon-Fri 9-5. Realist landscapes by Cairns, Harkins, Nicoletti, Nick, and Yue, thru 7/28.

Borgenicht–1018 Mad Ave (LE5-8040). Tues-Fri 10-2. Gallery artists, thru 8/30.

Deutsch–43 E 80th (861-4429). 20th century art, including Bluemner, Daugherty, Demuth, Sloan, others, thru 8/4.

Ericson–23 E 74th (737-6155). Gallery artists, thru 9/15.

Forum–1018 Mad Ave (LE5-6080). Mon-Fri 10-5:30. Still-life painters, thru 7/31.

Galerias Paco–26 E 63rd (935-8790). Mon-Fri 11-6. Artists from Spain, Latin America, and the USA, thru 7/31.

Grolier Club–47 E 60th (TE8-6690). Mon-Fri 10-5. Their collection, including manuscripts, portraits, other, thru 9/1.

***L'Ibis**–667 Mad Ave (935-0490). Egyptian gilded masks, gold jewelry, hieroglyphics, sculpture from Rome and ancient Near East, thru 7/30.

***Ingber**–3 E 78th (744-3158). Oils of the street by* Day, Jirby, Sherrod, others, thru 8/1.

Rolly-Michaux–943 Mad Ave (535-1460). Aubusson tapestries by Calder, Cocteau, Gross, plus graphics by Chagall, Vasarely, others, 9/16.

Ta-Nisia–741 Mad Ave (879-1510). Primitive animals and flowers by Amoryanos, impressionistic works by Wheatley, others, thru 8/12.

***Touchstone**–118 E 64th (826-6111). Tues-Fri 12-5. New talent, including Brett's drawings using dry pigment mixed with plaster and Starrett's oil and encaustic on paper, thru 7/28.

SoHo

Cooper–155 Wooster (677-4390). Tues-Fri 9:30-4. Works by Anastasi, Heintze, Omlor, Wudl, Zapkus, others, thru 7/28.

***Hutchinson**–138 Greene (966-3066). Invitational with Flanagan's composite images, Garrett's drawings and objects, Read's color photos, others, thru 7/29.

Milliken–141 Prince (674-3131). Mon-Fri 11-5:00. Baynard, Friedberg, Saba, Matt, others, thru 7/27.

***Soho Center**–114 Prince (226-1995). Tues-Fri 12-5, Sat 11-5. Reflective color abstractions by Amann, alternating stained and saturated color-field works by Colman, iconic kinetic constructions by Cooney-Crawford, Gaetano, Mathews, Tavins, thru 7/29.

Sperone Westwater Fischer–142 Greene (431-3685). Mon-Fri 11-4. Gallery artists Andre, Flavin, Venezia, others, thru 7/30.

***Volpe**–457 W Bdwy (533-3900). Mon-Fri 11-7. The American arts and crafts armchair from 1900 to 1917 designed by Stickley, Limbert, and Roycroft, thru 8/18.

Vorpal–465 W Bdwy (777-3939). Originals by Escher, acrylics by Rigolfi, welded steel sculpture by Udinotti, others, thru 8/30.

OTHER

***African-American Institute**–833 United Nations Pl (949-5666). Mon-Fri 9-5. Sat 11-5. 150 African

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objects made from grass and other fibers, including clothing, agricultural implements, trays, others, thru 10/7.

***Astor**–Lincoln Center (790-6551). Mon & Thurs 12-8, Tues, Wed, Fri, Sat 12-6. The dance in drawings, prints, costume designs, books, and sculpture spanning five centuries, including Diaghilev's notebook from 1909 to 1911, thru 9/2.

Biv–245 W 19th (243-6080). Tues-Sat 1-6. Prints by sculptors Archipenko, Bourgeois, Oldenburg, plus paintings by Kadish, Sirugo, others thru 7/29.

Bobsband–Municapal Parking Garage, 8th Ave at 53rd (226-5014). A temporary sculpture installation, 7/29-8/25.

***Center for Inter-American Relations**–680 Park Ave (249-8950). Mon-Fri 12-6. Latin American art in NYC, including Downey's videos and Urbach's explorative photos, thru 7/28.

F.I.T.–7th Ave at 27th (760-7760). Tues & Wed 10-9, Thurs-Sat 10-4. Work by the American textile designer Jack Lenor Larsen, thru 9/16.

Kalarson–415 E 53rd (688-0428). Central Connecticut State College artists, thru 7/30.

Noho–542 LaGuardia Pl (473-9619). Tues-Sun 1-6. Members, including Beauchamp, Horowitz, Palermo, Yost, others, thru 7/30.

Songwriters' Hall of Fame–One Times Square (221-1252). Mon-Sat 11-3. Song sheets, photos, memorabilia of America's popular songwriters.

St. John the Divine–1047 Amsterdam Ave (678-6888). Tues-Fri 9-5, Sat 12-5. Art in all media with religious themes by Leff, Smitt, Pinto, Sanders, Walinska, others, thru 7/30.

THE HAMPTONS

Benson–Montauk Highway, Bridgehampton (516-537-3233). 2,000 years of fabrics, collages by Butchkes, photos by Baykal, constructions by Thomas, others, thru 8/1

Light–Montauk Highway, Bridgehampton (516-537-3665). Tues-Sat 11-1, 2-5. Color photos of Providence, Rhode Island by Callahan and contemporary views by Miller, thru 8/3.

Tower–3 South Main, Southampton (516-283-3951). Realistic oils of the Hamptons by Bjerring and landscapes by Ritchie, thru 8/4.

Photography

***James Abbe**–Militarism in the 30s, including Hitler, Stalin, Spanish Civil War, and Mussolini, thru 7/30. Washburn, 42 E 57th (753-0546).

J.J. Castro–Venezuela, its cities and its landscapes, thru 7/28. Galeria Venezuela, 7 E 51st (826-1660). Mon-Fri 9-4.

***Grey**–NYU, 33 Washington Pl, Washington Sq E (598-7063). Mon-Fri 12-7, Wed 12-8:30. 19th and 20th century American and European photos from the Wagstaff Collection, including Cameron, Evans, Steichen, Talbot, others, thru 8/26.

***William Henry Jackson**–Waterfalls and rock formations of Cascade Canyon, Colorado, thru 8/18. Wolf, 30 W 57th (586-8432). Mon-Fri 11-6.

Light–724 5th Ave (582-6552). Works by Callahan, Newman, Siskind, Strand, others, thru 8/31

James Marshall–People in places from rural India to urban Italy, thru 7/31. Camera Club of NY, 37 E 60th (838-9710). Mon-Fri 1-6.

***Midtown-Y**–344 E 14th (674-7200). Mon-Thurs 12-8, Fri til 4, Sun 10-1. Sports and games in the streets, parks, playgrounds, and plazas of NYC taken over the past 40 years by Cartier, Eisenberg, Gove, Wolff, others, thru 9/17

Neikrug–224 E 68th (288-7741). Wed-Sat 1-6. Erotic studies by Fox, Mapplethorpe, Tress, Webb, Weegee, others, thru 7/29.

Nikon–620 5th Ave (586-3907). Winners of the "Pictures of the Year," including Conger and Harvey of *National Geographic* magazine, thru 7/29.

***Pfeifer**–825 Mad Ave (737-2055). Tues-Fri 10-5:30. Male nude in the 19th & 20th century, thru 7/28.

Port Washington Public Library–245 Main St, Port Washington, L.I. (516-883-4400). Contemporaries working in 19th century processes, including Conner, Lopes, Morimoto, Steinberg, others, thru 8/31

Layle Silbert–Contemporary poets, thru 7/28. State University of Stony Brook, Library, Stony Brook, L.I. (OR7-0947). Mon-Fri 9-5.

Soho/Stieglitz–34 W 13th (242-9198). Sat-Sun 1-6, Tues 7-9. Still life in abstract form by Berkowitz, counterculture in Palo Alto, California by Mason, Lions of Judah by Threadgill, photos by members, 8/1-29

Terrain–141 Greene (777-4490). Works dealing with views of Eli Siegel, thru 8/30.

***Adam Clark Vroman**(1856-1916)–Simple, direct, unsentimental, and uncompromising views of the Southwest, thru 8:18. Prakapas, 19 E 71st (737-6066). Tues-Fri 11-6.

Museums

American Museum of Natural History, CPW at 79th St. (873-1300). Mon-Sat 10-4:45, Wed till 9, Sun 11-5. *Ice Age Art—Man's Earliest Masterpieces:* The Cro-Magnon artist's view of his world; thru 12/31 *The Sport of Birding;* thru autumn. **Hayden Planetarium,** CPW at 81st St. (724-8700) Laserium concert, Fri & Sat at 8:30, 10 & 11:30 p.m., Sun at 8:30 & 10 p.m.

Asia House–112 E 64th (751-4210). Mon-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5, Thurs til 8:30. Vintage prints made in China during the last 60 years of the Imperial Ch'ing dynasty, 1846-1912, thru 8/20

Bronx Museum of the Arts, 851 Grand Concourse (681-6000). Mon-Fri 9-5, Sun 1-4.

Brooklyn Museum, 188 Eastern Pkwy (638-5000) Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5.

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St. (860-2011). Tues 10-9, Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5. *Embroidery Through the Ages:* Fine and rare examples from the 14th century to the present, for the church and for secular use; thru 9/3. *Celebration of Water* Water symbolism and water forms—fountains, baths, swimming pools, etc., thru 8/20

Fraunces Tavern Museum, 54 Pearl St. (425-1776) Mon-Fri 10-4. Folk art images of George Washington; thru 10/31

Frick Collection, 1 E 70th St. (288-0700) Wed-Sat 10-6, Sun 1-6.

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave at 89th (860-1313) Tues 11-8, Wed-Sun 11-5. *The Evelyn Sharp Collection:* Forty-five paintings and sculptures from Braque, Calder, Matisse, Picasso, and others; thru 10/1 *Alberto Burri:* A retrospective view, 1948-78; thru 8/27

Hudson River Museum, 511 Warburton Ave., Yonkers. (914-963-4550). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5 Photographs of Lee Friedlander *Presence & Passage:* Drawings and paintings by Nicholas Barbieri. Prints by Merle Perlmutter These shows run thru 9/17 *The Ringling Brothers Circus Model:* An 8' by 16' scale model of the circus of 1912-14; thru 9/30

International Center of Photography, Fifth Ave at 94th St. (860-1783). Daily, except Mon, 11-5. *Edward Weston—Gifts to His Sister:* 125 prints by the artist; thru 9/3.

Japan House–333 E 47th (832-1155). Daily 11-5, Fri til 7:30.

Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave. (860-1888) Sun 11-6, Mon-Thurs 12-5.

Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth at 82nd (535-7710). Tues, 10-8:45; Wed-Sat, 10-4:45; Sun, 11-4:45. *Images of Women—Master Drawings of Five Centuries:* Drawings from the 15th to the 20th century, including works by Rembrandt, Dürer, Ingres, Renoir, Matisse, others; thru 10/1 *The Arts Under Napoleon:* Includes wax medallions, velvet court apparel; the Emperor's death mask, and more; thru 7/30. *Japanese Early Blue and White Export Ware:* Export porcelain of the second half of the 17th century; thru 9/3. *Vanity Fair:* A treasure trove of the Costume Institute, thru 8/27 *Polish Arms & Armor;* indefinite close.

Pierpont Morgan Library, 29 E 36th St. (685-0008) Tues-Sat 10:30-5. *The Spanish Forger:* His works. *Devils, Demons, & Fantastic Creatures:* Drawings of creatures which exist in the imagination. *Books and Manuscripts, 1400-1950:* Books, manuscripts, and first editions of English and American literature *H.M.S. Pinafore:* Celebrating its centennial. Thru 7/29.

El Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272) Tues-Sun 10:30-4:30

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W 53 St. (581-2474). Tues-Sun 10:30-5:30. *Folk Art—The Heart of America:* Objects incorporating and illustrating the heart; thru 10/15.

Museum of the American Indian, Broadway at 155th St. (283-2420). Tues-Sun 1-5

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E 53rd St. (752-7684) Tues-Sat 10-5 *The Morning Watch:* A specially-selected exhibition devoted to viewing programs from the museum's collection; thru 9/2.

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (534-1672). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Frozen Motion.* The photographic dance images of Marcus Blechman; thru 9/4.

Museum of Holography, 11 Mercer St. (925-0526). Wed-Sun 12-6. *Light Years:* Illuminating the development of holography; thru 8/27

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53rd (956-7070). Mon, Tue, Fri, Sat, Sun 11-6, Thurs 11-9. *Jerry Dantzic and the Cirkut Camera:* Color landscapes, averaging six feet in length; thru 7/30. *Jim Dine's Etchings:* The history of his work; thru 9/5. *The Architecture of Gunnar Asplund;* thru 9/10. *Designed for Film:* Demonstrating the importance of production design and art direction in motion pictures; thru 9/26. *Artists and Writers:* Drawings and portraits of 20th century American and European painters and sculptors, poets and philosophers, novelists and critics; thru 9/24 The museum's **Summergarden** is now open Fri, Sat & Sun from 6 to 10 p.m., thru 9/3.

New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave. (741-8962). Weekdays 12-6, Wed 12-8, Sat 12-5. *Double Take:* An exhibition of recent works by eighteen contemporary artists, thru 9/2

New-York Historical Society, 170 CPW (873-3400). Tues-Fri 11-5, Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Street Kids:* Old and new photos depicting the many moods of the city's poor children between 1864 and 1977; thru 9/5 *New Life for Old Objects—The Art of the Conservator:* An exhibition of restored paintings, sculptures, and artifacts; thru 8/31 *Wish You Were Here.* A look at popular New York State vacation spots of the past; thru 9/30.

NY Public Library–Fifth Ave at 42nd (790-6551). Mon-Wed, Fri & Sat 10-6. Patrons and publishers dealing with the financial support of English literary works from Chaucer to Orwell with letters, manuscripts, and early editions from the Berg Collection, thru 11/29/At Lincoln Center, 111 Amsterdam Ave. Mon-Sat 12-6. Photos and memorabilia of Eglevsky, 1917 to 1977, thru 9/2. Scores, correspondence, manuscripts, and stage designs of Luigi Dallapiccola (1904-75), the noted Italian composer, thru 9/16.

Queens Museum, NY City Bldg., Flushing Meadow-Corona Park (592-2406). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Play Ball!—A Century of Sports in Art:* Includes works by George Bellows, Richard Diebenkorn, Sidney Goodman, Red Grooms, Bill King, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Ben Shahn, and others; thru 9/10.

Nicholas Roerich Museum, 319 W 107th St. (864-7752). Sun-Fri 2-5

South Street Seaport Gallery, 215 Water St. (766-9020) Daily, 11-6. *The Afternoon of Sail:* A re-creation of 19th century South Street; thru 9/4.

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave. (427-5959). Tues-Fri 10-6, Wed 10-9, Sat & Sun 1-6.

Ukrainian Museum, 203 Second Ave. (228-0110). Wed, Sat & Sun 1-5; Fri 3-7

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave at 75th (794-0663). Tues-Fri 2-9, Sat 11-6, Sun 12-6. *Art About Art:* Multimedia exhibition of more than 100 works by 50 contemporary American artists; thru 9/24. *Four-Part Drawing of Lines to Points on a Grid:* Sol LeWitt's drawing, installed on all four walls of the lobby gallery; thru 9/24 *American Art From 1950 to the Present;* thru 9/12. **Whitney Museum Downtown,** 55 Water St. (483-0011). Mon-Fri 11-3. Photographs by 19 grant recipients of the Creative Artists Public Service Program; thru 8/4.

Sports

Yankees, Yankee Stadium (293-4300); vs. Cleveland Indians, 7/26 at 8, 7/27 at 2; vs. Minnesota Twins, 7/28 at 8, 7/29 at 2, 7/30 at 2; vs. Texas Rangers, 7/31-8/1 at 8

Mets, Shea Stadium (672-2000); vs. Cincinnati Reds, 7/24-25 at 8, 7/26 at 2

Cosmos, Giants Stadium, Meadowlands (265-8600); vs. Toronto Metros, 7/26 at 8:45; vs Tampa Bay Rowdies, 7/30 at 7:30

Apples, Felt Forum (661-8070); vs. San Diego Friars, 7/25, vs Los Angeles Strings (at Madison Square Garden), 7/27; vs. Seattle Cascades, 8/1 At 7:30.

Kid Gloves Boxing Tournament, Felt Forum (563-8000) The championship finals will be held 7/29 at 2

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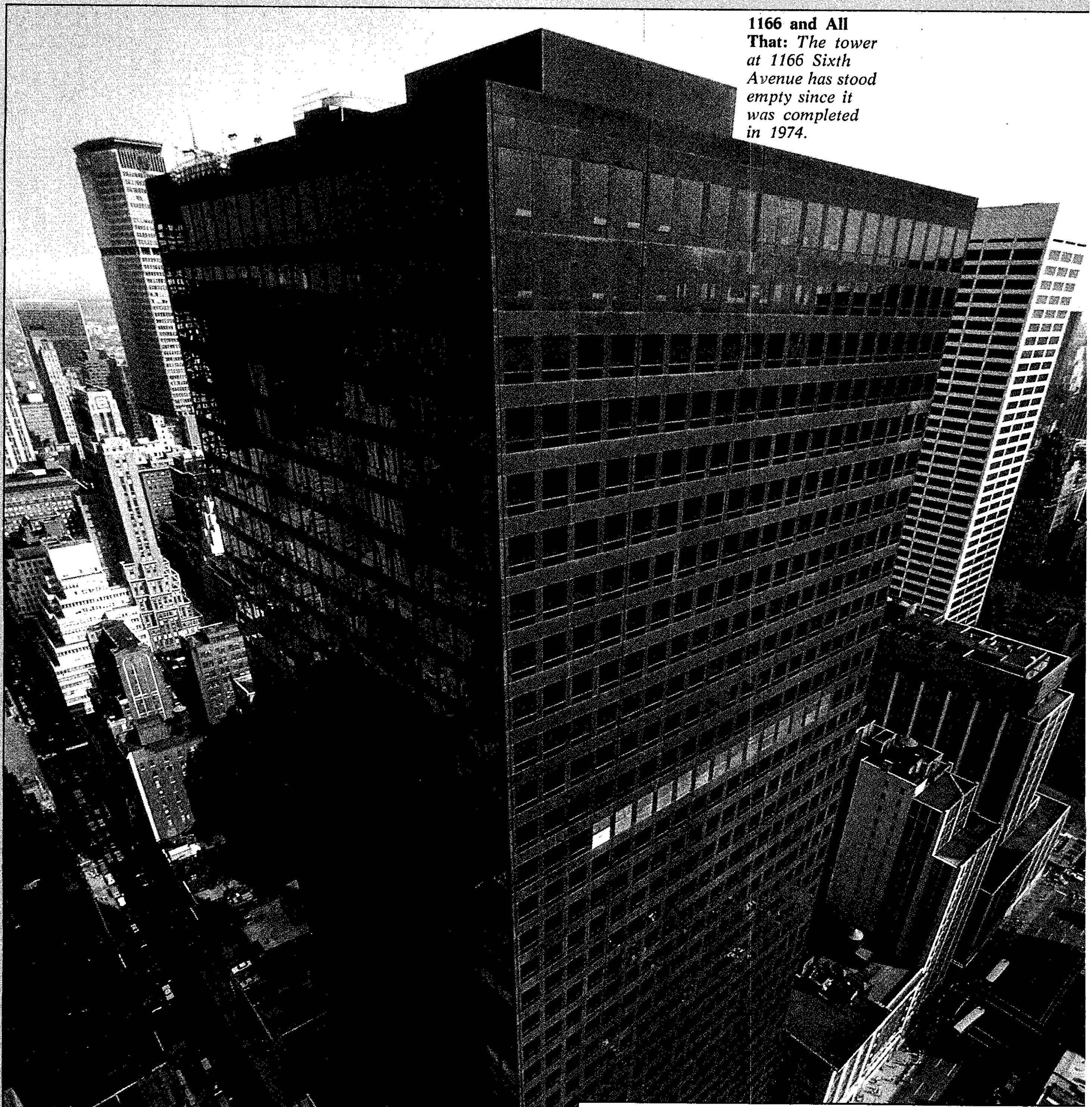
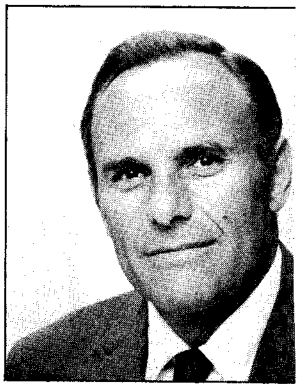


1166 and All That: *The tower at 1166 Sixth Avenue has stood empty since it was completed in 1974.*

The Entrepreneur
Edwin Glickman assembled the land, then sold out fast.

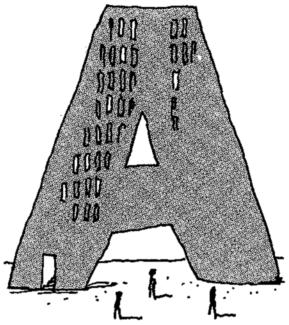


The Loser
Alan Tishman's real-estate fi lost $30 million on the towe

New York

Towering Fiasco

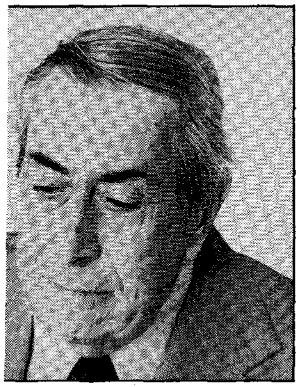
By Peter Hellman



At 8:55 each morning, Vincent Martucci emerges from the BMT at 49th Street and walks three blocks south to his place of work, the charcoal-tinted office tower that straddles a full blockfront at 1166 Avenue of the Americas. At that hour, Martucci is only one white collar among thousands that are flowing into the march of office towers along the avenue. But when he splits off and goes through the north entrance to 1166, the lobby is empty and he is alone.

Martucci unlocks a plate-glass door and from inside he locks it back up. Before him, the building directory is blank. Amid what seems like acres of travertine, he walks to a desk midway down the line of elevator banks. This is where he sits, all day, waiting for an occasional workman or broker to ring the night bell. Martucci is not the building's only employee. There are also Richie, the engineer, and David, the custodian. They precede him at work by one hour. But except for these three men and two night watchmen, nobody works here full time. Soon that will change, but for now, all 44 stories of 1166 remain as empty as they were when the building was completed four years ago.

This is the story of why 1166 stands empty, of how it soaked up first millions, then tens of millions, then a total of more than $100 million—every cent of it lost forever by some of the biggest and, presumably, the sagest real-estate developers and banks in the nation—and of how, finally, 1166 was sold for cash at a bare fraction of its cost, like shopworn goods at final markdown.



e Pension Executive

n Braun inherited a 44-
ry building he didn't want.

The Winner

Edward Gordon finally found tenants for the long-empty 1166.

Since an integral plot of midtown land is usually not available in one stroke for a new office tower, it must be created through that curious stalking game called the "assemblage." The idea of the game is for the buyers to hide what is happening for as long as possible from the sellers. The leading player in this case was a young entrepreneur named Edwin Glickman, acting on behalf of a group of investors. Using shell corporations and subterfuges as needed, Glickman quietly bought up one small parcel after another on and behind the Sixth Avenue blockfront from 45th to 46th Street. He paid millions of dollars, not only for shoddy little buildings but for unexpired leases on those buildings. A lucky merchant could make more by selling a ten-year lease than by ten years in business. Still, this was not enough. Air rights had to be purchased from adjoining properties, so that their unused vertical space available under the zoning laws could be transferred to the new tower. By 1970, Glickman had assembled the entire blockfront along the avenue and all but one parcel in the rear of the plot, on 46th Street—28 parcels in all. At this point, Glickman's group sold the assemblage to one of its partners, Tishman Realty & Construction Company. The price for 58,116 square feet, plus 23,849 square feet of additional air rights, was $42 million.

The one parcel Glickman failed to deliver to Tishman was a dilapidated little building toward the rear of the 46th Street side of the assemblage. Its ground floor was a restaurant called, for no discernible reason, the Place Across the Street. The landlord was a men's clothier and veteran real-estate trader named Bernard Pravda. He had bought the property in 1963 for $140,000. To the despair first of Glickman and then of Tishman, Pravda was not the sort of man to take a nice profit and run. He refused all offers for his building even as they ascended from $320,000 to $1 million and kept right on going. When Tishman took over the bidding, Pravda stood firm until the bid went to $1,349,000. At last, he said yes. Considering the battered little building, the price was obviously outlandish. But Pravda knew he was selling not a building but a blemish. It would mar the office tower already on the drawing boards of Skidmore, Owings & Merrill. Presumably, Tishman would pay whatever it took to remove it.

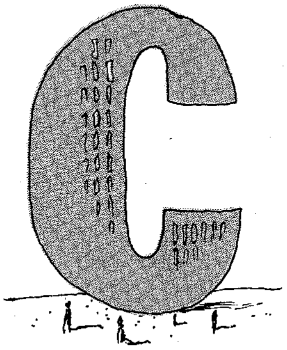
It was on the occasion of the signing of the sales contract, one evening late in 1970, that Pravda's previously impeccable instincts were bested by greed. Sitting across from the Tishman negotiators in the company's flagship tower at 666 Fifth Avenue, Pravda began to fudge. He wanted more. He wanted, to be exact, $1.9 million. When Tishman pointed out that this was $551,000 more than the deal settled by a handshake, Pravda shrugged. What was $551,000 to the 1.4 million rentable square feet of 1166? A mere 39 cents per foot, on a one-shot basis! The arith-

Photographed by Terry Hourigan; illustrations by Jo Teodorescu

". . . As 1166 rose, the space market only sagged inexorably lower . . ."

metic was correct. But a deal was a deal. Shortly after four o'clock in the morning, after a night of nonstop nagging, the Tishman team showed Pravda to the elevator, and, high up on the silvery façade of 666 Fifth Avenue, the lights at last went out.

In truth, almost any expense diminishes to a pittance if it culminates in one of capitalism's greatest gold mines—a first-class, fully tenanted Manhattan office tower. The alchemy here is the tax laws, which despite many attempts at reform still allow an owner to charge off imaginary depreciation against real earnings. If the building clears $4 million, for example, the owner might charge off $3-million for depreciation, leaving only $1 million to be taxed. But this happy situation depends very much on full rental. It will not do, in all but the hottest markets, simply to offer an empty building to the world. It won't even do to fill it full of small-space users. The way to get off to the right start is to bring in a "prestige" tenant who will speak for a major portion of the space and thereby draw in other tenants who want the right address. A prime tenant also makes it infinitely easier to get a building loan and permanent mortgage for the project. Early in 1970, Tishman seemed to have nailed down just such a tenant when it received a letter of intent from the General Telephone & Electronics Corporation to make 1166 its new corporate headquarters.



Coming when it did, GT&E's commitment could only have been a relief to Tishman. The strong market for office space in Manhattan which had prevailed through most of the sixties was showing signs of cooling off rapidly by late 1970. Even with a prime tenant in the wings, caution might have dictated holding off construction on 1166. But mighty buildings, like mighty ships, can't be so easily stopped once steam is gotten up. On December 3, 1970, with Pravda's little building huddled like an undesirable toward the rear of the plot, Tishman put the spade in the ground for 1166. From a financial point of view, it would prove to be a spade digging a mass grave.

A speculative office tower, because of the staggering costs involved, rests on a financial structure that can seem more elaborate than its physical structure. Since it is devised, however, not out of brick but out of paper, it is usually less staunch. This paper is, inevitably, an interlocking network of debts, as it has been ever since William Zeckendorf showed the way, in the 1950s, to big real-estate profits through other people's money. To understand the eventual carnage at 1166, it helps to map out who owed what to whom.

It starts with the land—what the lawyers call the "fee." Assembled mostly by Glickman, it was bought by Tishman in 1970 for $42 million. To swing this deal, Tishman took on its own co-venturers, Arlen Realty & Development Corporation and a related offshore fund, since dissolved, called Gramco. Tishman then got a permanent mortgage on the land of $32.5 million from a group of lenders consisting of the New York State Employees' Retirement System as lead lender ($20 million), Greenwich Savings Bank ($10 million), and the little United Mutual Savings Bank ($2.5 million). The loan was secured not only by the land itself but also by the office tower that Tishman was to build on it. Just as Tishman never dreamed it would lose an office tower, these highly cautious lenders never dreamed they would end up owning it and the land under it—property worth at least three times their mortgage.

But now in 1971, before any of this happened, Tishman was busy applying one of the more advanced Zeckendorf precepts, which holds that one piece of real estate is only a means of becoming entangled in another. In this case, Tishman had been busy across town trying to buy a plot on Lexington Avenue from 48th to 49th Street from the partnership of Sol Goldman and the late Alex DeLorenzo, known then as notoriously tough cookies even in the hard-bitten world of Manhattan real estate. Now Tishman proposed to swap its land on Sixth Avenue for the parcel on Lexington Avenue. Goldman-DeLorenzo would then immediately lease back the Sixth Avenue land to Tishman for 99 years. The deal was made. As new owners of the land under 1166, Goldman-DeLorenzo now took over payments on the $32.5-million land mortgage and got a second mortgage of its own for $3.5 million from the Jamaica Savings Bank. This was quite a load of debt. But as long as a check came in each month for the ground rent, it was manageable. So now, after a buy-out of the original assemblage, two mortgages, a swap, and a leaseback, the land deals were done and the participants seemed content.

Next came the building, or what the lawyers call the "leasehold." As the premier builder-owner of American office towers, Tishman was an old hand at this. Through its mortgage broker, Sonnenblick-Goldman, it arranged for a $45-million permanent mortgage from fifteen lenders led by North American Mortgage Investors (NAMI), then for a $45-million construction mortgage from a group of four lenders led by Citibank. In a loose form of what the trade calls a "buy-sell" agreement, each of the three participants now counted on the others to do their part in the overall undertaking—Citicorp to supply construction funds, Tishman to complete the building, and NAMI to convert the construction loan into a permanent mortgage. Sometimes developers of Tishman's caliber can finance an office tower without spending a cent of their own money. But with interest and construction costs now soaring, the $45-million construction loan did not begin to pay the costs of 1166. Tishman had to sink in at least $25 million of its own cash. It hoped, naturally, that by the time the building was finished in late 1974, its investment would be recompensed by a healthier market for office space. But as 1166 rose steadily above Sixth Avenue, its superstructure aswarm with workers whose hard hats bore the crossed beams of the Tishman "T," the space market only sagged inexorably lower.

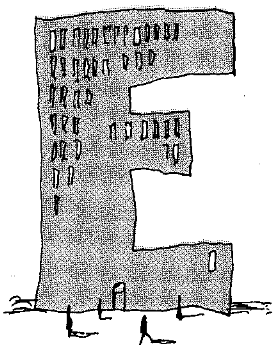
Tishman's one comfort was that it seemed to have one prime tenant more or less in the bag. But for unclear reasons, GT&E soon decided to forget about 1166 and departed for Stamford, Connecticut, where it built a new corporate headquarters of its own. By the time Tishman completed the building, late in 1974, prime midtown office space was available in bountiful supply for as little as $8.50 per square foot. Tishman asked for $12, its break-even price, but in that market it was a bad joke.

For a year and a half, Tishman and Citibank stood a deathwatch over 1166. They paid land rent, mortgage interest, taxes, insurance, and the physical costs of maintaining the patient, which all came to about $1 million per month. Income from 1166 each month was zero. It became clear during this period that the city had begun to financially disintegrate in public. This was no help to the rental market. Finally, in the spring of 1976, when it seemed as if the city might actually go bankrupt with unimaginable ramifications, Tishman and Citibank did what nobody—least of all themselves—once dreamed they would

". . .'We decided,' says Braun, 'to foreclose and kick out Citibank'. . ."

do. They defaulted on 1166. Or, to use the succinct trade term never before applied to Tishman, they "walked."

The tower stood as before, of course, but the house of paper began to tumble. Citibank, to be sure, could have shored up the structure alone. As the second-largest American bank, it was more than equal to the task. It could view a $100-million problem almost as small change. Moreover, it did not have the burden of paying off its own $45-million construction loan. So the question for Citibank was not whether it could afford to keep up 1166, but how it would act to protect itself.



Enter now the calm, blue-eyed, rangy figure of Edward S. Gordon. In less than ten years, this 43-year-old son of Flatbush had built the firm bearing his name into one of the city's most visible and aggressive marketers of office space. In that meager market of the middle 1970s, Edward S. Gordon, Inc., was one of the few firms to prosper, largely by renting up problem properties. Gordon had been fascinated early on by the travails of 1166. Seeing that Tishman and its rental agent, William A. White, were getting nowhere with the building, he had tried to persuade Tishman to give him a shot at it. As Gordon pointed out to Alan Tishman, there had once been no Tishman organization. It had risen through "talent and style." Now ESG was in that same position. Wouldn't Tishman give it a chance? The argument was beguiling enough. But, asked Alan Tishman, what prices did Gordon expect to get at 1166? The answer was $10 per square foot. Tishman explained that he needed $12. "I said to him," Gordon explains now, "'Listen. Would you rather have $10 now and work yourself out of this thing or have nothing?'" Tishman's answer was that he would rather have nothing.

Then, late in 1975, while Citibank was still in a position to call the shots at 1166, Gordon had begun to probe the awesome bureaucracy of that institution, looking again for the right someone to give him a chance at renting the property. When nobody responded, Gordon showed what makes him a hard young charger. In the December 1975 issue of his quarterly newsletter, he wrote and signed an editorial on the subject of banks with problem properties on their hands. Gordon did not name any particular bank or any particular property, and he did not need to:

> I find that some banks don't seem anxious to find a satisfactory cure for properties where they have made problem loans. . . . Foreclosure focuses attention on bank officers who originated the loan. There is jockeying, explanations and endless committee meetings. Meanwhile, the property flounders in a sort of limbo. . . . I have seen situations where a bank—on a single property—has lost a million dollars a month in lost interest, tax payments and operating expenses, without coming up with a valid and meaningful program for the troubled property. . . . These losses must be attacked decisively by retaining action-oriented real estate experts to solve problems. . . .

The editorial struck home, it seemed. Gordon was invited over to Citibank for a lunch with what he calls "all the heavy players." They showed every willingness to turn over the renting of 1166 to him. But first they wanted a thorough study of the building's economics. Throughout the long Washington's Birthday weekend, Gordon and his second in command, Arthur Rosenbloom, labored to produce a detailed projection of rents and costs at 1166, leading to full tenanting in 30 months. Even for a man with Gordon's appetite for exhaustive detail, this was hard work. But he did it happily. He was certain that it would at last bring him his chance to show what he could do with 1166. He was no less delighted when Citibank declared that the job was excellent. It agreed precisely, in fact, with its own in-house studies. Now it could go forward confidently with a decision it had probably already all but made, that it did not make sense to pour up to $50 million into the uncertain future of the building. With Tishman, Citibank decided to "walk."

When the two companies stopped paying ground rent, the effect on Goldman-DeLorenzo was instant. With no cash coming in, the partnership made no attempt to hold on. It stopped paying off the first mortgage to the New York State Retirement Fund and the second mortgage to Jamaica Savings Bank. In that secondary position, Jamaica's $3.5-million loan was wiped out. Now the action shifted downtown to Room 2300 at 270 Broadway, the drab office of Leon Braun, director of real-estate investments for the New York State Employees' Retirement System. Braun is a man with a serious fiduciary responsibility to 750,000 members, and it shows. At age 70, he walks slowly, and it seems that he never walked fast. His gaze is level, unblinking, slightly melancholy. You get the feeling that Leon Braun never forgot to pack his toothbrush for a trip or ever allowed his umbrella to turn inside out in a strong wind. He is above all a man who makes very conservative loans. The one he had made on the land under 1166 had been secured by the land, which cost $42-million, and an office tower, which cost at least $70 million—more than triple the value of his $32.5-million loan. Yet a great builder and a great bank had walked away from it. Now Braun's retirement system owned it all. Nobody had dreamed it would come to this. But now that it had, Braun's course was clear. He must retrieve as much as possible of the capital belonging to the members by foreclosing the mortgage and selling the property for cash. So, in the spring of 1976, Leon Braun let it be known that 1166 and the land under it were on the block.

The double doors of Ed Gordon's corner office, on the eighteenth floor of a faceless building at 415 Madison Avenue, normally stand open so that underling brokers can wander in and out to be encouraged or cautioned. The boss likes it that way. But at certain times each day, when a sensitive deal is in the air, Gordon simply pushes a button on the side of his desk and the double doors swing shut and lock with a cascade of final-sounding clicks. If secrecy has a sound, this is it.

The office is sprinkled with odd little items, each of which has been preserved to remind Gordon of some particular lesson. There is, for example, a receipt for 146 gallons of fuel from the Fort Lauderdale airport, on top of which is written in block letters "Never again!" On a solo flight back from Puerto Rico in his own Cessna last year, Gordon had assumed he could refuel at Bimini. But Bimini had no gas, and he was forced to cruise on 60 more miles to Fort Lauderdale, wiggling his wings at the end to get every drop of gas from the wing-tip tanks into the sputtering engines. Those 146 gallons had gone into a tank with just that capacity. The lesson, clearly, is not to make assumptions that leave your engines sputtering. On the wall by Gordon's desk is a tiny note, flattened out from a crumpled state and framed, which one potential corporate customer had scrawled to a partner when

“. . . Tishman lost at least $30 million. Citibank lost $45 million . . .”

Gordon was trying to swing one of his first big deals. The note says, “John, what we want to know from *any* intelligent R.E. agent is the following. . . .” It is clear that Gordon didn’t supply the answers. He retrieved the note from a trash can and resolved never again to be unprepared. There is also a sign describing the rewards of checking at Franklin National Bank, which Gordon grabbed out of the window the day the bank went bust. It teaches him, appropriately for the case of 1166, not to assume big institutions are solid institutions. But the object Gordon gazed at most fixedly in that summer of 1976 was the dark tower half a mile due west of his window. He had never gotten his chance to rent it. But now he had an even greater challenge. In a market bloated with space nobody wanted, Gordon would try, on his own, to sell this building containing 1.4 million square feet of space all at one shot. If he succeeded in bringing a buyer to Leon Braun, a fat commission would be his.

“I was convinced,” says Gordon, “that the guy who would buy this building didn’t even know about it. It would have to be a *created* transaction.” Gordon also knew that a speculator would not do. He needed to find a user-owner who could populate a goodly chunk of the space, thereby giving it the breath of life. Gordon and Rosenbloom drew up a list of potential purchasers. It was not very long or very startling—IBM, ITT, Con Ed, Equitable, AT&T, New York Telephone. One by one, each of these institutions, to use Gordon’s phrase, “cut us down.” The last to be called was William Hedman, then chief of real-estate operations for New York Telephone. Might NYT be interested in consolidating some of its operations at 1166, just three blocks from its headquarters facing Bryant Park? It was a hard question to ask, coming on cold. Hedman showed no interest in even talking about it.

“Mr. Hedman,” said Gordon, “you’re an important guy at your company, and I’m an important guy at my company. If I have fifteen minutes for you, then you ought to have fifteen minutes for me.”

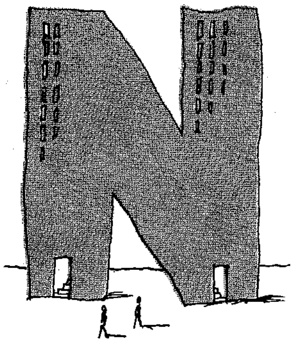
That afternoon, in Hedman’s office at 2 Penn Plaza, Gordon got his fifteen minutes. He offered to draw up a thorough economic analysis of 1166. “I won’t encourage you,” said Hedman, a tall, immaculately tailored man who is anybody’s ideal of a telephone-company executive. He showed Gordon the door.

By this time, of course, Gordon was an old hand at writing up 1166. The report he delivered to Hedman was received well enough. “Ed,” said Hedman one day in April, “we’d like to pursue your concept in depth.” In fact, with a number of leases soon to expire in midtown, New York Telephone had been making its own intensive study of the situation. It now had to decide which of the leases, if any, to renew, or if it should consolidate in a single space like 1166. NYT knew, at this point, that the building could be bought for about $35 million. It did not know what it would have to pay, in the next year or so, for new leased space. But Gordon thought he knew. By the end of 1977, he told Hedman, space then renting for $11 per square foot would go for $14 to $15.50. For a company in the market for over half a million square feet of long-term space, even a few cents less or more per foot looms large.

“Ed,” said Hedman, “you prove to us that it will be worth $14, and we’ll have a basis to go forward.”

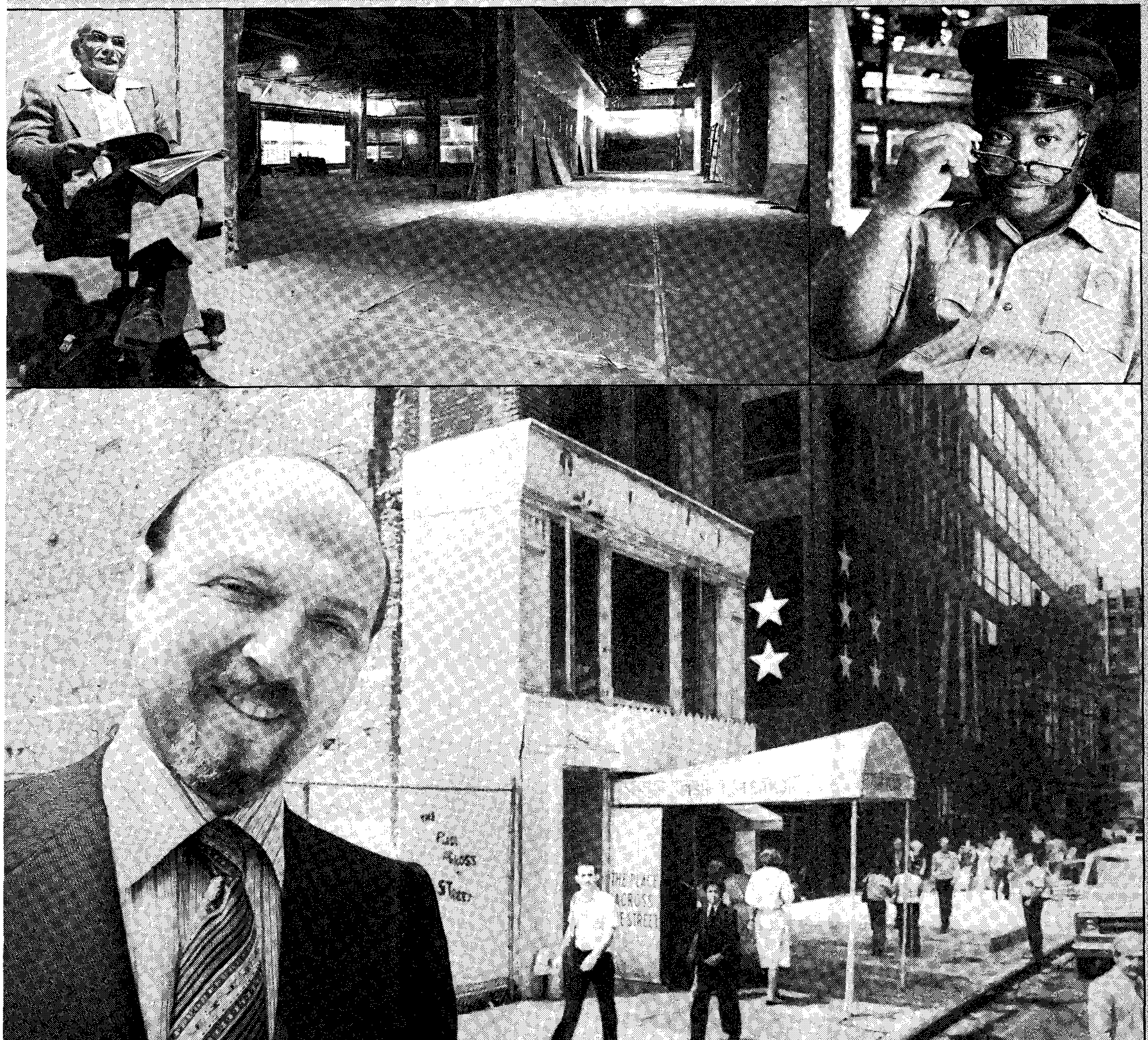
Now Gordon got down to business. Hiring three statisticians, he began to pour out a stream of information to Hedman. It traced the monthly supply of midtown office space by quantity and price since 1974, when Gordon had begun storing market information in his own in-house computer bank. These figures were further broken down into units of space smaller and larger than 16,500 square feet, then separately for the East Side and the West Side, then for Sixth Avenue alone, and then below and above the sixteenth floor. From all of this an interesting and—even in the highly tuned world of midtown space dealers—unanticipated conclusion quite forcefully emerged. In the summer of 1976, at the very time the city’s morale was at its lowest ebb, the market for office space had also touched bottom. Slowly but inexorably, available space was beginning to be rented up. Prices did not yet reflect this diminishing supply, but when the dealers caught on to what was happening, they would catch up fast. That time would come, Gordon believed, toward the end of 1977. He made it clear to Hedman that that would be a nice time to own an empty 44-story office building instead of being caught in the scramble.

On November 24, after months of meetings with Hedman, Gordon was invited to present the facts concerning 1166 to a committee of telephone-company executives. Overlooking no detail for this event, he found out what size charts fitted the company easels and what colors went over best. He then had the charts executed by the firm that did the work for New York Telephone. All went smoothly, but Gordon got no commitment. The building, in any case, still remained technically in the hands of Citibank, while Leon Braun waited to see if the bank could rescue the situation on its own. Now, toward the end of the year, he lost patience. “We decided,” he says, “to foreclose and kick those guys out.” On December 31, 1976, a foreclosure referee stood in the rotunda of the courthouse at 60 Centre Street and auctioned off 1166 and the land beneath it. Nobody put in a bid except Leon Braun, for whom it was knocked down to $32.5 million—the price of his own mortgage. It is a reflection of the pessimism and fear that still prevailed even at this late date that, while every major property owner in the city had looked over the merchandise, not one was ready to pay even a third of its replacement value.



Nevertheless, the sale to New York Telephone seemed imminent when the company at last asked to meet formally with Leon Braun. Gordon and Rosenbloom went to that meeting full of confidence. There, all smiles, the Telephone contingent announced they would be happy to buy . . . *half* of 1166. That would more than meet their consolidation needs. Braun wasn’t pleased with that idea. His need was to recover all, not half, the funds invested by his retirees. However, if Telephone came up with a partner on its own, that would be fine with him. As Gordon and Rosenbloom stood by dazedly, the meeting broke up. Hedman then told Gordon to look for a partner who was Telephone’s equal in cash resources and ethical standards. Then, and only then, would he have a deal.

Gordon and Rosenbloom slunk back to the office in gloom to ponder who they could find to make a suitable match with New York Telephone. All the obvious candidates had already cut them down once. Their thoughts settled, late on this Friday afternoon, on one Martin Cleary, senior vice-president of the Teachers Insurance & Annuity Association, headquartered at 730 Third Avenue. With $6 billion in assets, TIAA was a match for New York Telephone and then some. More to the point, it was


THE PLACE ACROSS THE STREET
THE PLACE ACROSS THE STREET

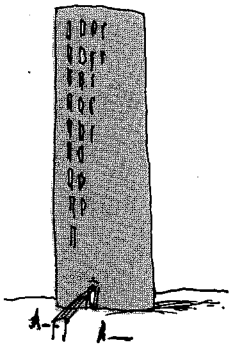
The one that got away: *Edwin Glickman, who bought up properties to assemble the site on which 1166 Avenue of the Americas was to be built, stands in front of the one parcel that eluded him, a dilapidated building for which real-estate trader Bernard Pravda demanded, and didn't get, $1.9 million. Behind Pravda's building rises 1166 itself, whose principal inhabitants are guards Vincent Martucci (top left), by day, and James Irby (top right), by night.*

". . . Sometime next spring, real people will begin to fill up 1166 . . ."

known that Cleary had been looking hard at 1166 as a potential investment. Rosenbloom had recognized Cleary at the auction on the courthouse steps—though he did not know that Cleary had been a hairsbreadth away from bidding on 1166. Gordon now picked up the phone and, as he had done with Bill Hedman a year ago, he called Cleary cold. At six o'clock on a Friday evening, he was surprised to find Cleary still in his office. And he was utterly astonished, he says, when Cleary did not even play cagey. Of course he was interested in being partners with New York Telephone at 1166. Of course!

On Monday morning, Gordon and Rosenbloom met with Jack Sonnenblick and William Stern, their opposite numbers at Sonnenblick-Goldman, TIAA's broker. These men were hardly strangers to 1166. They had represented Tishman first in the assemblage, then in the financing, of 1166, and in the fall of 1976 they had interested TIAA in buying the building, but Cleary had decided to hold off. Now, after two years of heavy going, things went along with almost frightening ease—1166 would be a two-party condominium, one of the first in the city. New York Telephone would own and occupy the third floor through the twenty-third. TIAA would own and lease out the first two floors and the twenty-fourth through forty-fourth. Mechanical areas would be operated jointly by the co-owners. The only thing left to do was to nail down Leon Braun on a selling price.

With the market improving rapidly, Braun was now in no hurry to make the sale. He had even toyed with the idea of holding on to 1166 a while longer and coming out with a bigger profit. But Arthur Levitt, his boss and the sole trustee of the retirement fund, had said, "Don't be a hero." So, after a bit of last-minute dickering, the price was set at $37 million. Even after lost interest and other expenses, this gave the retirees an extra $1 million over their original investment. On June 9, 1978, under the watchful eyes of lawyers from all sides, the deed was signed over to the new owners, entitling them "to have and hold . . . forever" the premises known as 1166 Avenue of the Americas.



n the scoring of winners and losers in this ten-year-long saga, the first entry is a winner. Glickman and his group took a nice profit on the sale of their assemblage to Tishman and got out. Tishman lost at least $30 million. It was not a clean blow but slow torture. That once great company is now in the final process of liquidation. This is not wholly the result of the catastrophe at 1166. Although management denies it, it seems the company had grown tired, in recent years, of trying to convince shareholders that in a well-run real-estate company high cash flow is preferable to high earnings. But the debacle at 1166, at the very least, hastened the end. The crowning blow of all for Tishman is that, in the hands of the new rental agent, Ed Gordon, space for which it had held out so desperately to get $12 per square foot is now going for as much as $18.

Next in the long string of losers comes Goldman-DeLorenzo. It lost the land. Then comes Jamaica Savings Bank. It lost the $3.5-million second mortgage, though it may have been partially indemnified by the personal liability of Sol Goldman. Citibank lost its $45-million construction loan—though, in truth, this is hardly more than small change in its annual report. NAMI did not lose its $45-million permanent mortgage because it did not "take out" Citibank. But now Tishman and Citibank are suing NAMI for failure to provide that mortgage.

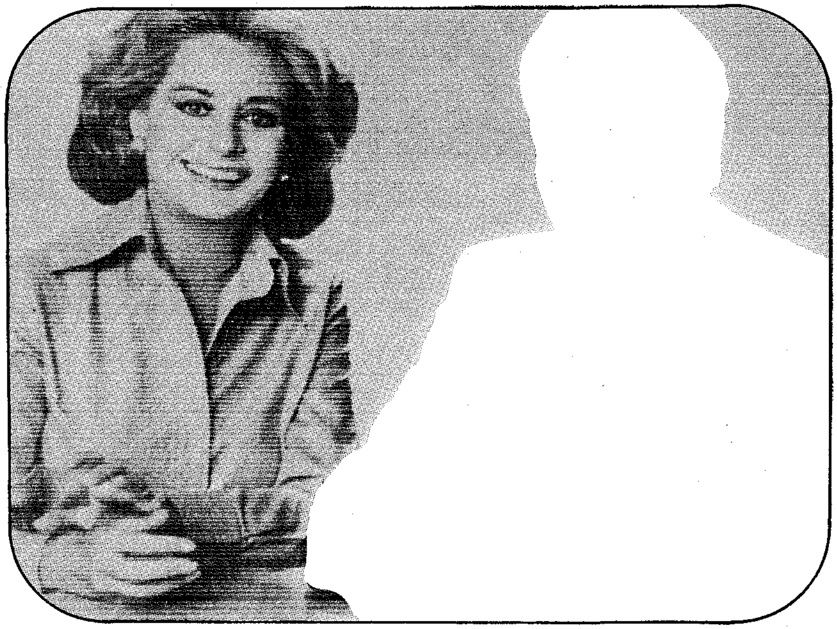
The only player to make it unscathed from one end of the 1166 saga to the other is Leon Braun. Calmly monitoring the falling of other bodies, Braun hewed to a simple principle: If an office tower should unexpectedly collapse, the ground may shake a bit but then will go on being firm. That is why, no matter how safe, sure, and lucrative an office tower is billed to be, Braun never likes to lend his pensioners' cash for anything but the ground beneath it.

The last player to lose, if only in relative terms, is Bernie Pravda, who had squeezed Tishman just a little too hard on behalf of his little building at the northeast corner of the assemblage. Two months ago, Ed Gordon sat down for one more negotiation with Pravda. Both sides knew that those shadowy figures who operate midtown porn parlors could pay a high price for such a building. But they also knew the price would never go as high as Tishman's final offer of $1,349,000 eight years earlier. In the end, they made a deal. Acting for the new owners, Gordon bought the building for $820,000. This time there were no last-minute changes in the contract. Pravda came away with a profit many times greater than his original investment, of course. But eight years ago, he could have cleared another $500,000.

The big winner at 1166 is Gordon himself. First, his firm splits the $850,000 sales commission with Sonnenblick-Goldman. But that is small potatoes compared with what he will earn as sole rental agent for TIAA's portion of the building. By sealing this deal, Gordon also had the pleasure of removing in one stroke the greatest single barrier to a healthy market for commercial space in the city. Those 1.4 million square feet of empty space had dragged on the market like so many tons of lead. In a sign of the brokerage community's gratitude, when Arthur Rosenbloom walked into the dining room of the Real Estate Club on the day the sale was announced he was applauded.

Sometime next spring, real people will at last begin to fill up 1166. But for now, nothing much has changed. Vince Martucci still arrives at nine o'clock from Brooklyn and lets himself in by the locked north lobby door. Each afternoon at four o'clock, he says good-bye to Richie, the engineer, and David, the custodian. By then, most of the workmen who are preparing the place for tenants are also gone. At about 4:30, Martucci is himself relieved by the first of the two night guards, a square-built man named James Irby. In a sense, Irby is also a long-term player at 1166, having guarded it when it was a bare steel skeleton seven years ago.

From time to time, Irby turns to a letter from his fiancée in Guyana, who will soon join him. The envelope carries the worn look that only many re-readings can bring. It contains what Irby, with a sly smile, simply calls "sweet things." He also smiles when he talks about going hunting in the woods around his hometown of Selma, Alabama, and about how good a raccoon can taste when his mother cooks it up with sweet potatoes and vinegar. All this talk makes it hard to remember that another working day has ended in midtown. Outside, the rush hour is reaching its peak. But after four years and many salvos fired, this space a block wide and 44 stories straight up remains empty, and it is Irby's singular and curious luxury to have the place and his thoughts to himself. ■



If You Knew Harry...

By Harriet Heyman

"... Reasoner is back at CBS after over seven years at ABC, and he is optimistic now that his enforced Walters era is over ..."

Harry's going, Barbara's staying, and everybody can relax now. The ill-starred pairing of Reasoner and Walters has ended, to the relief of all involved. With the foundering co-anchorship and the press's Fury-like obsession with it, it's been a dim couple of years at *ABC Evening News*

After more than seven years at ABC, Harry's returning to CBS, his former home base, to work on *CBS Reports*. During the ruckus he got a lot of attention, but little of it had to do with the substance of his job.

Some people saw Harry as the good soldier, forced to march with Ms. Walters to win more territory for ABC in the ratings war, then held hostage by management when he wanted out. Alternately he was the heavy, the petulant anchorman who didn't want to share his news desk with Barbara and, when he had to, resorted to sniping. As the stories went, Harry had called Barbara a this or sneered she was a that. It was probably true. Reasoner has a way with the language, there's no question. Others say that the combativeness of the situation made Reasoner withdraw.

Today these reports have the ring of antiquity. Reasoner's well beyond Topic A. It's even said that he and Walters, if not exactly drinking pals, could joke with each other. So much for rumor and détente. Harry's looking forward to better times back at CBS, even if, as is said, it's at about half his ABC salary of half a million.

What Reasoner is best known for is words. He is a very rapid and facile writer. Among his best pieces have been the commentaries and "end pieces" he did for ABC News and, before that, for CBS News, the morning show *Calendar*. and radio. The end pieces covered both serious and whimsical subjects, from the death of Pope John XXIII to men's pantyhose. Reasoner says he would write the pieces in about twenty minutes. Even if he had more time, he wrote speedily, as if words were perishable goods and had to be delivered fresh to the public. The results could be stunning.

Reasoner was born in Dakota City, Iowa. Both his parents were teachers, but his father was from farming people. "The Reasoners were a family of strong personality," he says. "When people married in, they tended to lose their own family identity and become Reasoners. It was the Reasoners, especially the boys, who counted. My father

Photo illustrations by Larry Williams

"...'Personally, what I'm most dissatisfied with at 55 is that I'm not a man at peace; I admire people whose eyes are clear'..."

and his brothers were jovial funmakers, big men, not Iowa corny, but funny and irreverent."

Reasoner's mother was more intellectually inclined. She encouraged him to write, "on the theory," he says, "that anyone who could write did, because that was the best thing in the world to do." During the Depression, Reasoner's father founded a business in Minneapolis, while Reasoner stayed in Iowa with his mother. "It was not a separation—I saw my father," he says, "but I did spend more time than most kids do with their mother."

When he was twelve his mother died of cancer. At sixteen he witnessed his father's death from a fall. Reasoner described this briefly in his first and last novel, *Tell Me About Women*, which he wrote when he was 21: "He was calm as he fell. I saw his eyes and they were just disgusted. 'Oh damn!' he said. There was a good deal of the whole ironical answer there: the silly rules and the reasonless frustrations, the grandiose plans and the meaningless, taunting accidents."

Although the novel is semi-autobiographical, Reasoner dealt with the death sparingly. The narrator, a young reporter, comes in the side door on a great sadness and quickly absorbs the shock into a "design for living": "Do your job and figure things out for yourself. Avoid the excess, every time. Avoid the soul-stirring part; avoid the part that fills the throat. . . ."

We talked about the novel during an interview. His office was plain, quiet, and isolated from the noisy newsroom. It was not lined with the many awards he has received over the years. The main adornment was a picture of Reasoner's seven children, five girls and two boys, the oldest of whom is now 31.

Reasoner speaks as he writes as he appears on the air. He gives thoughtful replies, with a grace note of humor. He uses language agilely and economically. That's a skill. Maybe it also springs from shyness, wariness of press attention, discomfort at being interviewee rather than interviewer. He doesn't want to appear over-earnest. Partly out of professional reserve, partly out of a kind of emotional conservatism, he checks his feelings with a joke or keeps them to himself.

He says that the novel, and in particular the passage about his parents' deaths, reflects his youthful feelings. "The attitude then would have been not to take chances, not to get into large emotional commitments because they almost always give you problems. But what happened to me, as distinct from the fictional character, is that you do get married and get commitments that you realize are giving hostages to fortune. But it becomes all right. You resent it for the first few years of marriage and parenthood, but then you realize it's probably worth it. And whether it's worth it or not, it's what life is. There's no way you can hold back."

Another upset in his childhood was moving from rural Iowa to a crowded, low-income neighborhood in Minneapolis when he was twelve. "I was a loner and sort of alienated. The high school I went to included not only my neighborhood but also the nicest parts of Minneapolis. It was a matter of looking through the candy-store window until my senior year, when a couple of girls went out with me and were nice to me," he says and laughs. "I've been saved by women all my life."

It's doubtful he'd include Ms. Walters in the generalization. Reasoner doesn't like ferociously ambitious women, or men. But in these forward-looking days he's very gracious about the past. "There's a problem about women in this business," he says. "Barbara has to think about what she's going to wear; she has to have a hairdresser; she has to pay more attention to makeup than I do. That's not because of a defect in her character. It's because that's how you want her to be on air. A man can be an interesting slob in the way that as yet a woman can't. I don't think most women mind being better dressed and so on. But they get blamed for it. They get charged with narcissism."

Reasoner has never tried to dominate a news operation. He lets writers write and producers produce. The managing editor's job, the role Walter Cronkite assumes at CBS, is not one he has longed for. "Harry's personality is loose and pleasant," says Bernard Cohen, a producer of the *ABC Evening News*. "He trusts everyone around him and figures that if you give him a team to produce a show, they're supposed to do it.

"Barbara and he work exactly the opposite way. She's a workaholic. If there are ten ways to do a story, she'll try all ten and pick one. Harry's more relaxed about his work. He's professional but not compulsive."

It may be that Reasoner is too agreeable, too willing to share responsibility with others. "If I could change Harry," says Cohen, "I'd make him get tougher. He has enough power to be able to run his own operations and not just sit back and let everybody control his destiny as an anchorman and as a journalist. He's not a strong, aggressive personality—but that's part of his charm."

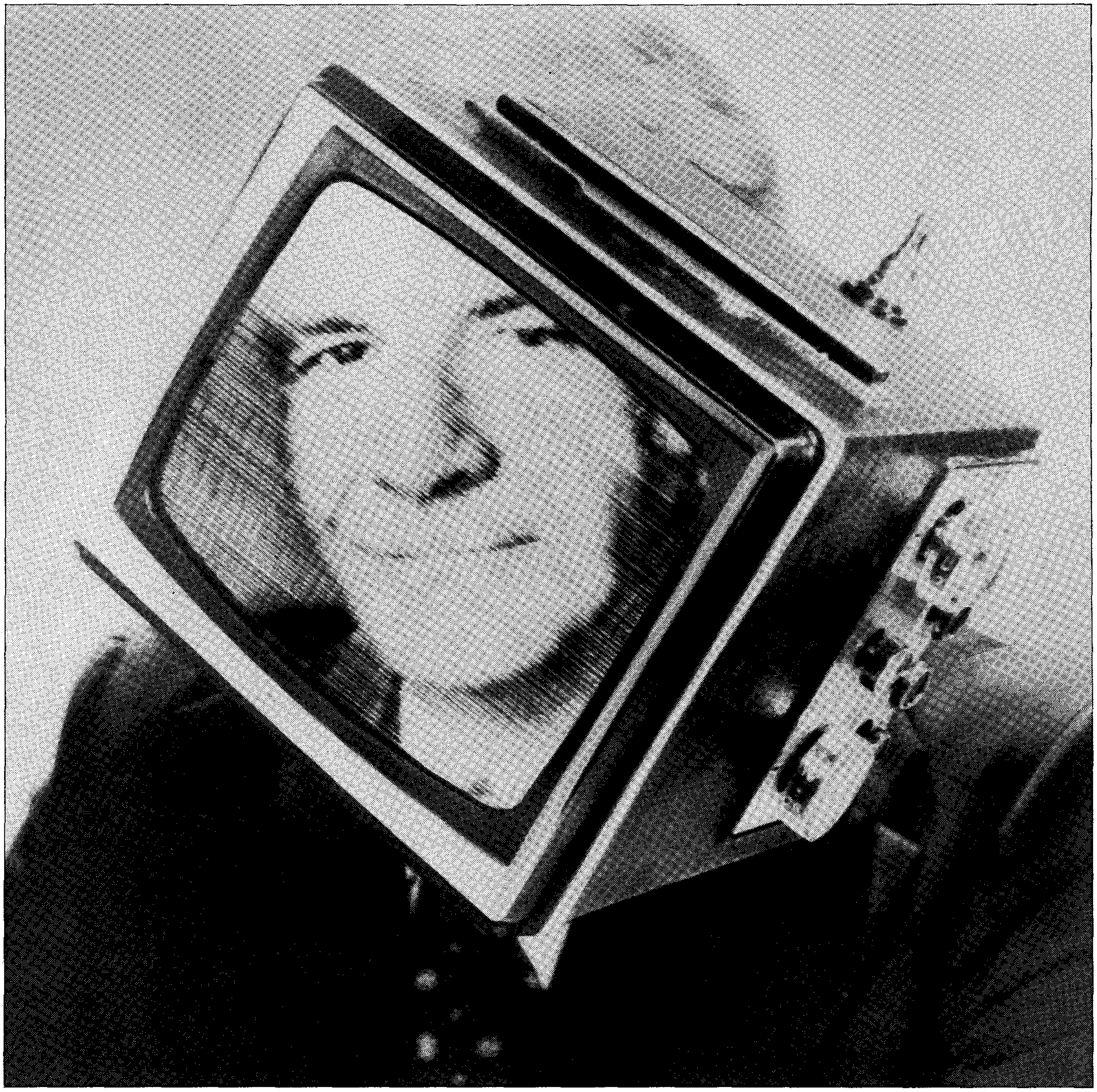
A less generous view of Reasoner is simply that he's lazy—that he's more devoted to friends and to drinks at Café des Artistes, lunch at Le Biarritz, and baseball than to work. "Harry's become a fat cat," says Jules Bergman, ABC News science editor. (Bergman also thinks Reasoner lacks the "magnetic charisma" of Cronkite.)

Reasoner says he doesn't believe in making a "fetish out of work." He's always said that he and other anchorpeople get more money than he or they deserve. He doesn't understand Stakhanovites, like Ms. Walters, who work all the time. He likes to do his job creditably and get out.

At broadcast journalism Reasoner's a natural, and for him that may be as much a fault as a virtue. He does the equivalent of hitting, running bases, and fielding with a kind of inborn agility. Walters, by way of contrast, is a worker. She goes at her job with furious intensity. Learning the techniques of TV news did not come readily. Her interviews were not always so slick, nor did mastering that form put her at ease in the anchorperson's chair.

Reasoner's personal broadcasting style is quite different from other news stars'. He's not aggressive like Walters. He's not Olympian like Cronkite. You can't imagine Harry Reasoner saying, "That's the way it is." Harry wouldn't impose that view. He wants you to feel comfortable. He doesn't confect an on-air image. His credibility is a given, his warmth genuine. At worst he is inappropriately glib. At best he is elegantly plain-speaking. His bemused smile invites you to share his view that some awfully strange things are going on.

Reasoner believes that he has been able to express himself, that, except in the last two years, he's done pretty much what he wanted to do. "I suppose the most enjoyable time professionally was the two and a half years I spent at *60 Minutes.* There was a lot of traveling, but not hectic fireball traveling, and it was usually on major stories with time and facilities to do them. But I also enjoyed the first five



years of anchoring at ABC. I enjoyed the prestige and 'big dog' feeling of anchoring."

The best times at ABC were the early years, when Reasoner got out in the field, when he and Howard K. Smith were paired, when from 1970 through 1974 he pulled ABC's rating out of the pit and into a competitive third position. CBS friends say that while he was pulling for ABC, emotionally he never really left CBS.

Reasoner thinks he's made some wrong turns. "If I could redo certain things, at ABC I would have tried to be more active about my ideas. I would have tried to avoid losing the chance to get Roger Mudd over here for a strong dual anchor. At CBS I would have tried to find more of a channel than I did. In a sense I became the world's greatest utility infielder. I was there when Walter wasn't. I was there for specials. I could do analyses when Sevareid wasn't around. I would have tried to spread myself less thin.

"Personally, what I'm most dissatisfied with at 55 is that I'm not a man at peace. I admire people whose clear eyes and composure indicate they've settled a lot of internal differences and are doing what they want to do as well as they can."

If three decades later Harry Reasoner were again to fictionalize his life, how would it go? "I don't think it's a tragedy. I suppose it would be more like a Waugh or Greene treatment," he says. "It would be a story not of an anti-hero but of the good man who didn't always rise to the occasion and who is more fascinated by what life is about than he is a molder of what life is about." Well, now there is another occasion to rise to.

Going back to CBS could be the best thing to happen to Reasoner, say those who know him—as long as he gets involved in projects. What's been missing for too long is Reasoner's own deft touch. CBS correspondent Mike Wallace said this about his former *60 Minutes* colleague: "Harry Reasoner remains the midwestern innocent in the big city. He is an honorable, genuine, unvindictive man. He is a noble man. What is going to happen to him in the next ten years will be important in telling the direction of television and TV news. He has yet to make his mark." ▬

RABBI MASLATON IS
NO STRANGER TO JEWISH
COURTSHIP RITUAL.
BUT NEVER HAS HE SEEN
ANYTHING LIKE THIS!

Seven Grooms For Seven Sisters

By Susan Berman

Listen, Rabbi Sion Maslaton is no *shiddach* virgin. As head of Brooklyn's Ahi Ezer Congregation in the heart of the Syrian Jewish community, he's seen his share of Jewish blind dates, not to mention the fact that he's successfully married off his own six daughters.

Now a *shiddach* is usually arranged by a *shadchen*, or matchmaker—an aunt, uncle, or well-meaning friend of absolutely no taste at all who starts off saying, "Have I got the perfect guy for you!" and ends up yelling, "Well, if you're going to be so picky, you'll wind up all alone." The very best of all possible endings to a *shiddach* is a wedding, thereby making the bride, groom, extended family, caterers, dance band, and many ancestors like Moses and Queen Esther ecstatically happy—and thereby ensuring the safe course of Jewish genetic history.

So Rabbi Maslaton is no stranger to Jewish courtship ritual. But never has he seen anything like this! In a story full of hope and miracles—and perhaps out of the realm of man and in the hands of God—every single member of the Brooklyn Syrian Sephardic community has become a *shadchen*, attempting to find husbands for thirteen young women who came here from Syria last summer for just one reason: to get married.

This story began over 30 years ago in the ghetto of Damascus and ended last spring when a triumphant congressman and a concerned citizen exulted as they heard President Jimmy Carter say, "I have heard the story of the Jewish maidens of Syria and I will personally talk to President Assad about it."

Before the state of Israel was created in 1948, Syria's Jews lived side by side with their Arab neighbors in relative happiness and prosperity. With the birth of Israel, religion became a political issue, and this fruitful co-existence came to an end. Syria's Jews were made to carry identification papers stating their religion; they could not teach their children the Hebrew language, could not wear a Star of David, could not dispose of money from property sales, could not work in the public sector, could not travel far out of their ghetto, and, above all, could not leave Syria except under special circumstances. As the oppression became unbearable, sons began to flee. Parents were never told when their children planned to escape, because they, then, would be implicated. Jewish men preferred to stay single so that when they escaped they would not leave a family behind.

The Jewish population in Syria has dropped from 45,000 in 1948 to its current 5,100. The few single Jewish men left who do marry select young women of fifteen and sixteen with large dowries. So there are more and more single women with absolutely no hope of a marital future; to marry outside of their faith would be unthinkable. At least 500 single Jewish women work in their homes or the ghetto by day and spend the evenings with their parents. They yearn for a life in which they can expect to marry and have children and lead what they consider a full Jewish life. They try not to dwell on the isolation that has sentenced them to a barren future.

Jewish news from Syria has always been sketchy, but among the few who knew of these women's plight were distant relatives here in Brooklyn. Most of this community came to America for economic reasons in the early 1900s, but they had not lost ties with the homes of their ancestors.

Three and a half years ago, members of the community met with Congressman Stephen J. Solarz, a Brooklyn Democrat whose district includes this Ocean Parkway area. A member of the International Relations Committee, Solarz was moved by the story and immediately began a vigorous but tedious campaign to win the women's freedom. He enlisted the help of community leaders Stephen Shalom and Bert Chabot. He met with Secretary of State Cyrus Vance (who pledged full support), held hearings, traveled twice to Damascus (as did Shalom and Chabot), logged thousands of miles, and had countless meetings with Syrian officials.

In response to this mounting pressure, in December of 1976 President Assad lifted all restrictions against Jews save one—the right to leave Syria. The grateful Syrian Jewish community heaped thanks upon him but begged for just one more favor: "Let our single women go!"

Finally, Solarz and Shalom met with President Carter in the spring of 1977. Carter assured them that he would

Photographed by Terry Hourigan

bring the matter up with President Assad that May as part of his Middle East diplomatic effort in Geneva. He kept his word, and, in a magnanimous surprise decision, an Arab president gave a Christian president the gift of thirteen Jewish lives.

There was one catch: Syria insisted that the women be married to Americans before they left. So Solarz and Shalom, the miracle workers, went back to Brooklyn and collected thirteen proxy marriage proposals. Shalom took them to Syria, and, on a very hot day last summer, thirteen weeping, smiling women walked down the aisle of a synagogue in Damascus and became the brides of men they had never met from a land they had never seen.

Last August, the women arrived at John F. Kennedy Airport after their first trip in an airplane. A tearful Brooklyn community met the joyous women, who disembarked with hope in their hearts and only Arabic on their lips. The brides met their proxy husbands and their adoptive families and leaped into the twentieth century. Although the proxy marriages are legally binding in Syria, they are not here. The women all dated their proxies for a time but none of these particular matches worked out. Most of their "husbands" were, and still are, looking for wives; they had simply let their names be used as a humanitarian gesture.

Now, after eleven months of intensive husband hunting, three women are safely married off; one is engaged and will marry later this summer. Two very young women got homesick and went back to Syria, a fact which showed the Syrian government that the American government could be trusted (i.e., the girls weren't shipped to Israel). That leaves seven. Rabbi Maslaton needs seven grooms for seven sisters.

Letters, Rabbi Maslaton gets letters. And phone calls, begging, pleading—don't ask. They reach him at the synagogue at all hours, and at home. Mrs. Vicki Maslaton now keeps a pad and pencil handy by the phone so she can get down the vital statistics of prospective suitors. Stephen Solarz gets letters. Everybody, but everybody, in this neighborhood—where shops like Henrietta's Bridals predominate, and where there are a dozen kosher butcher shops on Avenue J filled with housewives—knows a religious man who needs a wife.

"Look at this latest batch," says Rabbi Maslaton, a genial, good-humored man.

He opens one of many letters. It says, "Dear Rabbi Maslaton: I am a single Orthodox man of 50. I have a good job and I want a wife. The American women are too independent. I want a wife who stays home with children, no conflict. Could I please meet one of your girls? I live with my mother and I've enclosed a picture."

"I even get crazy letters," says the rabbi. "Here's one from a woman in Coney Island. She says that although she's not Jewish, she is single, so if there are any men left over could she please be sent names and phone numbers because she wants to get married.

"This is not an easy responsibility," he sighs. "Their families have entrusted them to us; we are their family here. And I want my girls to be happy. I don't want any of them to marry—what do you call them?—pills. Some of the women in my congregation talk about their husbands as pills. No pills for my girls. And no older man for the young one, Ferial—she's nineteen. No, the older men for the older girls. The most important thing is the man's character, he must have character. He can take her out a few times, and then he must decide. That's the way we do it in the Orthodox religion. We don't lead each other on. And some girls do not want to live with a mother-in-law; if he lives with his mother he must be willing to move out.

"Some men have asked to meet all seven. My wife and I don't allow that. We give him a name and he comes to the house and meets one girl. I don't want any of the girls to feel bad. If the girl doesn't want to go out with him again, she tells my wife, and if he calls, *she* tells him. Why don't they like some of the men? How should I know? My girls are smart girls; they know what they want. It'll take some time, but it'll work out," he says, clapping his hands with finality and closing his book of lists.

The four women living with the Maslatons have spanned a civilization, but they are bound to their new family by a common culture. The customs here are the same as those they left behind. The Maslatons are of Syrian heritage, are Orthodox, and speak Arabic as well as English. They are strict observers of the Sabbath: no cooking, no riding in cars, no talking on the telephone, and they say the same prayers Jews have been reciting for centuries over the Sabbath candles. Even tearing toilet paper is considered work, so it is cut the night before. And they eat the same delicious food: mounds of kibbeh (meat rolled in wheat germ or rice), chicken, cabbage, artichokes, salad, lemons, and vegetables.

The women are dark, beautiful, cheerful, warm, and full-spirited. When

Happy ending: *Victor Setton and his bride, Syrian-born Yvette (née Sabah), whoop it up on their wedding day.*

they first arrived there were torrential tears of homesickness, but the flood has been dammed by the Maslatons' counseling and by constant phone calls to Syria. They still wait every day at the mailbox for news from home, but they are rapidly adjusting to their new way of life.

They live downstairs, dormitory-style, in the Maslaton home, a two-story brick flat on 9th Street in Brooklyn. There are four beds, clothes strewn around the room (some, including four pairs of identical boots, are gifts), and little adornment other than many snapshots of their families in Syria, especially of nieces and nephews left behind but not forgotten.

Stella Jradeh, 29, speaks the best English of the group. She is an ebullient woman who was a high school principal in Damascus.

"There I lived in a small house in the ghetto with my mother and three brothers. When my father was alive, he owned a small store," she says, perched on her bed.

"I was the principal at Ben Me Moun, a Jewish school. Every day I get up at 6 A.M.—I could hear the school bell from my house—and get to school at 7 A.M. I always walk home to eat lunch with my mother.

"I come home at night for dinner or maybe my brothers will take us to a nightclub or a movie, that is all. It takes much longer to do home things: We have to shop for food in many different markets. There was one man there who wanted to marry me. I didn't want. Every year he came to my family and said, 'Stella should marry me or she will be alone,' but I just didn't like," she says, smiling.

And has the adjustment been hard here?

"At first, yes. I miss my family very much. But now—it's been almost a year—not so much. I take the bus and I work at a Jewish school here in Brooklyn. I take the subway to the city sometimes. I am meeting many men—but so far not the right one. He doesn't have to be rich, just to make enough to support a family. And I want him to be religious, but not like the Hasidim. We prayed so long to be able to come here that I know it will work out."

Charlotte Hamra is a tall girl of 28. Her twin sister, Lily, is back in Damascus hoping that she will be able to come if there is a next batch of girls. Charlotte, who speaks in soft, hushed tones, didn't work in Syria, but here she is a factory worker in Manhattan. She, too, has had many dates, but not the right one as yet.

Esther Soued was a teacher in Syria. She is a bright spirit who now has a short, modern hairdo. The women still wear their Syrian clothes, but since these are all Italian imports, they look very modern. There is something foreign about the women's dark appearances, though, even before they open their mouths and speak broken English with an Arabic accent.

"ANYWAY," SAYS
VICTOR SETTON,
"I KISS HER—AND
I KNOW SHE IS
THE ONE."

When I asked Esther whom she wanted to marry, she kidded, "How about John Travolta. Oh, he isn't Jewish? Well, then forget it."

"My life here, it is different, but it is fine. I have gotten my certificate in English and I work as a secretary in Manhattan. I take the subway into town.

"In Syria I lived with my mother and, at different times, my five sisters and two brothers. [Esther is 25; she has unmarried sisters of 30, 33, and 40.] I taught there in a school. Since Stephen Solarz and Stephen Shalom came over we can now teach our children English as well as Arabic and French, but it is still not completely free for the Jews. I miss my family, and I miss how we all know each other there from the community, but I am meeting more people here."

Ferial Ruben is the youngest of the group, a shy adolescent of nineteen. By Syrian standards, though, she is definitely of marriageable age. In fact, her younger sister Jacquilene got married last year at the age of 15 to a groom of 30.

"That's the way it is at home," she explains. "She must to marry him. If not, who? He wanted only her. At first it was hard for her to learn to cook but my mother, Nazli, and her mother-in-law teach her."

Ferial works in a school here and is still learning English. She cuts lemon tonight for the salad and kisses the Maslaton grandchildren frequently.

"Look at the baby," she says as she picks one up. "Who could not to love a baby?" she exults. "At home in Syria I sew pants for a factory in my house all day. Here it is very different, but, yes, I like, I like," she says, staring off in the distance.

Last January, dark-haired, 24-year-old Sabah Yabo became the first to marry. Two weeks later, Sophie Atash married Albert Mizrahi, and Stephen Solarz gave her away. They were two very joyous weddings. Several of the women were outfitted in apricot bridesmaids' dresses as they marched down the aisle at Sabah's wedding.

When the tahlis, or men's prayer shawl, was placed over the heads of Sabah and her husband, 29-year-old Victor Setton, there wasn't a dry eye in the temple. As the rabbi pronounced them man and wife there was a hushed silence. Then every one of the 400 present, like a Hasidic version of the Rockettes, began dancing back from the aisle. All the people who were there have pictures of the wedding in their homes, and they are still kvelling about it.

Interviewing Sabah (who has now changed her name to an Americanized Yvette) and Victor could restore a cynic's faith in love. They never stop holding hands and smiling. This is a man who has found his woman.

And to hear Setton tell it, it was about time Yvette married him. The whole thing took entirely too long for the patience of this Delancey Street shop owner: about four months, start to finish. These Syrian guys don't waste time.

"I had wanted to get married for a long time but I didn't meet the right girl," says Setton, whose family is originally from Aleppo. He is talking with Sabah/Yvette in the lobby of Ahi Ezer Congregation, where Rabbi Maslaton introduced them.

"When I first heard the women were coming, I talked to the rabbi. But he said he was not introducing them to anyone for at least two months, that they needed time to get used to America. So I say, 'Okay, I wait.'

"In our synagogue, as you know, the men pray separately downstairs and the women pray upstairs, and I kept looking up at the women after services. I saw Yvette immediately and I even pointed her out to my father, Ezra, the temple caretaker. Finally Rabbi Maslaton introduces her to me and I go to visit her and her adopted mother, Mrs. Janet Zalta. Then I take Yvette out on our first date, a kosher restaurant and a movie."

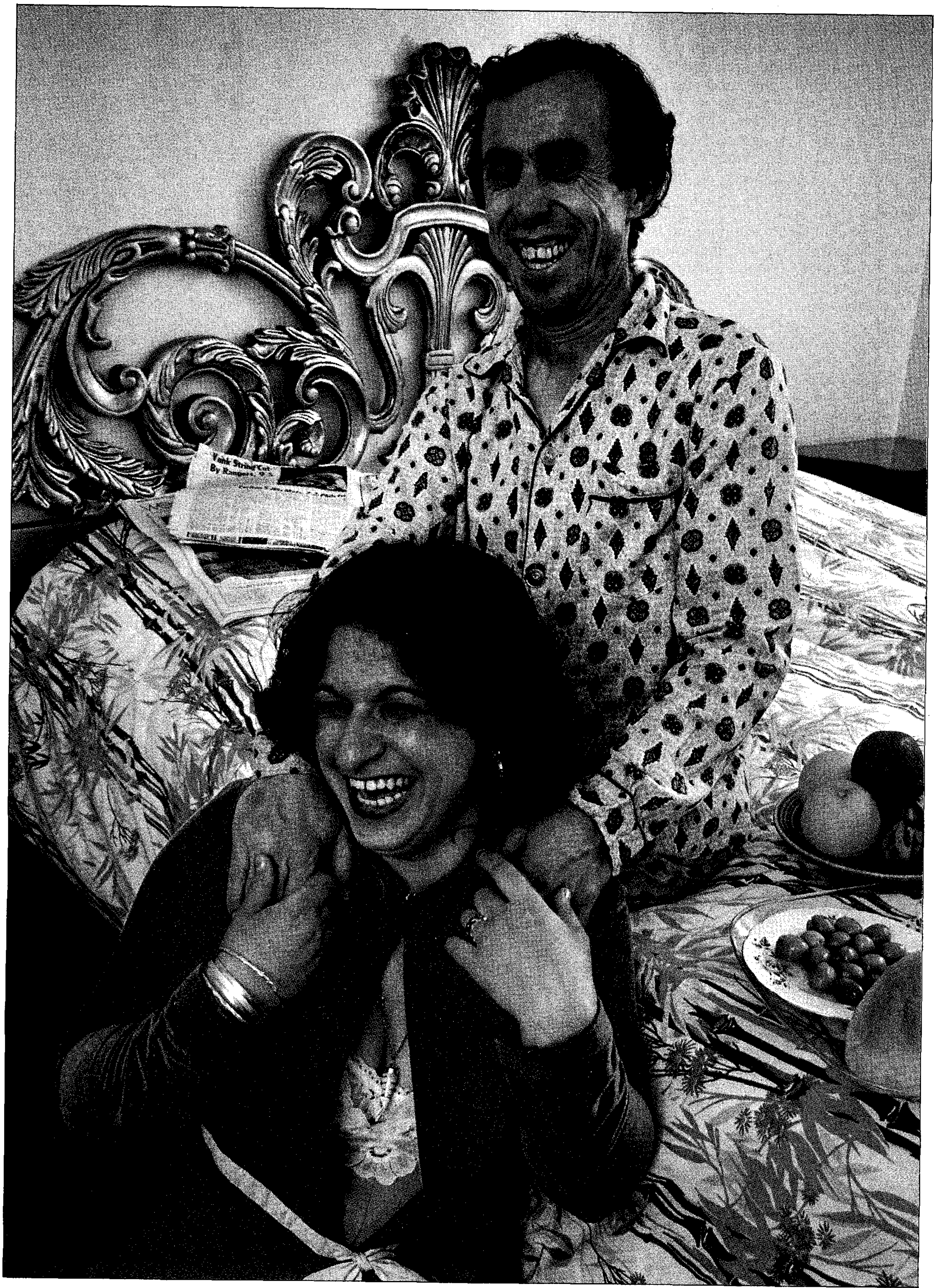
"I remember the movie; it was about policemen," Yvette says in broken English.

"She remembers it," Setton adds.

"Anyway, then I kiss her and I know she is the one."

Kissed her? What about the rabbi?

"Well, I could just kiss her. After that I call her every night and I talk in Arabic to her, but she says I must speak English so she can learn it. We went out a few more times, and then I ask her to marry me. I didn't want


Yank String Cut
By Rangers

It is better to marry: *Victor and Yvette have now been married for six months. They have no regrets.*

to rush her so I waited until about two months after our first date. She said she had to ask her parents' permission, so we write to them, we wait and wait, and then the letter comes and they say yes. I am the happiest man when we receive the letter. Then, according to our tradition, I ask her adoptive mother, Mrs. Zalta, and we celebrate by drinking shrab il loz [a liqueur of ground almonds and sugar]."

Here Yvette beams. She pats Setton's cheek and says, "My husband, he is very beautiful. If I am late coming from a friend's before dinner, he worries."

Setton beams.

"After that I give her a ring and bracelets from my mother. She asked if we could bring her parents over for the wedding and my parents offered to pay for the fare but Syria would not give permission. Maybe someday. Anyway, that was it," says Setton, clapping his hands the same way Rabbi Maslaton does when he says it will all work out.

As Mrs. Victor Setton, Yvette lives a life some might call prosaic, but it is the life she has always dreamed of. Setton has what he wants, a woman to love and to bear him children, a woman in little danger of suffering a mid-life identity crisis. She has retained more of the old-fashioned values than some of the other women and has never worked. She cooks, cleans, studies English, but most of all she lives for the day when she will have children. How many?

YVETTE LIVES A LIFE SOME MIGHT CALL PROSAIC. BUT IT IS A LIFE SHE HAS ALWAYS DREAMED OF.

"As many as God will give," Yvette says happily. And in true Syrian tradition, even though they have only been married six months, her mother-in-law is saying, "When, already?"

It is Shabbat morning in the Maslaton home. Mrs. Maslaton is up and already setting the table for a brunch feast. The four Syrian women walk to Ahi Ezer Congregation. After the services they are mobbed by well-wishers as usual—they are the stars in this galaxy. People press their hands, kiss them, and say, "Hamdilah! Hamdilah!" which is Arabic for "Thank God! Thank God!" Later, they sit in the Maslaton home singing Sabbath songs and looking at pictures in Mrs. Maslaton's children's wedding albums and snapshots of her 21 grandchildren. They hope to have the same type of albums very soon.

Why, it just happened to one of them: Loulou Halabe, who lived with Dr. and Mrs. Robert Matalon a couple of blocks away. Friends gave her name to Solomon Sasson of Clifton, New Jersey, when she got here from Syria last fall and he just kept calling until he got her in.

"You know about blind dates, but when I opened the door, I couldn't believe it—he was gorgeous," remembers Loulou's adoptive mother, Barbara Matalon. And so, last month, Dr. and Mrs. Matalon walked her down the aisle.

Although there is a small, grim backlash—a few native Brooklyn women have grumbled, "It's hard enough for us to find husbands. . . . Who needs the competition?"—everybody else has joined in the groom search. They must find seven men who want to love, honor, and stare over the Turkish coffee at these women for an eternity.

And they'd better find them fast! Because Stephen Solarz has applied to bring 51 more out very soon. Hamdilah! ▬

NEW!
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A waiting game: *Rabbi and Mrs. Maslaton pose at their dinner table with their four unmarried Syrian "daughters": Stella, Esther, Ferial (who, at nineteen, is the baby of the family), and Charlotte. The women are homesick—but hopeful.*

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12 YEARS OLD

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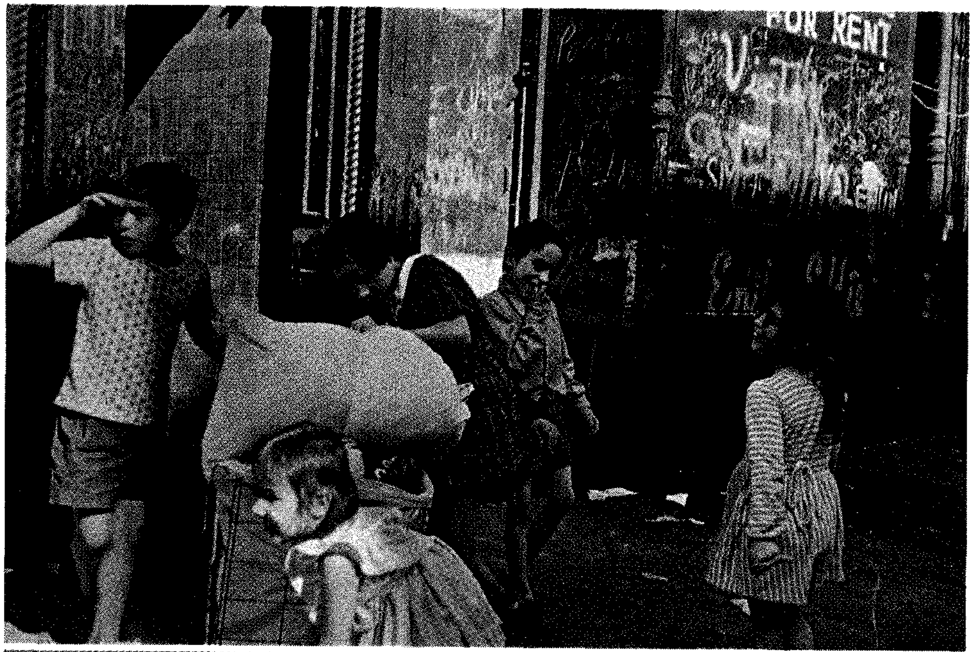
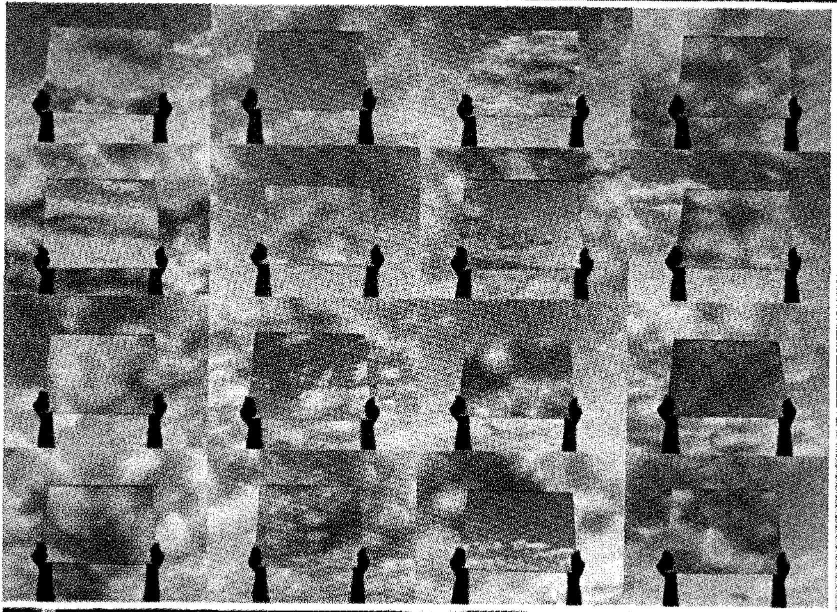
Some peopl
Some se

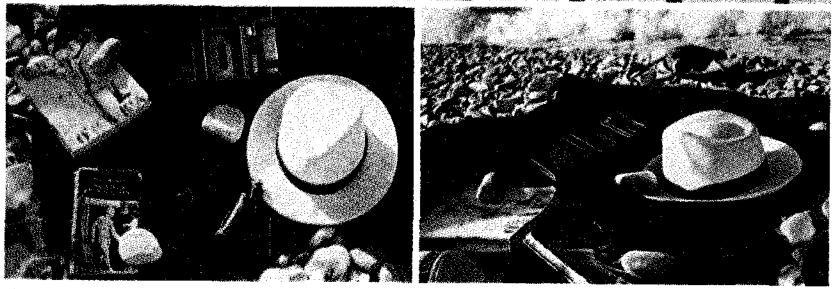
Helen Levitt UNTITLED, 1972-74.



William Eggleston MEMPHIS, c. 1971.

Gary Beydler TWENTY MINUTES IN APRIL, 1976.

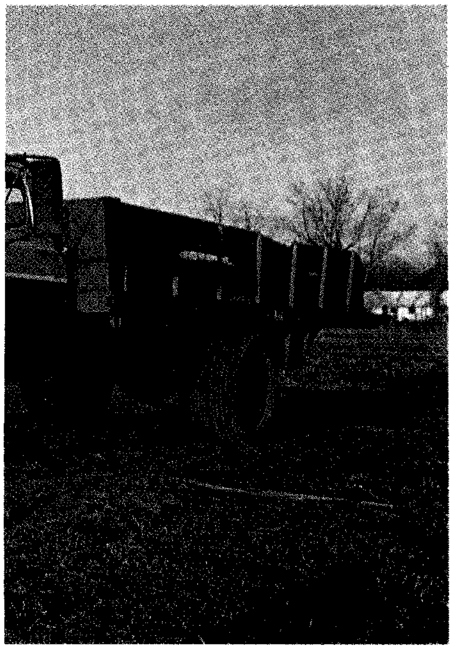


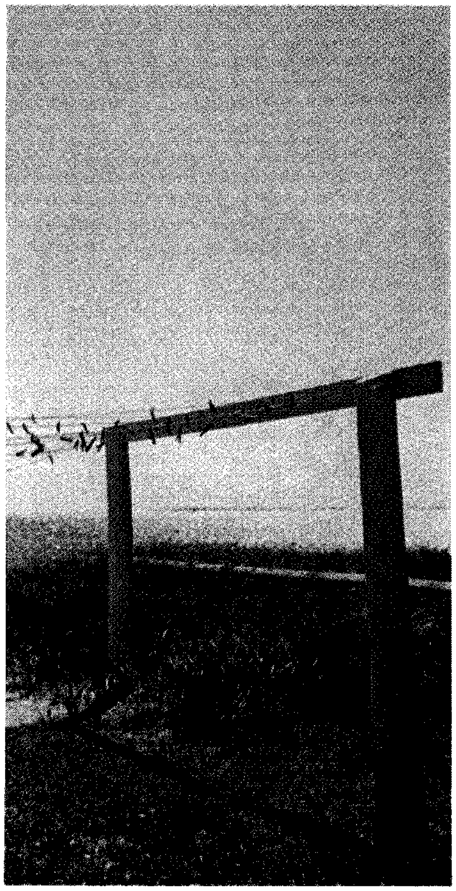


Eve Sonneman SIGHT/SOUND: FOR MIKE GOLDBERG, SAMOS, GREECE, 1977.

Joel Meyerowitz UNTITLED, 1976.

see the dream. the reality.





Snapshots. And posed shots. Pictures you can get lost in. And pictures you can find yourself in. We invite you to discover them for yourself in a stunning exhibition titled "Mirrors and Windows: American Photography Since 1960." It opens July 28th at The Museum of Modern Art and at other museums on the dates listed below.

We think you'll find, as in those at the left, not merely some evocation of the dreams and realities of the 60's and early 70's but something timeless and personal. Not merely what the photographer has seen, but what each of us sees for himself.

That's one reason we sponsored this exhibition, and why we think you'll find it rewarding. In our businesses and our lives, we need to see both the dream and the reality, and to discover something of each in everything we see. Sponsorship of art that reminds us of these things—and of the continuing need for individual insight—is not patronage. It's a business and human necessity.

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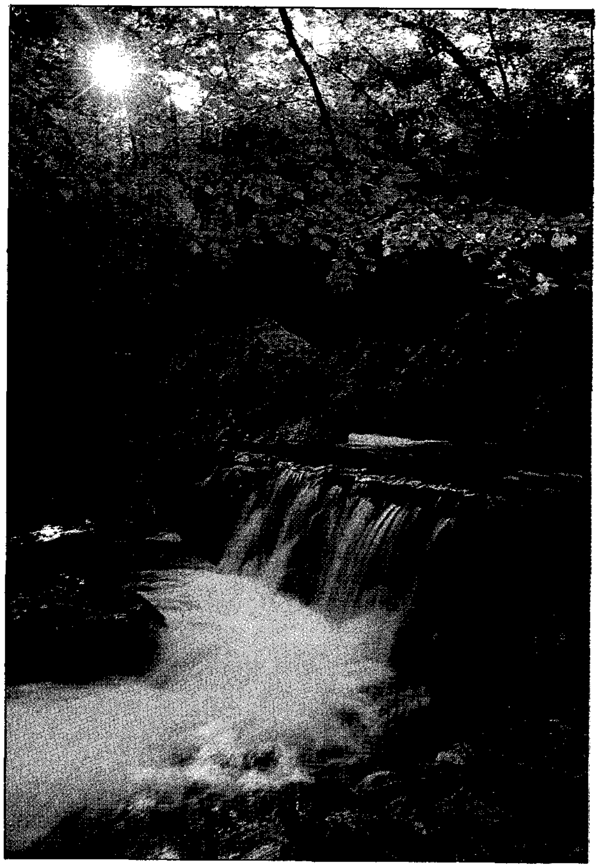
"Mirrors and Windows: American Photography Since 1960" appears at The Museum of Modern Art, N.Y., NY July 28 to Oct. 2, 1978; Cleveland Museum of Art, Cleveland, OH Nov. 13, 1978 to Jan. 1, 1979; Walker Art Center, Minneapolis, MN Jan. 29 to March 11, 1979; J.B. Speed Art Museum, Louisville, KY Apr. 1 to May 15, 1979; San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, San Francisco, CA June 7 to July 29, 1979; Krannert Art Museum, University of Illinois, Champaign, IL Aug. 19 to Sept. 23, 1979; Virginia Museum of Fine Arts, Richmond, VA Nov. 12 to Dec. 23, 1979; Milwaukee Art Center, Milwaukee, WI Jan. 10 to March 2, 1980. The exhibition is made possible by grants from the National Endowment for the Arts and Philip Morris Incorporated.

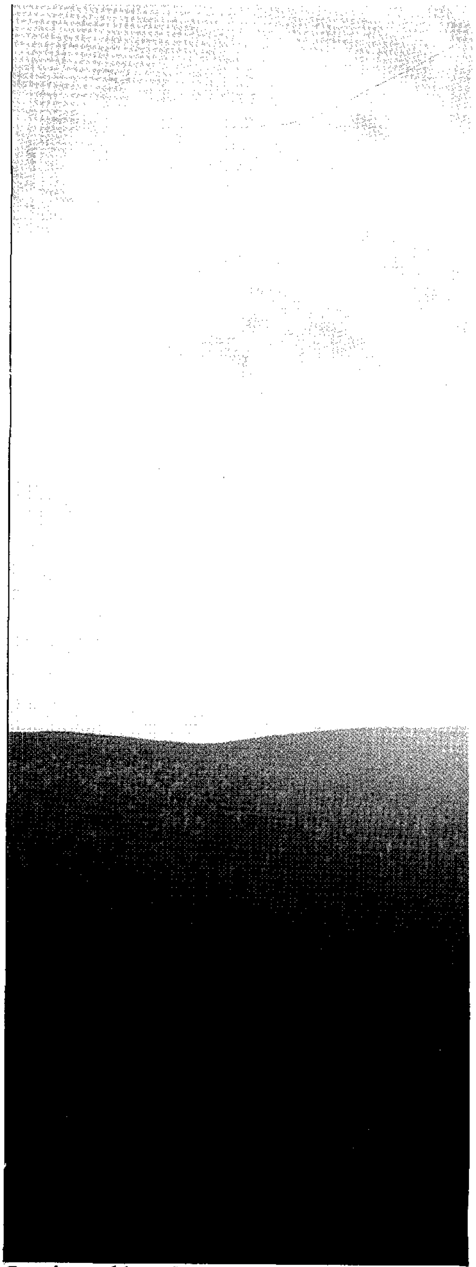
CONNECTICUT'S
LITCHFIELD HILLS

Highland Flings

By Charles F. Tebo



This well-kept-secret country corner two hours from Manhattan is a weekender's dream. Antiquing. Canoeing. Hiking. Everywhere, pastoral beauty.

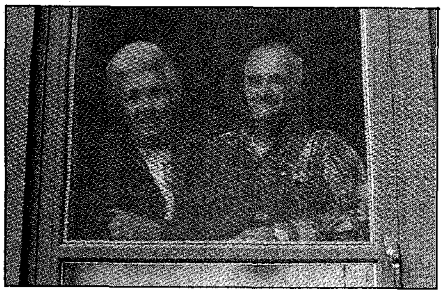


Spacious skies: *Sunset over a peaceable king*

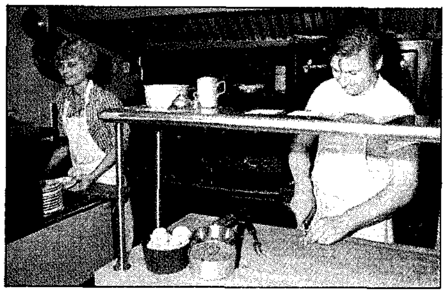
In Lime Rock: *This nineteenth-century forge turned ore into malleable iron.*

Photographed by Richard Pan

e Massachusetts border. The 70.05 acres (without the barn, but with the view of Mount Frissell) are for sale. Asking price, $69,500.

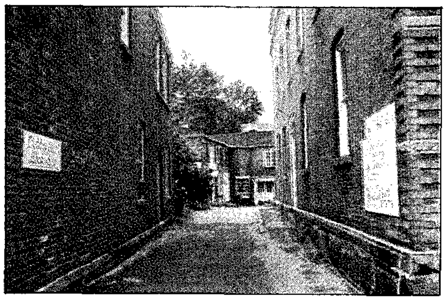


In Goshen: *Jean and Fred Craig, who moved to the area in 1950 and ran a dairy farm.*

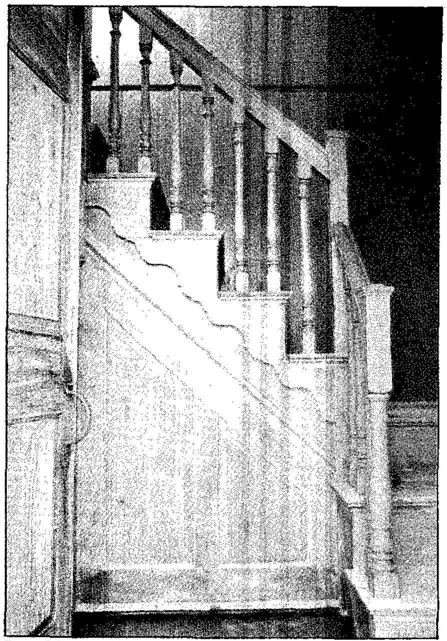


In Salisbury: *Rolf Schenkel, owner-chef of the Ragamont Inn, starting the soup.*

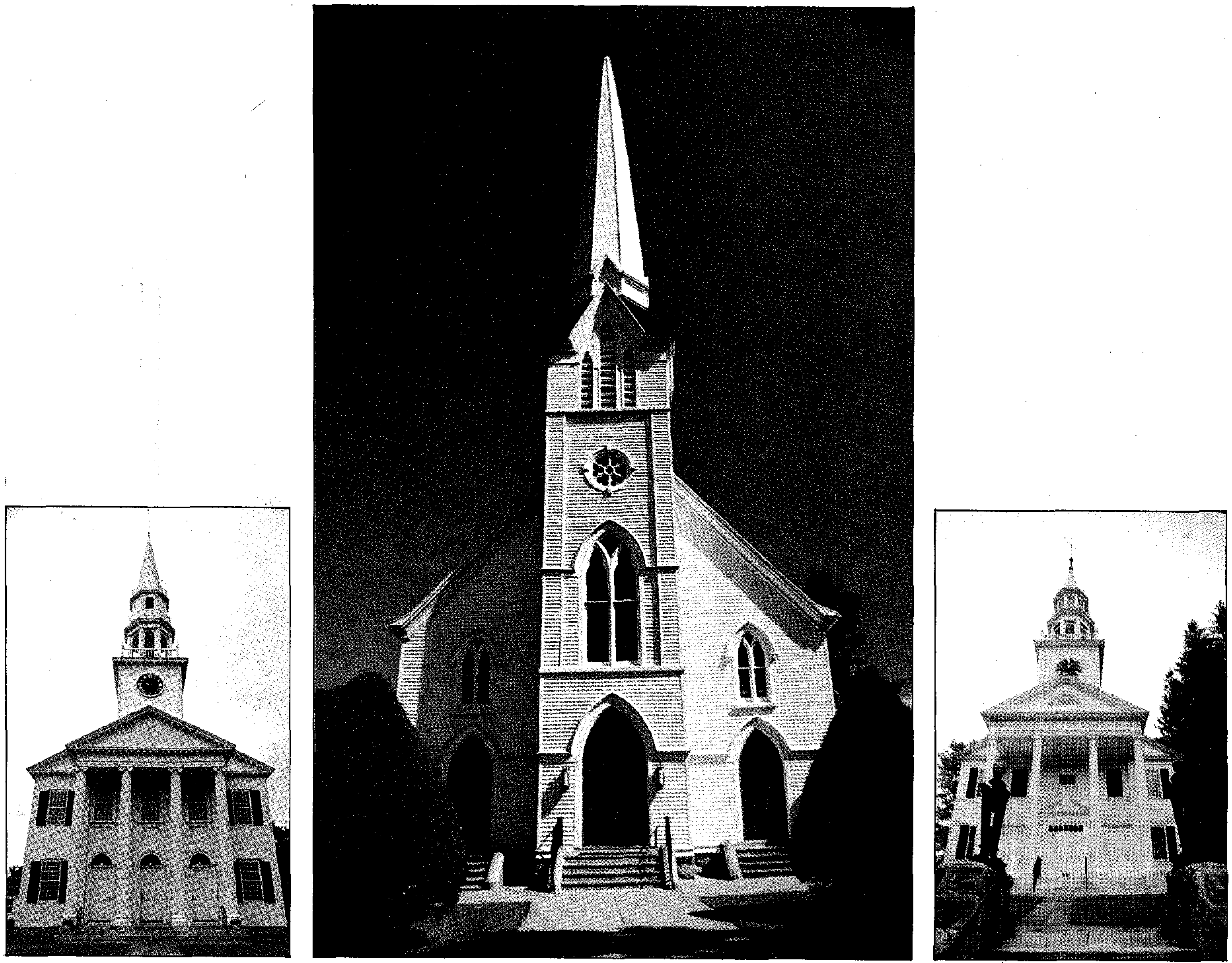
In Morris: *The White Flower Farm nursery has twelve greenhouses, spectacular gardens.*



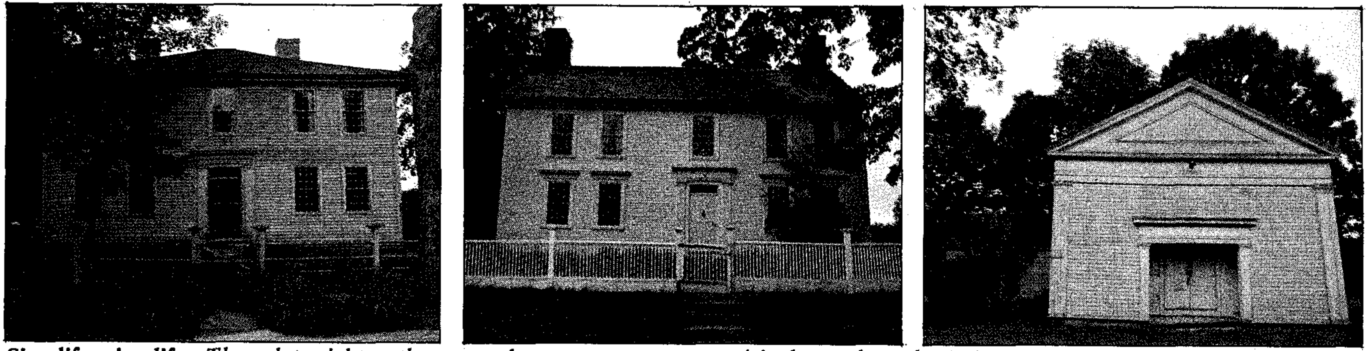
In Litchfield: *Cobble Court, a quaint cul-de-sac, is an enclave of books and crafts.*



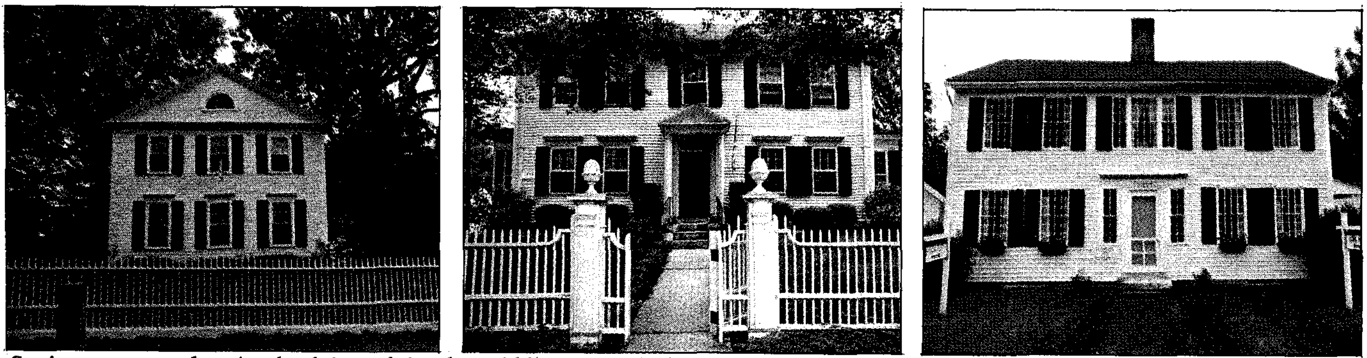
In Sharon: *The author's farmhouse (c. 1720), moved from a town 100 miles away.*



Noble spires: *At left, the First Congregational Church of Litchfield, built in 1829, restored in 1929; in the middle, St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church in Lakeville, built in 1875; at right, Church of Christ Congregational in Norfolk, built in 1813.*



Simplify, simplify: *These late-eighteenth-century houses are uncompromisingly unadorned. At left, a former tavern-stagecoach stop; in the middle, a house in Colebrook; at right, the Old Grange Hall in Cornwall Hollow, being converted into a residence.*



Setting an example: *At the left and in the middle, two of the more simple buildings on the main street in Litchfield, which the National Park Service has called a perfect example of an eighteenth-century town. At right, the Colebrook Historical Society.*

CONNECTICUT'S

LITCHFIELD HILLS

Sawing contests, prize heifers: The Goshen Fair is straight out of *Oklahoma!*

There are no superhighways leading into the Litchfield Hills—only winding byways and the kind of two-laner on which the only vehicle you see is a hay wagon going 25 miles an hour.

On a clear day, you can see for twenty miles. Silos. Waterfalls. Covered bridges. Sagging red barns. Wild turkeys (and an occasional coyote). Sometimes, it seems, the deer outnumber the people.

The steep, rocky slopes in the northwest corner of Connecticut—the foothills of the Massachusetts Berkshires—were the last part of the state to be settled, in the eighteenth century. And now, in the second half of the twentieth, some of the picture-postcard towns that dot the area have even fewer residents than they did 100 years ago.

The natives like it that way. Just to make sure the country stayed rural, many of the older families long ago bought up large, scenic tracts and have been holding on to them for decades. There are hundreds of acres of farms—not only serious-business dairy farms but also gentleman's farms, where Black Angus graze for decoration and for tax deductions.

These highlands in Litchfield County (some 100 miles upcountry from Manhattan, just east of the New York State border) are in no way like the Hamptons. There *are* a few mildly famous residents: Robert Montgomery, James Buckley, Harrison Salisbury, Michael Bennett, Robert Osborn. But money, not chic, is what matters here. Horseback riding, golf, white-water canoeing, rock gardening, and just plain scenery scouting take up most people's days. It is hard to get a restaurant meal after nine at night, and bars and nightclubs are in short supply. Nor is the area, with its tiny towns and Yankee love of privacy, at all like the Catskills. It's not even like the Massachusetts Berkshires, with their arts-and-crafts tradition and grand mansions from the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. The century of the Litchfield Hills is the eighteenth, and artists here are relatively recent.

It wasn't until iron ore was discovered in the region in 1732 that settlers came in numbers to the hills where the towns of Kent, Cornwall, Falls Village, Canaan, Norfolk, Salisbury, Lakeville, Sharon, Goshen, Litchfield—and some smaller blips on the map—now stand. Ethan Allen was part owner of the area's first blast furnace, built in 1762. During the Revolution, the Lakeville environs were a bustling, smoke-belching center for the production of cannon, mortars, ammunition, and swivel guns. But in the nineteenth century, railroads made it economical to produce iron closer to major markets, and the Litchfield Hills sank back into their current bucolic slumber.

"People who come here feel they discovered it themselves," realtor David Preston of Salisbury told me. "They strive to keep it the way it is."

So there was far from universal joy in these hills at the news that a major magazine would be doing an article on this well-kept-secret country corner.

A banker who married into the area a year or two back warned that *his* road had better be left out. A realtor winced at the dread prospect of too many customers. Danny Loffredo, the 78-year-old cobbler of Lakeville, spoke wistfully of the air, the country, and how the population doesn't change.

"People don't like sudden changes here," said Aldo Beligni, a Canaan well driller and real-estate broker who was born 52 years ago in the house he still lives in. "Change does happen, but it's good quality and happens slowly."

Very slowly. A few years ago, my wife, who grew up in these hills, took me to the Goshen Fair, which is an annual Labor Day attraction (September 2, 3, and 4 this year). It was straight out of *Oklahoma!*—it obviously hadn't changed in twenty years. There were more breeds of chickens than I knew existed; there were oxen-pulling and sawing contests, prize 4-H heifers, fat French fries with vinegar, a titillating ride or two for the kids, and a cliffhanging bake-off for their elders. It's worth the two-hour drive from Manhattan just to spend the day at the fair.

Still, change *is* coming. George Ernst, the Bronx boy who grew up to become owner of Shagroy, the carriage-trade grocery store in Salisbury, acknowledged the "attractive, unhurried pace" of the highlands. "But," he said, "it's changing. In Sharon, the old, quiet money is disappearing, and when a house goes up for sale, New York professionals buy it."

Since Calvin Klein bought a house in Salisbury last year, a few designer overalls and yellow boots have shown up at the meat counter in Shagroy, and one couple even dared to wear his-and-hers white caftans to the Wake Robin Inn in Lakeville. But fifties preppie plaids and nice-lady prints are still *de rigueur* for one segment of the population, along with down-on-the-farm, Oshkosh-b'gosh overalls.

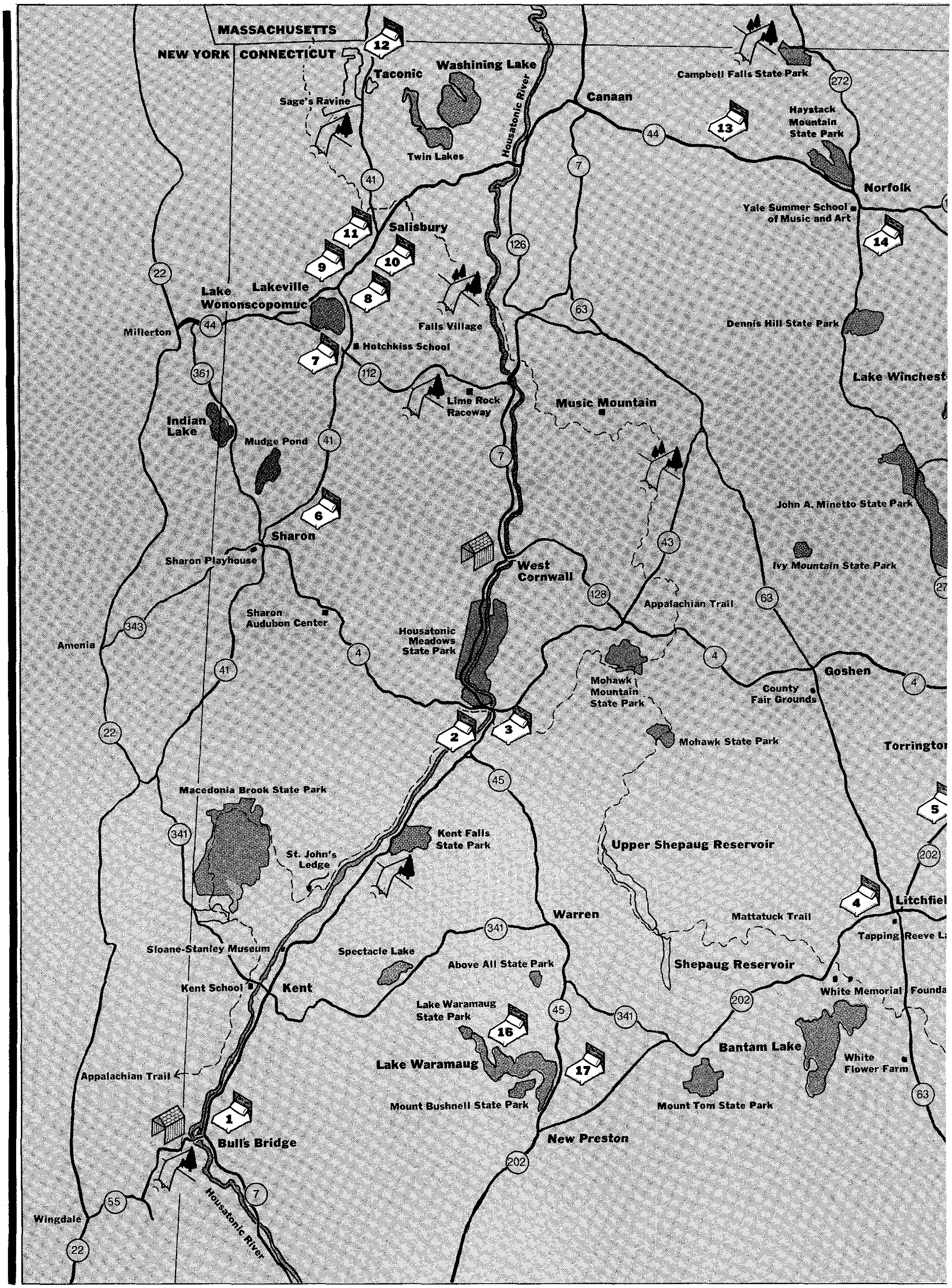
The gentleman farmers, the plumbers, the lawyers, the rat-race expatriates, the craftsmen, and the carpenters who have settled here live in rather dynamic harmony. In common they have a neighborly spirit of helpfulness (if you ask), a tendency to hang flags (few with 50 stars) on their houses and monuments, and Yankee independence. However, distinctions are subtly made. And nowhere are the distinctions more apparent than in the villages themselves.

Kent's Main Street looks most like suburbia, but the outskirts are gorgeous countryside. Get out of town and get lost on Route 7. West Cornwall has browse-worthy shops, a covered bridge, and an offhand, arty quality. There are four other Cornwalls, each with its white church and Colonial green. (Buried in a grave on Route 4 is Henry Obookiah, a Hawaiian and converted pagan priest who inspired the rush of missionaries to Hawaii.)

Sharon's opulent-estate section includes the Buckley compound, but there are also working farms and a lively medical community. Lakeville and Salisbury (a mile apart), which probably have the most involved citizenry in the highlands, are enhanced by Hotchkiss School and Lake Wononscopomuc, the deepest spring-fed lake in the state. Lime Rock is picturesque, in the Victorian manner, but blighted by its racetrack. Goshen is farm country that lately has succumbed somewhat to suburban sprawl. Litchfield is a jewel of high-class pre-Revolutionary and Federal architecture, but it's also larger than the others and, in places, has the look of Greenwich.

Canaan's image has suffered because it has no village green, and its Main Street lacks charm. But from other parts of town there are breathtaking views.

Colebrook, with little more than a church and general store, is a shining example of way-back-when. Norfolk's architecture is an eclectic mix of shingle-style, Georgian Revival, and real eighteenth-century houses, some of which have been moved from other parts of the state. *(Continued on page 48)*


MASSACHUSETTS
NEW YORK
CONNECTICUT
12
Taconic
Washining Lake
Sage's Ravine
Twin Lakes
Housatonic River
Canaan
Campbell Falls State Park
272
13
44
Haystack Mountain State Park
7
41
Norfolk
Yale Summer School of Music and Art
14
11
Salisbury
10
9
126
22
8
Lake Wononscopomuc
Lakeville
63
44
Millerton
Falls Village
Dennis Hill State Park
7
Hotchkiss School
112
361
Lime Rock Raceway
Lake Winchest
Music Mountain
Indian Lake
Mudge Pond
41
7
6
John A. Minetto State Park
Sharon
43
Sharon Playhouse
West Cornwall
Ivy Mountain State Park
128
63
27
Appalachian Trail
Sharon Audubon Center
343
Housatonic Meadows State Park
Amenia
4
4
41
Goshen
Mohawk Mountain State Park
County Fair Grounds
4
2
3
22
Mohawk State Park
Torringto
45
Macedonia Brook State Park
5
341
Kent Falls State Park
Upper Shepaug Reservoir
St. John's Ledge
202
4
Litchfiel
Warren
Mattatuck Trail
341
Tapping Reeve L
Sloane-Stanley Museum
Spectacle Lake
Above All State Park
Shepaug Reservoir
Kent School
Kent
White Memorial
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Lake Waramaug State Park
45
341
202
16
Bantam Lake
Lake Waramaug
17
White Flower Farm
Appalachian Trail
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Mount Tom State Park
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Wingdale
Housatonic River
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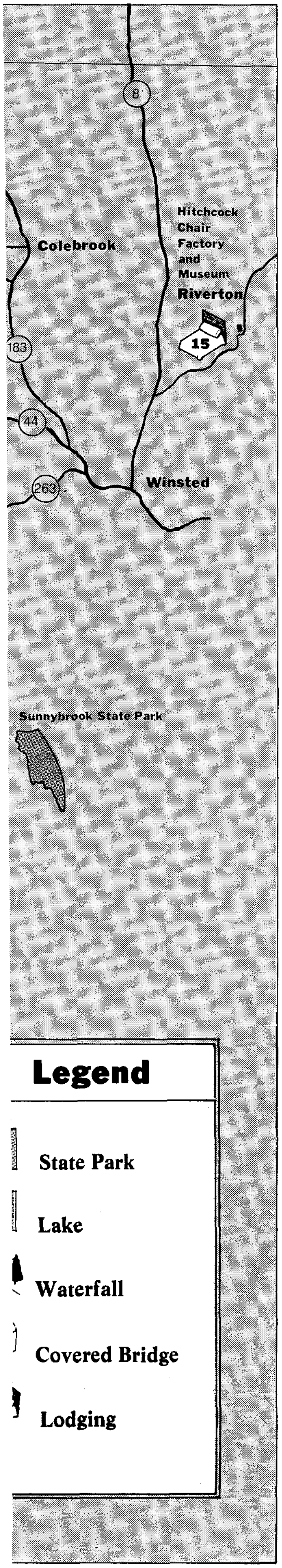


CONNECTICUT'S

LITCHFIELD HILLS

Here's where to lodge. Prices are modest, most places are small.

1. Valley View Inn and Motel
Box 23, R.D. 1, Kent 06757 (203 927-3738). One mile north of Bull's Bridge on Route 7. Fourteen units: single, $18; double, $25; family of three, $30. Pool.

2. Cornwall Inn and Motel
Route 7, Cornwall Bridge 06754 (203 672-6884). One mile north of Kent Falls State Park, between Kent and Cornwall Bridge. Eleven units: single, $25; double, $32. Complete dinner, $5.95–$10.95. Restaurant closed Mondays and Tuesdays. Pool.

3. Bonney Brook Motel and Restaurant
Route 7, Cornwall Bridge 06754 (203 672-6219). Just south of intersection of Routes 4 and 7. Single, $20; double, $24; family of four, $36. Dinner (without dessert), $4.95–$6.95. No lunch.

4. Meetinghouse Inn
West Street, Litchfield 06759 (203 567-8744). Three quarters of a mile west of the center of town. Ten units: single occupancy, $35; double occupancy, $40. Breakfast included. Dinner (without dessert), $6.75–$10.95.

5. Toll Gate Motel
Torrington Road (Route 202), Litchfield 06759 (203 482-5125). Three miles north of Litchfield. Four double units: $14 each.

6. Sharon Motor Lodge
Route 41, Sharon 06069 (203 364-0036). Fifteen double-bedded units: $26 Sunday through Thursday, $30 Fridays and Saturdays. Pool.

7. Interlaken Inn
Route 112, Lakeville 06039 (203 435-9878). Fifty-seven rooms: single occupancy, $30; double occupancy, $38. Complete dinner, $7.75–$11.75. Tennis, volleyball, chip-and-putt golf, lake, boat rentals.

8. Wake Robin Inn
Route 41, Lakeville 06039 (203 435-2515). A quarter mile south of town. Fifteen-room motel: double occupancy, $36. Main inn: double occupancy, $40–$65. Dinner entrées, $7.50–$11.

9. Iron Masters Motel
Main Street (Route 44), Lakeville 06039 (203 435-9844). Twenty-five double-bedded rooms: single occupancy, $25–$32; double occupancy, $32–$36 (summer rates). Lake privileges.

10. Ragamont Inn
Main Street (Route 44), Salisbury 06068 (203 435-2372). Three single rooms: $10 each; six double rooms: $22 each. Dinner entrées, $7.95–$11.95. Lake and tennis privileges.

11. White Hart Inn
Village Green, Salisbury 06068 (203 435-2511). At the junction of Routes 41 and 44. Motel—seven rooms: single occupancy, $22 weekdays, $28 weekends; double occupancy, $24 weekdays, $30 weekends. Inn—fourteen rooms: single occupancy, $20 weekdays, $24 weekends; double occupancy, $22.50 weekdays, $26.50 weekends. Complete dinner, $5.95–$10.75. Lake privileges.

12. Under Mountain Inn
Undermountain Road (Route 41), Salisbury 06068 (203 435-0242). Four and a half miles north of downtown Salisbury. Six rooms: single occupancy, $35; double occupancy, $40. Breakfast included. Complete dinner, $7.95–$12.50.

13. Blackberry River Inn
Route 44, Norfolk 06058 (203 542-5100). One and a half miles west of the center of Norfolk. Fourteen rooms: single occupancy, $22; double occupancy, $28. Two rooms with connecting bath, $22 each, double occupancy. Dinner entrées, $7–$10.

14. Mountain View Inn
Route 272, Norfolk 06058 (203 542-5595). A quarter of a mile south of the center of Norfolk. Seven rooms: single occupancy, $20 weekdays, $25–$30 weekends; double occupancy, $25–$30. Complete dinners, $7.95–$11.95.

15. Old Riverton Inn
Route 20, Riverton 06065 (203 379-8678). Ten rooms: single, $10–$12.50; double, $22. Breakfast included. Dinner (without dessert), $4.95–$9.95.

16. Hopkins Inn
Lake Waramaug, New Preston 06777 (203 868-7295). Off Route 45. Twelve rooms: double occupancy, $15–$23; single occupancy, $2 less. Dinner entrées, $7.75–$10.50.

17. The Inn on Lake Waramaug
Lake Waramaug, New Preston 06777 (203 868-2168). Off Route 45. Twenty motel rooms, all with twin beds: $28–$35 per person with breakfast and dinner. Four double-bedded rooms in main inn: double, $36 per person with breakfast and dinner. Complete dinner, $8.25–$11.25. Private beach, tennis, pool.

Rates are per room, unless otherwise noted.

CONNECTICUT'S

LITCHFIELD HILLS

Spectacular scenery on the back roads is worth the danger of getting lost.

The Litchfield Hills sprawl over more than 500 square miles. Most towns are reachable only by the most roundabout routes, and unless you're a glutton for driving, it's too much ground to cover in one weekend. We've divided the hill villages into three pleasant-weekend-size chunks. One takes you up Route 7, through Kent and the Cornwalls to Canaan, then southeast on Route 44 to Norfolk. The second includes Sharon, Salisbury, and Lakeville and can be approached either up Route 7 to Cornwall Bridge, then west on Route 4 to Sharon, or, from the New York side, up Route 22 to Amenia, then east on Route 343 to Sharon. The third includes the towns of Goshen and Litchfield. It can be reached either by going east on Route 4 at Cornwall Bridge or by branching off to Route 84 in Brewster, picking up Route 6 in Southbury to Route 61, and then on to Litchfield.

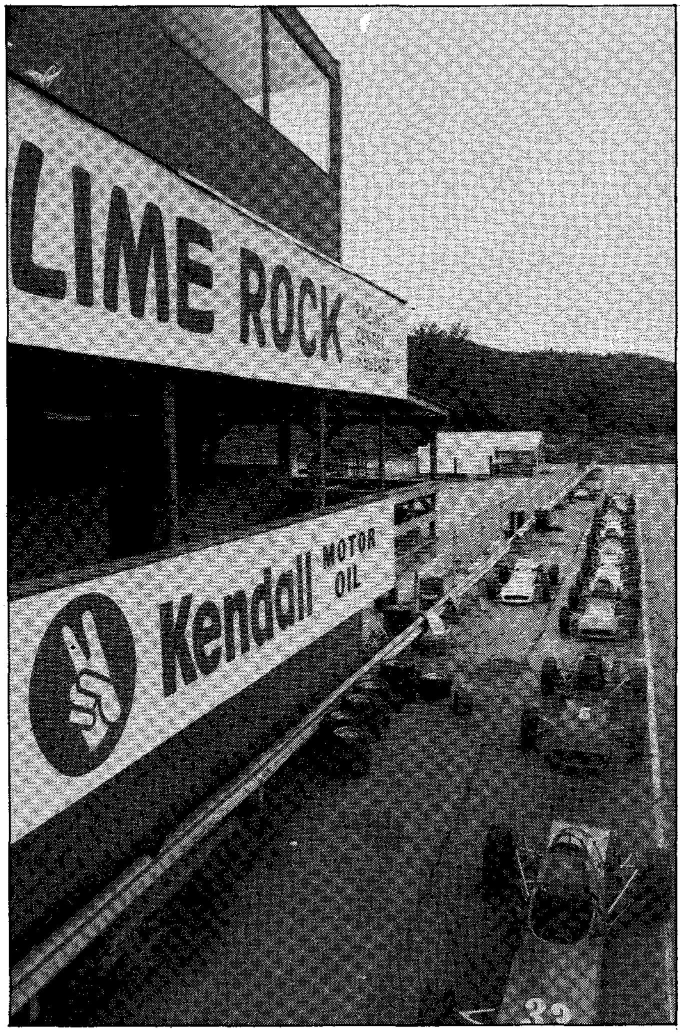
Although the Bonanza and Greyhound bus lines both travel up to the area, a car is a must once you get there. And make hotel reservations well in advance. There aren't many places to stay, and they're small. The area's hotels (with their addresses, phone numbers, rates, and amenities) are listed on page 47.

You can mix these elements to create your own special weekend. Maybe you'd like Sharon and the Cornwalls, or Norfolk and Litchfield. But remember, get off those state two-laners whenever you can. Discovery is what the Litchfield Hills are all about, and the sights you see on the back roads, paved or dirt, are worth the danger of getting lost. Just keep a map at hand and you'll eventually hit a sign that will tell you where you are.

Your first step when you reach the foothills should be to equip yourself with the Lakeville *Journal* (30 cents). Publisher Robert H. Estabrook was chief foreign correspondent and editor of the editorial page during his 25 years with the Washington *Post*, and the *Journal* is one of the finest local weeklies in the country. Aside from local news, it tells you where to dine and what's playing at the Sharon Playhouse, not to mention real-estate and tag-sale listings.

Kent—The Cornwalls—Norfolk—Colebrook

For an indulgence in antiquing, try the belt between the two covered bridges (from Bull's Bridge, south of Kent, to the covered bridge at West Cornwall). There's Side Door Antiques (203 927-3288) on Kent's Main Street for eighteenth- and early-nineteenth-century American art and furniture; for clocks, stoneware, and country furniture, Goode Hill Antiques (203 927-3872); Edward E. Forrer (203 927-3612) for banks, tools, decoys, and pewter, three miles north of town on Route 7 (unfortunately, the proprietors here follow you around). About a quarter mile south of Kent Falls, two barns face each other across Route 7. On one side, in the yellow barn, Harry Holmes (203 927-3420) carries everything from an iron horse weight for hitching ($25) to an eighteenth-century pewter cupboard ($1,400), and his clocks are always wound. On the other side, at Barn Brook Antiques (203 927-3219), Ed Miller has some marvelous old (Colonial through Victorian) dollhouses ($95–$300) plus a small rolltop desk at $95 and "early country things." About three miles north of the barns, at the intersection of Routes 7 and 45, another Holmes brother, Gunnar, runs Holmes Antiques (203 672-6427), with mostly eighteenth-century country pieces. Five minutes to the east of Route 7, up Route 45, you'll hit the weathered Colonial barn housing Louise M. Graham's Brass Bugle (203 672-6535), with something for everyone—tools, china, glass, furniture—at high prices.



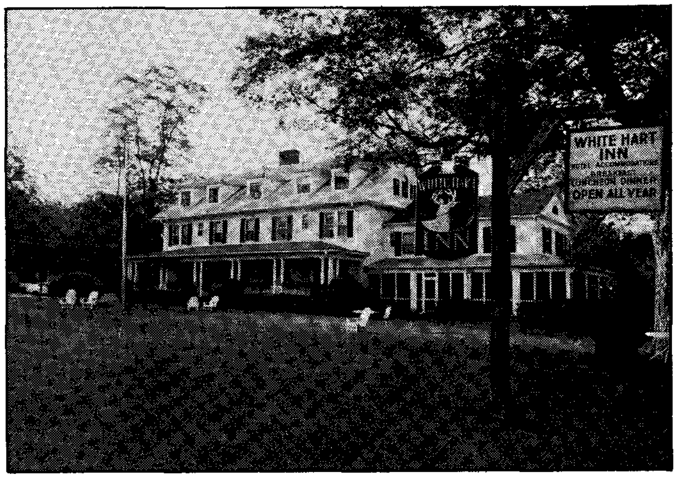
Disturbing the peace: *Lime Rock's racetrack is a modern intruder in a Victorian town. Paul Newman will race there on Labor Day.*

In West Cornwall, Martin D. Gold (203 672-6333) has oldies and plenty of books. And for handmade crocks ($30), there's Cornwall Bridge Pottery (203 672-6545) near Cornwall Bridge.

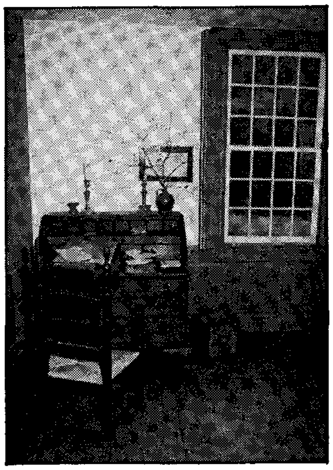
To lodge along the antiques belt, bed down at Valley View Inn and Motel a mile north of Bull's Bridge. Or, for ye olde atmosphere and wooden beams, there's the Cornwall Inn and Motel, where you can get a hearty dinner for $10.95 tops.

If you hit Kent August 17 to 19, visit the Kent Antiques Show at the Community House. Otherwise, take in the Sloane-Stanley Museum (crafts and farm tools) and the remains of the old Kent iron-smelting furnace a mile north of town on Route 7. On weekend summer afternoons, the Berkshire String Quartet plays chamber music farther north in Falls Village, in a peaceful setting (no traffic jams) in a rustic shed atop Music Mountain off Route 7 (phone 203 824-7126 for directions). And in Norfolk, the Tokyo Quartet and faculty groups play Friday evenings at the Ellen Batell Stoeckel estate. The concerts are part of the Yale Summer School of Music; free performances by students are given Thursday evenings and Saturday mornings. All performances take place in the Music Shed.

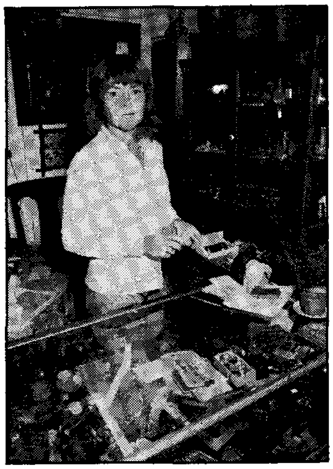
To sleep and eat in Norfolk, there's the family-run Mountain View Inn, which serves dinners of frogs' legs provençale and Long Island duckling. The gracious Blackberry River Inn offers year-round re-



Country charm: *The White Hart Inn in Salisbury, built in 1800, is two miles from a lake where guests can rent canoes.*



Tradition: *This house has been in the same family since 1780.*



Selling the past: *Gail Vaill, co-owner of Bad Corner Antiques.*

sorting, from tennis-court privileges for dinner guests to cross-country-skiing lessons.

While you're in Norfolk, do some uphill hiking in Haystack Mountain State Park, Route 272 north, or Dennis Hill State Park, Route 272 south, for magnificent vistas. Or browse in Whalen's Antiques (203 542-5162), on Maple Avenue—five rooms of Victoriana, especially furniture and antique clothes, culled from Norfolk's estates.

Seven miles to the northeast is the special town of Colebrook, for just plain gazing, and beyond that is Riverton, where the Old Riverton Inn, built in 1796 and reputedly the country's oldest former stagecoach stop still providing lodging, offers what is probably the most food around for the least money.

Spend the afternoon. Riverton is the hometown of the Hitchcock Museum of original nineteenth-century decorated furniture and also the still-operating Hitchcock Chair Factory, whose store sells firsts and bargain seconds.

Sharon—Lakeville—Salisbury

Sharon (classic New England village green, opulent estates) is not a shopping town; it's just for looking. On Route 4, the Sharon Audubon Center (203 364-5826) has its festival July 29 and 30. Turn left at the clock tower (at Route 41) to drive past the big estates (including the Buckley compound). Here the lord of the manor, John Spencer, has lovingly and beautifully restored Weatherstone, the house his ancestor Cotton Mather Smith built a large part of during the Revolution. Back in town, stop for the latest book at the Bookshelf (203 364-0033) by following signs to the hospital. Then head north on Route 41 to the shopping center, where the Waldorph Restaurant offers good, homey food at low prices. Across the street is the Sharon Motor Lodge, which has a pool and gives its guests tennis privileges at the town courts. For entertainment, the Sharon Playhouse and the SCAF Art Gallery offer a full program. Saturdays locals sell produce at the Farmers Market in the playhouse's parking lot.

Near Hotchkiss School on Route 112 is the Interlaken Inn, which probably offers the best resort buy. Seven kitchen-equipped townhouses (originally built as condominiums that never happened) rent at $90 a night for two, $5 additional for each person up to six, and if you stay a week you get the seventh night free. Otherwise the 57 double rooms are $38 each; single occupancy, $30. All this includes pool, tennis, and lake rights.

Interlaken is new and modern, which counts against it with people who prefer the relaxed charm of the older inns in Lakeville and Salisbury. The Wake Robin Inn, a Georgian Revival mansion, built in 1898, is newly refurbished and rather splendid. There's also excellent dining from a limited but elegant menu, with entrées up to $11. Across the street, Gallery Import features fine Japanese art in a magnificently redone Victorian house.

On to Salisbury for three fine inns, all with limited lodging and indoor-outdoor dining: The White Hart Inn has country charm, a gift shop, fresh baked goods, mediocre food, and entertainment at the bar; the Ragamont Inn serves some of the best food around for its over-40 clientele, with perfectly prepared fresh vegetables and succulent duck at $8.95; Under Mountain Inn is a decorator's dream of the past, and the food is good, too.

Stop at the town shopping area, the Marketplace, for groceries at Shagroy, books you can't find anywhere else at Lion's Head Books, special gifts at Babette, and ice cream at the Ice Cream Parlor. On September 9, Russell Carrell, granddaddy of America's flea-marketeers, has a flea market in Salisbury. And don't miss Taconic's hidden charms: eighteenth-century clapboard houses, turreted Victorian shingle-style houses, early-twentieth-century baronial estates.

Sports are especially good here. Canaan has a nine-hole golf course (203 824-7683); Hotchkiss offers tennis courts, golf, for a modest fee; there's public swimming at Twin Lakes (northeast of Salisbury), extraordinary hiking up Sage's Ravine (about four miles northwest of Salisbury) with its waterfall, and flat- or white-water canoeing or kayaking on the Housatonic River.

Riverrun in Falls Village rents boating equipment and will provide two days of kayak lessons for $85, two days of canoe lessons for $59. Kayaks rent for $15 a day on weekends, $12.50 a day during the week. Canoes are $14 a day during the weekend and $12.50 a day during the week. Or try Clarke Outdoors in West Cornwall.

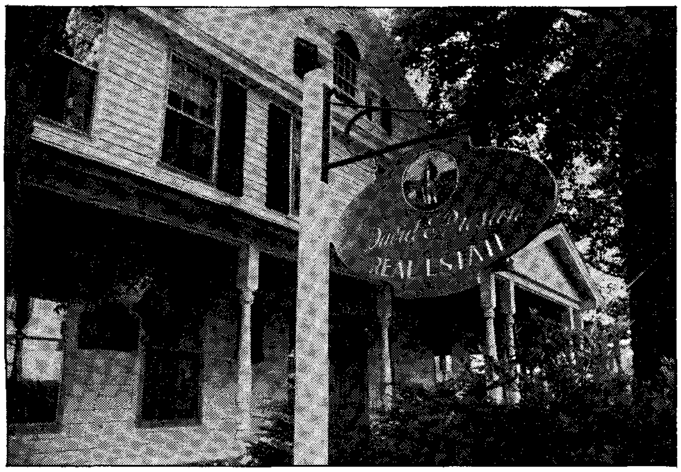
Lime Rock Park racetrack (203 435-2572) lures such celebrities as Paul Newman to race sports cars. The next races: July 29, August 12, and September 1, 2, and 4.

For antiquing, try Bad Corner Antiques (203 435-9369), next to the Iron Masters Motel in Lakeville, with an art-director's-fantasy collection of old advertising paraphernalia. Or Polly's Closet, next to the White Hart Inn, for antique clothes. Or, on Route 63 in Falls Village, Three Ravens (203 824-0041), where the Corbins don't like to be known as "the bird people," but often are for their decoys, although their other American folk art is also tops.

Goshen—Litchfield

The high point here is the Goshen Fair, September 2, 3, and 4, on Route 63 toward Litchfield. Litchfield itself has Cobble Court, where the nonprofit Women's Exchange sells handmade items, including, in the food department, a really good oblong quiche at "about" $7.65. Farther south is White Flower Farm, the Mercedes of the nursery business. Its gardens, perennials, topiary, specimen-tree exotica, erudite catalog, and just plain geraniums lure gardeners from around the country. In August, the begonias are blooming. Admission to the greenhouses is 50 cents. Down the street, T'other House Antiques (203 567-9283) has refreshingly low prices.

In Litchfield proper is America's first law school (203 567-5862) and the Litchfield Historical Society (203 567-5862). Toward Bantam on Route 202 is the White Memorial Foundation (203 567-0857), with nature trails, museum, and camping. There's swimming at Mount Tom and Lake Waramaug and spectacular dining overlooking the lake at the Hopkins Inn (203 868-7295), which can put you up, too. The Inn on Lake Waramaug (203 868-2168) has 23 rooms, 4 with working fire-



Prime turf: *David Preston's real-estate office, near Salisbury, is in the Under Mountain Inn, built as a farmhouse in the 1720s.*

Proper Victorian: *This comfortable-looking house near the race-track in Lime Rock is part of a historic district.*

places (nights do get cold), plus dining in antiques-filled rooms.

If all that's not enough, you can always jaunt up to the Massachusetts Berkshires for an injection of Jacob's Pillow, Tanglewood, or the Berkshire Playhouse—none any more than an hour away.

Real Estate

Turn over the soil in the Litchfield Hills, and you'll hit a rock or a real-estate agent. For real-estate buys, start with the Lakeville *Journal.* Don't be discouraged by lofty prices or realtors' claims that "that charming house with decent acreage can't be had for less than $120,000." In Kent, antiques dealer Ed Miller found two acres, with view and spring-fed brook, and a big barn ready for remodeling, at $22,000 eight months ago.

Agents tend to specialize in a town or area. In Kent, William Beers (203 927-3558) has an especially large selection, as does Realtech (203 567-9241) for Litchfield. In the Cornwalls, try Joan Titus (203 672-6868) or the knowledgeable Jonas Soltis (203 672-6701).

Main Street in Sharon is starting to resemble real-estate row. There, among others, are David Hunter (203 364-0402) and Bill and Fran Kelsey (203 364-5357), "a Connecticut name since 1636." Also in Sharon, you won't find nicer people with a better eye for the land (only) they buy and sell than Steve and Jeanne Bowen (203 364-0110), who finance, too, at 8 to 8½ percent. So far, it seems, land and houses can only go up. That $120,000 house you're eyeing was probably $80,000 four years ago. That perfect spot (seclusion, view) that sold at $2,000 an acre five years ago now goes for up to $5,000.

Lakeville-Salisbury specialists include Orpha Robinson and her daughter, Petie (203 435-9900); Robinson Leech (203 435-9891); and David Preston (203 435-9835). They're all willing to spend as much time as it takes. The old-line Albert Borden firm (203 435-2400) has the same reputation.

If you're not into status, try the real-estate buys—up to one third less—in Canaan, Lime Rock, and Falls Village. Lime Rock suffers from the noise of the racetrack in summer, and Canaan and Falls Village have silly and undeserved working-class images. Let the sympathetic, loquacious, and helpful Belignis (203 824-5612) or the bigger firm of Raynard & Pierce (203 824-5483) find you a bargain in the beautiful Canaan Valley or Amesville section. In Colebrook and Norfolk, Bill Hurd (203 379-8824) knows everything and everyone. ■

The Most Beautiful Route to the Hills

Back roads get you to the best places in the highlands. One such potholed winder, which crosses into Connecticut from Wingdale, New York, is easily the most beautiful route into the Litchfield Hills. Not only does it pass rapids, two waterfalls, two covered bridges, abruptly rearing mountains, decorous New England towns, and a long stretch of the Housatonic River, but it's the route (now hardtopped) that George Washington took during the Revolution. Not one of the hairpin turns has been straightened, it seems, since the morning of March 3, 1781, when Washington and some twenty men set out from the old brick tavern that until four years ago stood between Routes 22 and 55 just north of the Harlem Valley Psychiatric Center.

When the soldiers reached the Housatonic rapids, Jacob Bull was just replacing the old bridge, which the ice had torn away, with new timbers. The floor wasn't down yet, so Bull asked Washington to dismount and cross the bridge on foot. Even so, somehow a horse fell into the icy, raging waters. That part is confirmed by a high-priced item in Washington's own all-American expense account: "Getting a horse out of Bull's Falls, $215." Sometime later, the bridge became the covered bridge it is now.

Take the Saw Mill River Parkway (West Side) or Hutchinson River Parkway (East Side) to Route 684 and follow that north some 30 miles to Brewster, New York, where 684 becomes Route 22.

Keep north on 22 some seventeen miles, just past the psychiatric center, where you bear right onto Route 55. Follow the signs to Hunt Furniture (which in less than a mile will take you down a steep hill) and then, with Route 55, veer sharply to the right. About another mile after the turn, the Hunt Furniture signs point to a small, hidden road on the left. That left is easy to miss, so be on the lookout.

Continuing on, take a right every time there is a choice on the narrow road, through the covered bridge, until you reach Route 7. Turn left (north). Follow the Housatonic River past the Kent School for Boys into Kent, for lunch, perhaps, at the Fife 'n' Drum. Follow 7 to West Cornwall, where there's another bridge and alfresco dining at the Deck, where the food isn't quite up to the splendid setting and presentation but well worth the stop. —C.T.

Dance/Marcia B. Siegel

SUMMER INVASION

"...The dancers with the Berlin Opera Ballet are adequate technicians, but guest artists supply most of the excitement..."

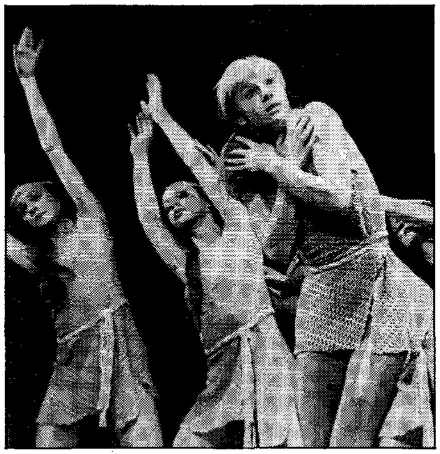
While most of New York's dancers are out on the summer circuit, the city is being visited by foreign troupes. It's a good idea, I think. We get a lot of dance to see in the summer without having to divide our attention between our own companies and the visitors.

I saw two of three bills presented by the **Berlin Opera Ballet** during its two weeks at the New York State Theater. As a rather typical European opera-house company, its job seems to be to provide ballet a certain number of nights a year for a certain limited but loyal audience. Following the formula established with great success by the late John Cranko in Stuttgart, it presents an unadventurous mix of classics and pseudo-classics, and abstract contemporary works, also unadventurous and predictable. The dancers are adequate technicians, not stylists, and guest artists supply most of the excitement.

Antony Tudor's staging of *Giselle* for the Berlin is correct and tastefully scaled down for a medium-size ensemble. Eva Evdokimova, the Giselle, is a dancer I haven't seen enough to get familiar with. What I note first about her is a flexible upper body that tends to be quite florid, sometimes almost getting away from her. This near vagueness can contribute to a feeling of ethereality that's appropriate for Romantic ballet, but her mime and acting gestures in the first act are sometimes incomplete, thrown away.

Vladimir Gelvan, her Albrecht, seems to have the opposite problem: He's so inelastic that as soon as he moves, the elegant line he's created becomes thick and heavy, and he looks exhausted long before he meets up with the Wilis, who try to dance him to death.

Inconsistency boils over into indulgence with the casting of Valery Panov as Hilarion in this production. I'm sure Tudor had nothing to do with Panov's interpretation or the steps he added to make a "danced" version of what is normally an acting role. I've seen the Panovs' work three times out of town and found their mugging, applause-gathering techniques either vulgar or silly, depending on the situation. Panov's Hilarion, though, is plain offensive.



Debut: *Galina Panova and the Berlin Opera Ballet in Valery Panov's* Rite of Spring.

It's one thing for a performer to turn a role into a personal trip; it's another to violate the proportions and style of the work in order to do it. The rustic, unsuccessful lover of Giselle may be nastily jealous or sort of bumbling and unlucky, but he's always in the background, a catalyst, not a principal. Panov sees him as an epic misfit with every handicap known to dramaturgy. He's hunched and lame, ill-bred, ill-tempered, and possibly a latent psychopath.

I guess exaggerations of this type can only be permitted in a company where the audience reaction sets the tone. The Panovs' direct appeal for our collaboration is almost irresistible, especially when the audience has a limited access to the classical ideal.

Classical line and musicality are not simply effete traditions belonging to bygone upper classes. The vocabulary and manners of classical ballet express a high order of discipline and restraint, a sense of harmony with forces larger and more lasting than the individual. You may not like the system, but that's what it's aiming for. Panov's macho spins, careless posture, funny-shaped jumps, and gestural asides tell me only that he cannot submit himself to the discipline and still be a star. Maybe that's the real reason he left Russia.

I was interested to see how much the four contemporary pieces, done on a program with the *Corsaire* pas de deux, resembled one another. They were Panov's *Rite of Spring, Adagio Hammerklavier* and *Daphnis and Chloe* by Hans van Manen, and the Ravel *Boléro* by Maurice Béjart. This so-called International Style—not quite classical and not quite modern—usually turns the dancers into neutral instruments whose actions are allegorical. Program notes tell us about feelings and events of universal significance; the dancing itself expresses mainly formalism and arbitrariness to me.

Van Manen uses a reduced classical vocabulary. Ignoring the descriptive or emotional qualities of music, he works with blocks of time. While Ravel is making the sun rise, his dancers take stately steps in unison, lift their women like chairs and set them down, gesture with their arms at the climax.

Panov is also fond of clear unison floor patterns, often the most basic ones, like lining all the dancers up along the footlights or having them circle around a central figure. He uses character gestures almost as motifs in themselves—Galina Panova, emerging periodically from an organized mass of bodies, cringing with toes and arms all curled in to the body, the fingers of one hand fluttering ineffectually, represents the innocent sacrificial victim. Reda Sheta as the High Priest works up some frenzy, but it too is more graphics than passion because it can be shut off and turned on again whenever the choreographer needs to clear the stage.

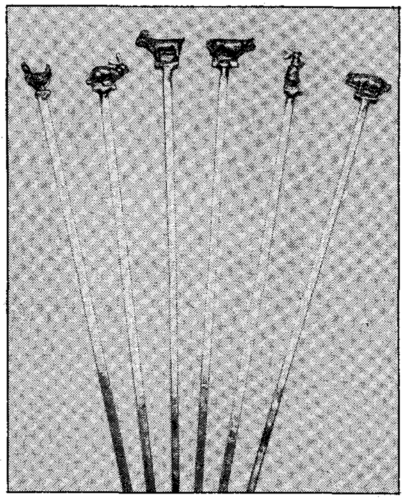
Like the more sensual Béjart work, Panov's ballet is made from repeating movement motifs that have to be replaced by other motifs; the choreography doesn't have any change or development within itself. Aside from Sheta's incremental fits of violence, the most forceful images are of Panova being thrown in the air like a hunk of meat, over and over. I thought they were leading up to a slaughter, not a celebration. This kind of ballet puts the audience in a bind. Lacking the virtuosity of the classics or the natural expressiveness of more modern forms, it arouses us in other ways, ways that may not have anything to do with what is lofty or compelling about ballet. ▬

Photographed by Nathaniel Tileston

BEST BETS

Recommendations of events, places, and phenomena of particular interest this week

By Ellen Stern



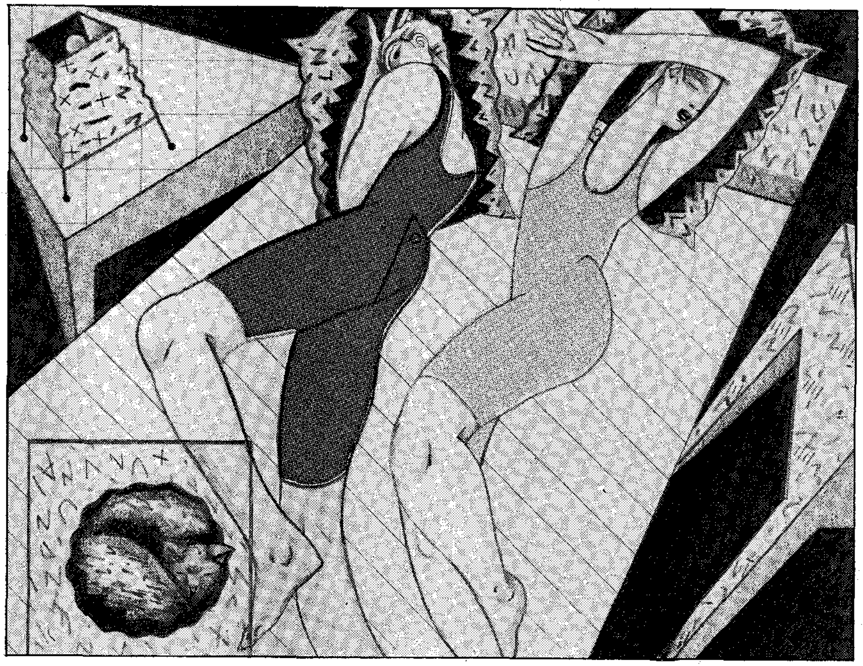
Greece

They are skewers ($1.25) from Greece. Perhaps the animals identify the viands they pierce. Perhaps they are just decorative. In either case, there are no Minotaurs.
GREEK ISLAND/*215 East 49th Street*

Danzig With Tears in My Eyes

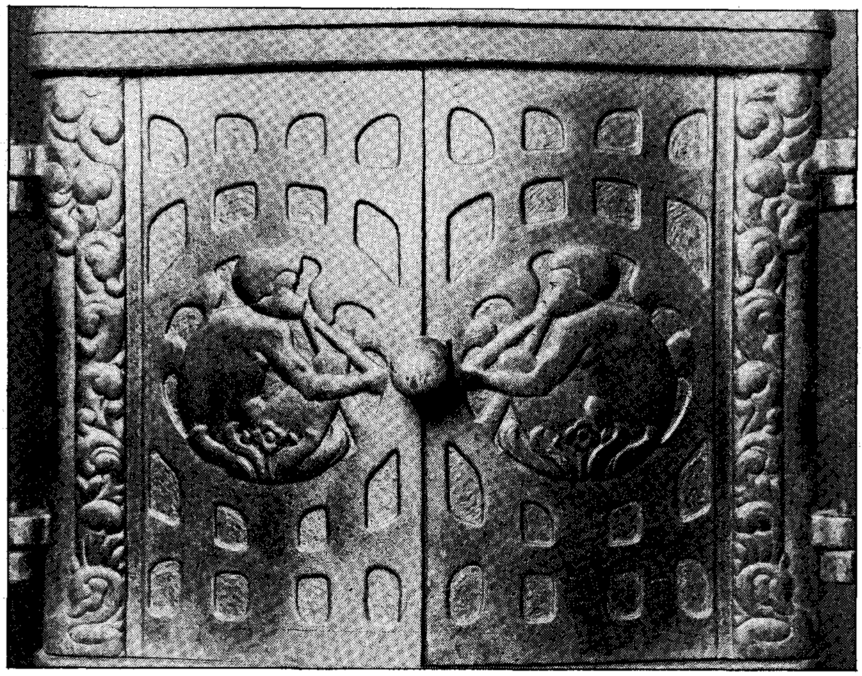
"If anyone lived in Danzig or went through any kind of experience there before or during the Holocaust—although the latter is doubtful—we want to hear from them. We need information, photographs, things. We have plenty of ceremonial objects. We want to re-create the life-style before the Holocaust, which was extremely lively." So says the lady at the Jewish Museum, where a major exhibition on Danzig will open in 1980 and where contributions are now being accepted.

DANZIG CURATOR/*The Jewish Museum*
1109 Fifth Avenue, New York,
New York 10028



In the Style of the Night

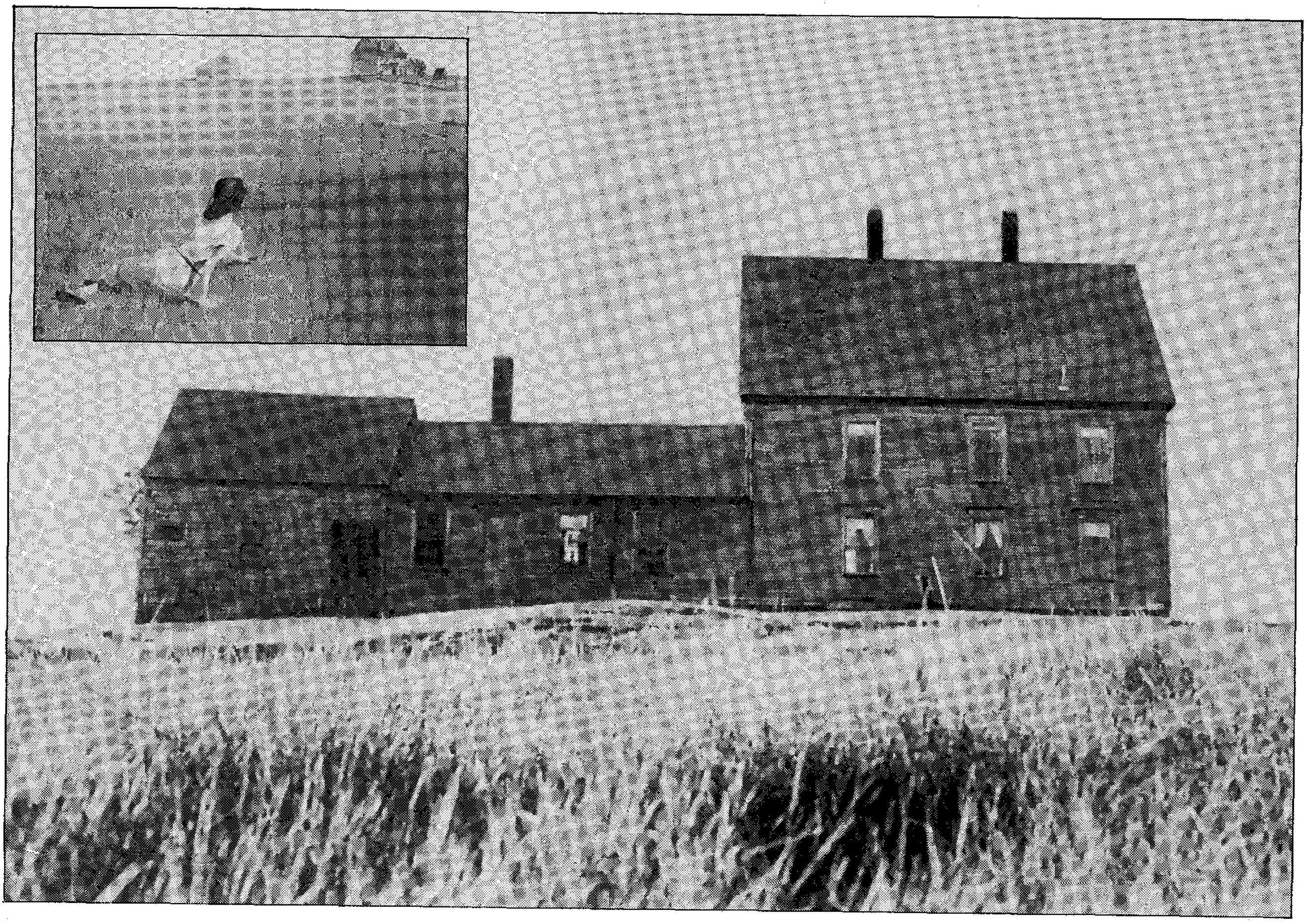
Current state of the union suit: cheap ($4.99), 100 percent cotton with drop seat, and colorful (having been dyed in olive green, khaki, red, or black).
KAUFMAN SURPLUS, INC./*623 Broadway, near Houston Street; 319 West 42nd Street*



Danish to Go

When the Danish government came out against heating with these elegant steel-and-iron stoves, a crafty antiques dealer swept in and cleaned out assorted homes in and around Copenhagen. Now his hot goods are at Sloane's, some 102 of them, and they are very handsome indeed ($300–$900). They are short and tall, crowned and knobbed, round and square, decorated with geese, flowers, horses, butterflies, owls, and cherubs. They are over 100 years old and look to be in working order (although Sloane's will not officially recommend them for heating).
W. & J. SLOANE/*Fifth Avenue at 38th Street/Antiques Department/Main floor*

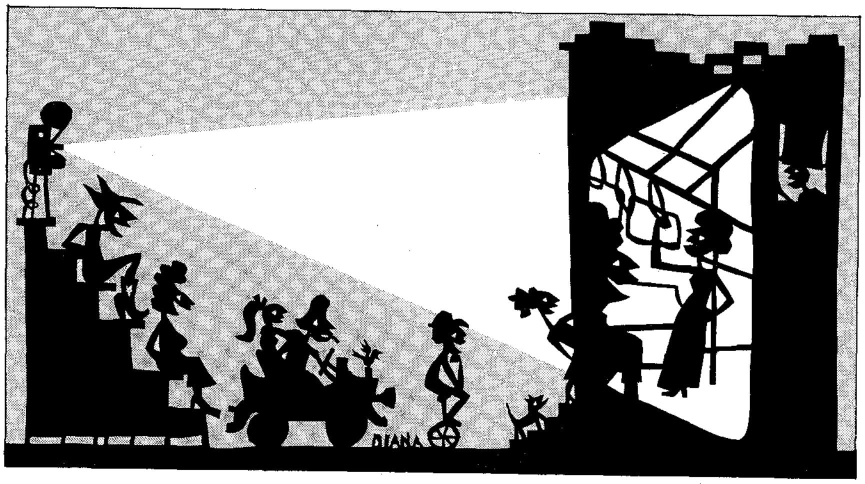
Illustration by Scott Berkson; photographs by Richard Pan



Maine Chance

Christina's World (inset) can now become your world. The stark Olson farmhouse, immortalized—from the rear—by Wyeth in 1948, is for sale. The property covers 26 acres in Cushing, Maine, overlooking the Atlantic. The price is reportedly in six figures. The seller is reportedly Joseph E. Levine.

SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET INTERNATIONAL REALTY CORPORATION*/980 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10021/472-3465*



Flicks on Brick

You need not have a car to get into Manhattan's first drive-in theater, since there will be bleachers, but walking in just ain't the same. This alfresco showing of 25 films about New York—by Grooms, Brakhage, Clarke, and sixteen others—runs for only two nights. Get there early; parking is limited.

DOWNTOWN DRIVE-IN*/July 28 and 29 (rain date: July 30) at 9:30 p.m.*
Edison Parking Lot/Corner of John and Front streets

Gross National Product

If it's sophomoric, it's supposed to be. What else could a very funny movie about a college fraternity be? With John Belushi as the piggiest, lewdest, baddest boy of all.

NATIONAL LAMPOON'S ANIMAL HOUSE
Opens July 28/Sutton, Beekman,
Murray Hill, 86th Street East,
Loews Astor Plaza

Illustration by Diana Bryan

Restaurants / Seymour Britchky

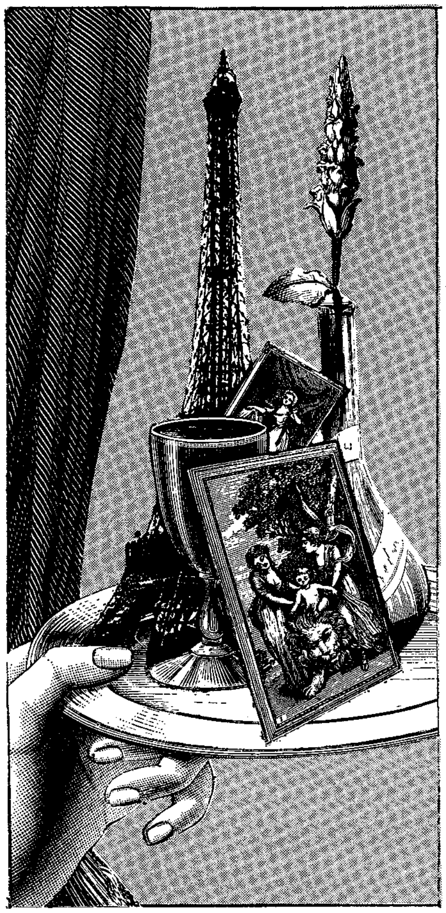
I LOVE PARIS IN MANHATTAN

> "...A displaced Frenchman, dining at Le Relais, announces that, for a moment, he'd thought he was having dinner in Paris..."

Four months have passed since **Le Relais** began doing business on Madison Avenue, near 63rd Street, and from the first this restaurant has been besieged by every stripe of Upper East Side society. Each wants it for its own, or so it appears. The phone lines are jammed. The reservation book is an indecipherable, frantically scribbled wilderness. The tiny bar is restive with the impatient waiting, Perrier-and-limes clutched in their hands like boarding passes for the last plane out.

All the excitement is about a little plot of France that has been planted on Manhattan Island. Nothing from the old country has been duplicated, you understand—nothing like the eerie second coming of P. J. Clarke's in Macy's basement, or one of those long-ago living rooms replicated in a contemporary museum—it is, rather, the flavor that has been brought over, of a simpler time when, if a man made a restaurant, he would quite naturally decorate it and light it and keep it tidy the way he would a room in his house. You did not, in those days, have a decorator in. Le Relais seems so convincingly a surviving old eating place from the early part of this century that a displaced Frenchman, dining here bemused, rouses himself from his dream and announces that, for a moment, he'd thought he was having dinner in Paris, surrounded by American tourists.

The effect is achieved, in part, by the myriad framed objects that hang, among softly glowing sconces, on the pale, slightly glossy ivory walls—old prints and engravings, etchings and sets of wine labels, large mirrors that casually hang forward at the top (providing bored voyeurs with a slightly overhead view of this crowded and bustling place). They are like mementos and *objets d'art* and furnishings accumulated over a long family history, which makes the place feel like part of the past.



The floors are of wood, the banquettes of brown velvet. There are lots of tables for this not large room, and they are convivially assembled as close together as blades of grass. They are set with white linen and plain white china, and on each one there is a long-stemmed exotic flower in a slender glass vase. The façade of the restaurant consists of hinged doors of wood and etched glass, and when the weather is temperate these are folded back, so that diners at the very front tables can reach out their hands into Madison Avenue air.

The appeal of this establishment's simple charms is so strong that almost no group is willing to yield the place to any other. Investment bankers wearing school ties find themselves at tables adjacent to gentlemen wearing digital watches. The place attracts lawyers' lawyers and counselors to the disreputable, cosmetic surgeons to the slightly dissatisfied, hairdressers of bored women, bored women. Sun drinkers of every stamp come here, bronzed on East Hampton beaches and East Seventies terraces. There are shirts open to the navels of both genders. There are chiffon and sailcloth, sandals and golden slippers. A couple of brass-buttoned blazers are always on hand, as well as a good bit of denim. Topsiders have been seen, beads on boys, sunglasses high up on artfully coiffed and colored tresses. And the word has got around, even across the narrow waters, and many an eastbound Buick has carried seekers of chic through the Lincoln Tunnel to Le Relais. They, however, do not quite get it. They eat, look about them, stare at each other in shared, communal incomprehension, and leave, never to come back. New Jersey dentists.

Critics have found Le Relais "boring." They reason that if one restaurant does a thing well for twenty years, that is fine. If another comes along and does the same thing well, that is "boring." New restaurants, you see, must be new in the way that a box of soap with a new ingredient is new—they must be *NEW*. It is a fixed rule that pursuers of what is novel in luxury are content with what is traditional in art. They demand of today's French restaurants *la nouvelle cuisine* (but they will sit still for nothing later than Brahms).

Not that the kitchen of Le Relais is a modern relic, for the dishes it turns out have a simplicity that is undoubtedly derived from the style of this day. But this is old-fashioned French cooking with an easy touch, rather than a revolutionary departure from the past, for with all its lightness, what you get here is unmistakably bistro food—and much of it is very good.

The brief menu changes from time to time, so that, regrettably, one menu's tarte aux poireaux, a fluffy quiche, browned, hot, and steamy, shot through with leeks and perfumed with their flavor, is supplanted on a later one by a spinach tart that is almost leaden with a density of the leafy green vegetable. On occasion there is asparagus in a smooth, polished vinaigrette, made with velvety oil and good vinegar that you want to call tart rather than sour; unfortunately the vegetable is at icebox temperature, which is ruinous. A fish

Illustrated by Joan Hall

terrine suffers somewhat from the rubbery texture imparted to it by an excess of gelatin, but the clear flavors of fresh fish save the dish. Best of all, when it is listed, is the sorrel soup, cool and creamy, the characteristic flavor of the sorrel, at once earthy and metallic, vivid against the potato base of the smooth, pale-green purée.

Once in a while a serving of fish in this restaurant will be something less than perfectly fresh, but only rarely. And the fish seems to be always carefully cooked, not overdone, moist and flaky and tender. The place serves good snapper, browned, almost crusted, the meat slightly fibrous. And often there is bass, moistened with a sauce that is principally butter and slivers of cucumber that are limp but still a little crisp. And you get good salmon here, the glistening pink meat covered with a creamy watercress sauce. In season, soft-shell crabs are available all over town, but you will not find better ones than those you get here—these are tiny, three to a serving, lightly floured and sautéed in butter, so that the shells are crisp and flaky, the meat within soft, sweet, and juicy.

There is red meat as well, including pink roast lamb that is dressed with a well-seasoned pan sauce, and thinly sliced liver, accurately grilled until it is browned outside and still rare within, the cutlets of juicy meat adorned with a light raisin sauce, the sweetness of the plump little fruits lovely against the light crust.

Simple desserts: large wineglasses filled with big ripe strawberries or with tender and powerfully perfumed raspberries; an odd lemon tart that is actually an almond-flavored lemon pudding, fluffy and browned, on a crumbly crust; and a rather airless though tasty milk-chocolate mousse buried under a huge mound of thick whipped cream.

A handful of wines are reasonably priced; several dozen are absurdly expensive—or so you surmise, for the wine list does not state vintage years, and evaluating is often impossible. But the food prices are low for a restaurant of this quality, in this neighborhood, enjoying this popularity in the high-priced year of 1978. Complete dinners for two, with a bottle of wine from the low-priced end of the list, are around $50, tax and tip included. Busy as the place is, you can often get a table without a reservation if you arrive after 9:30, which is, by the way, when the younger crowd shows up.

Le Relais, 712 Madison Avenue, near 63rd Street, PL 1-5108. Lunch, 12:30 to 2:45; dinner, 6:30 to 10:45. Closed Sundays. American Express.

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SALES & BARGAINS

BY LEONORE FLEISCHER

NOTES ON MARKDOWNS, MONEY-SAVERS, AND RIPOFFS

Nice knits—Bill Gibb knitwear, imported from England, is the big pull here, all at half price. Separates in a blend—fanciful Fair Isle patterns in equally fanciful colors—range in price from $42.50 for front-tied vests to $112.50 for big, big blouson jackets, were $225; also skirts, were $135, now $67.50; other tops, were $90–$120, now $45–$60. And there are dresses and other two-piece outfits here—not many are evening garments, but all, in fantastic fabrics and trims, are one of a kind—now $500–$800 (and *that's* half price); linen suits and coats, trimmed with cutwork embroidery: $267.50 for the jackets, $75 for the skirts, $287.50 for the coats. Some hooded tunics with matching culottes are interesting, were $495, now $247; cotton polo shirts, were $15, now $7.50; short-sleeved cotton blouses, in olive and grape, were $32, now $16. Sizes 6–14. American Express, Diners Club, Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted; all sales final. *Miriam Dassin–Bill Gibb, 760 Madison Ave., near 66th St. (737-1459); Mon.–Fri. 10:30 a.m.–5:30 p.m.; while stock lasts.*

Two gals—Two young women are joining to present their very different wares in a three-day sale. Shelli Robiner offers close-outs on snakeskin and leather purse accessories, as well as handsome wallets, appointment books, and such for men. These have appeared in many fashion catalogs, but the rising cost of the reptile has made it impossible to go on manufacturing them. Large snakeskin diaries, zippered, that sold for $70 are now $40; men's snakeskin "disco" wallets, mini-size for a dancer's pocket, now $15; snakeskin disco mini-lighters, worn around the neck, now $4.50; checkbook covers, were $24, now $14; small address-and-date books, were $24, now $12; larger address books, were $38, now $18; very-famous-designer all-leather men's wallets, in limited quantity, were $36, now $17.50; only two dozen legal-pad covers, suede with snakeskin trim, were $42, now $22. Janet Engelhardt's offerings are objects from Portugal, including baskets, ceramics, and embroidery. Glazed terra-cotta piggy banks, were $3, now $1.75; ceramic wall plaques, were $25, now $15; colored woven baskets, were $3–$14, now $2–$11; embroidered aprons, were $5, now $3.25; glazed ceramic folk-art figures, in three sizes, were $10–$30, now $6–$20. Also, candlesticks and other items. No credit cards, but checks accepted; all sales final. *Casa Faria, 1140 Broadway, near 26th St. (679-2152); Tues.–Thurs., 7/25–27, noon–7 p.m.*

Send suggestions for Sales & Bargains to Leonore Fleischer, New York *Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017, a month before the sale. Do not phone.*

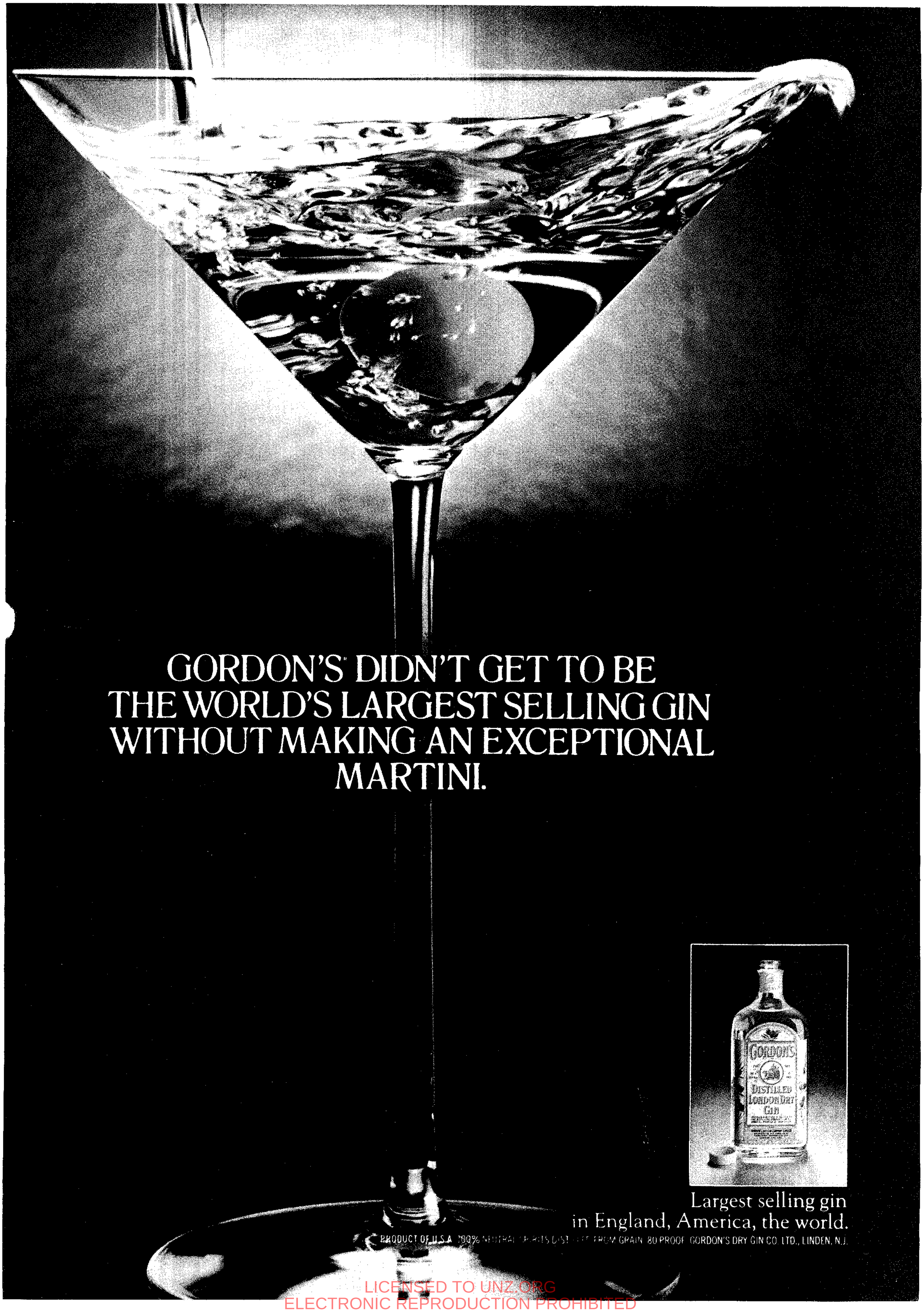
Cuisinart—While stock lasts, two models of the Cuisinart food processor are on sale, fully guaranteed, at 1st Stop Housewares. Model CFP9, with Lexan base, list $160, now $135; CFP-5A, deluxe model with metal base and handle on bowl, list $225, now $195. Both include the four standard blades. Also on sale, the Doggie Refuse Scoop (a must with the new poop-scoop law in effect), was $5.99, now $4.19; 20 percent reduction on all cookbooks in stock, including the Time-Life Cookbooks of the World; a Lucite cookbook holder, was $9.99, now $7.49; 20 percent off on all sizes of insulated picnic food bags, were $8.99–$29.99, now $7.20–$24; a twin-grill hibachi, was $21.99, now $12.99. Cash only; all sales final. *1st Stop Housewares, Inc., 1025 Second Ave., at 54th St. (838-0007); Mon.–Sat. 10 a.m.–6 p.m.*

Summer fashions—This Madison Ave. boutique is cutting its summer things (sizes 6–12) to about half price, including a lot of dresses and skirts in flowered Liberty fabrics. Liberty sundresses, were $160, now $80; other Liberty-cotton dresses, were $90–$130, now $45–$65; Liberty skirts, were $90, now $45; crystal-pleated skirts, were $150, now $65. Non-Liberty items marked down include various all-cotton skirts, were $75, now $37; cotton drawstring pants, were $55, now $27; gauze sundresses, were $110, now $55; a handful of linen blazers and jackets, were $142 and $150, now $75; cotton big shirts, long or short sleeves, now $20–$40; cotton-gauze skirts, were $75, now $37. A small selection of evening clothes are also half price, as are some hand-dyed crocheted-lace tops, now $32; cotton peg pants and corduroy trousers, were $42, now $21; pleated cotton corduroys, were $82, now $41; all scarves, including cotton, silk, wool challis, now half price. American Express, Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted; all sales final. *Betsey Bunky Nini, 746 Madison Ave., near 65th St. (744-6716); Mon.–Fri. 10:30 a.m.–6 p.m.; through 8/15.*

Rugs—A variety of them are on sale at this large rug-and-carpet store. All-wool area rugs, imported from Holland, 6 ft. 9 in. by 9 ft. 8 in., are being closed out at $325; all-wool Belgian kashans now range in price from $125 (4 by 6 ft.) to $575 (10 by 14 ft.); extra-heavy all-wool 4-by-6-ft. rya rugs, sold in stock at $169, now $85; domestic all-wool 6-by-9-ft. rugs, were $249 and $299, now $120 and $149; many one-of-a-kind 4-by-6-ft. and 6-by-9-ft. area rugs, now 30–50 percent off. Master Charge, Visa accepted; checks accepted as deposits; delivery additional. *G. Fried Carpet, 1285 Second Ave., at 67th St. (737-3700); Mon. 10 a.m.–8 p.m., Tues.–Fri. till 7 p.m., Sat. till 5 p.m.; while stock lasts.*

Dresses—Basha & designs all its clothing for women and manufactures it on the premises in really luscious fabrics, for sizes 4–12. Everything in the store—silks, cottons, evening clothes—is being marked down to half price. Loose, simple cotton print dresses, with belt, were $95, now $47.50; cotton sundresses, were $55, now $27.50; purple cotton suits—skirt and jacket—were $112, now $56; beach jackets, now $22.50; pants that tie at the bottom and simple matching tops, were $125, now $62.50; three-piece silk ensembles—tunic, vest, and skirt—in ice cream colors, were $236, now $118; silk tunic dresses, were $220, now $110; cotton T-shirt dresses, were $95, now $47.50; hand-crocheted vests, were $95, now $37.50; and more. No credit cards, but checks accepted. All sales final. *Basha &, 908 Madison Ave., at 73rd St. (794-8877); Mon.–Fri. 10 a.m.–6 p.m.; through 8/18.*

Warehouse sale—Sportswear for men and women, budget-priced, is being offered for two weekends only, as this warehouse opens its doors to the public for the first time. Women's sizes 5–14, men's S, M, L, XL. Sportswear and men's contemporary leisurewear will be sold at one price per category. Men: pants, tops, safari shirts, $10 apiece; big tops, $15; shorts, $6. Women: tops and pants, $10 each; skirts, $12; big tops, $15. Everything is made of cotton, imported from Hong Kong, India, or Italy. No credit cards, but checks accepted; all sales final. *Maharajah, 2 West 33rd St. (279-8810); Fri. 9 a.m.–6 p.m., Sat. and Sun. 10 a.m.–4 p.m.; sale 7/28–30, 8/4–6 only.*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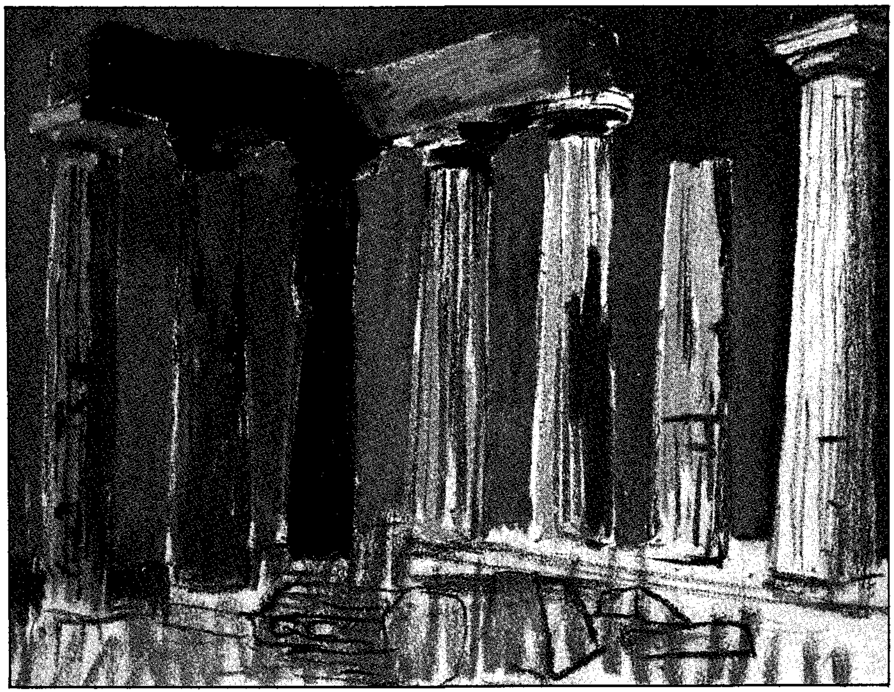
Art/John Ashbery

THE GREAT KAHN

"...The chief interest in Louis I. Kahn's drawings is in the ways they reveal the mind of the architect he was to become..."



Doric order: *Kahn's* Temple of Apollo, Corinth, Greece *(1951), pastel on paper.*

The career of **Louis I. Kahn** was a curious one. At the time of his death in 1974, he had come to be recognized here and abroad as the most influential American architect since Frank Lloyd Wright. Yet his career as a practicing architect didn't really get under way until he was about 50. In the last twenty years of his life he put it together: His austere, monolithic buildings with their unadorned brick or masonry surfaces, which people found breathtakingly ugly at first, asserted themselves; Kahn was quickly acclaimed as the master he was.

The Drawing Center's show, "The Travel Sketches of Louis I. Kahn," offers an engrossing survey of Kahn's activity up until the time of his first architectural triumphs. Although many of his drawings can be enjoyed for their artistic merit, their chief interest is in the ways they reveal the mind of the architect he was to become.

The Depression is usually given as the main reason for Kahn's delayed start. It is true that he returned from a "grand tour" of Europe in 1929 to a job in an architectural firm just as commissions were starting to dry up. During the thirties and forties he worked as a designer and consultant in architecture before becoming professor of architecture at Yale in 1948, yet he practiced only sporadically.

On the evidence of these drawings, however, one is tempted to think that his later career had to wait until he had thought his way clear to architecture, a longer phase but a necessary one. He was working at architecture long before he actually became a great architect, but the work was, except for the drawings, largely invisible.

Drawing was an early passion of Kahn's; the first drawing on exhibit is a view of a city, done when he was thirteen, which already has a professional finish. In his teens he won several John Wanamaker's Children's Drawing Prizes and, in 1920, a scholarship to the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts (where this exhibition originated). Although architecture was a favorite subject, it was by no means the only one. Among the works in the show, for instance, are a deft caricature of two men on a commuter train and a lithograph of a café in a breezy Ashcan style. Elsewhere there are suggestions of contemporary artists like Sloan, Bellows, Benton, Demuth, and O'Keeffe. Obviously, even though he was destined to become famous in another branch of the arts, he looked upon this work as something much more than documentation and allowed himself to be permeated by some of the prevailing influences of the time.

In 1928 Kahn made his first trip to Europe, starting in England and then covering much of the Continent on foot, reaching as far north as Finland and his birthplace in Estonia. During this year and a half spent abroad he was enormously productive, and his drawing style underwent a marked evolution. Two early drawings of medieval architecture in England are meticulously traced but somewhat ponderous; they reflect his beaux-arts training and are still very much the work of an academically oriented student.

In Italy, however, he began to experiment with modernist styles. A drawing of the convent of St. Francis in Assisi presents the sunlit architectural masses as blanks, inflected only here and there by the shadows which define them. Another study of the convent and surrounding countryside uses overlapping disks for a stylish Art Deco look, which is present in other drawings as well. It is the last thing one would have expected from an architect like Kahn, yet it is capably done within its dated idiom and is somewhat suggestive of O'Keeffe and Bradley Tomlin's commercial art.

Kahn continued to draw in recognizably contemporary styles during the thirties. One handsome example is a pencil drawing of a factory in Philadelphia, whose celebration of the abstract play of industrial forms suggests Sheeler and others of the period who found inspiration in technology.

Some rapid sketches done on a holiday in Nova Scotia reveal another aspect of Kahn: a personal, intimist one, concerned with fixing the momentary look of a landscape for his own pleasure later on.

A new and very different phase

emerges after World War II, first in two almost calligraphic landscape drawings and later in the fascinating and difficult abstract drawings of 1948. These, we are told, are attempts to come to grips with the International Style, which remained far removed from his own temperament. Here, for the first time, his thinking about architecture has produced forms which cannot be read conventionally, but rather as semiotic equations. One feels that he is close to self-realization.

Some pastel studies of Greek and Italian architecture, done when Kahn was in residence at the American Academy in Rome in 1951, are the most visually exciting works on exhibit. Color, somewhat timid and drab in the earlier work, is no longer a problem, and he uses it lavishly and idiomatically. The central piazza in Siena becomes a gold-ocher pool invaded by the crimson shadows of the surrounding buildings; the Acropolis is magenta, while columns in the foreground are pastel blue and yellow. There seems to be a deliberate logic behind these choices of colors, as though they could express the character of the forms more accurately than the natural ones.

His studies of the pyramids at Giza, done in the same year, record what was for Kahn a decisive encounter which would have lasting repercussions on his work, not only when he echoed them literally, as in the bathhouse he later designed for Trenton, but in the essence of these vast sheer forms which are at once so simple and so complex. Except for a few sketches done in France in 1959, Kahn's career as a graphic artist seems to end here, and we can see why. As William Holman remarks in the catalog, "It appears as if Kahn no longer needed to draw as he had to before he came to terms with his architecture."

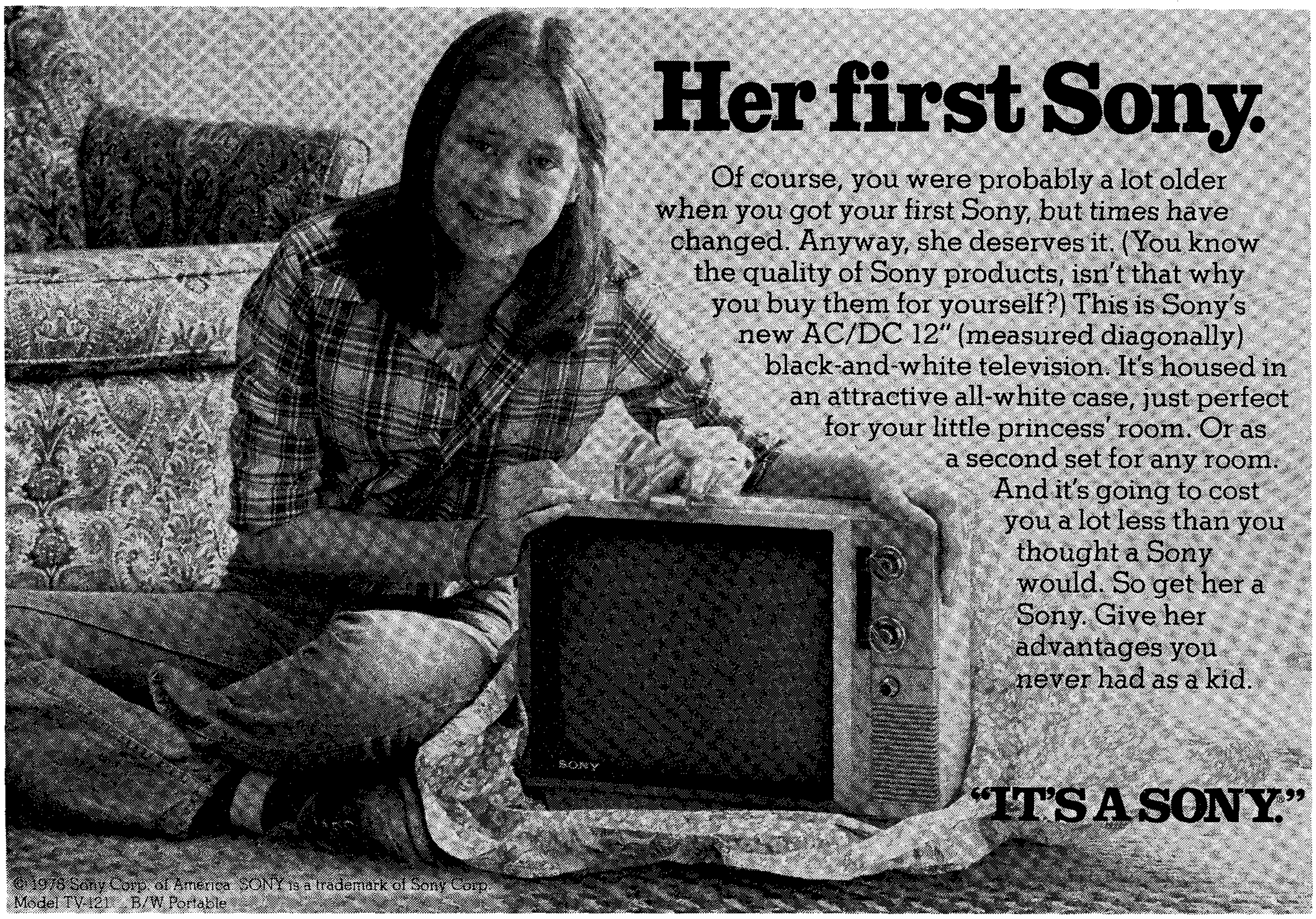
(The catalog, incidentally, is well illustrated and contains a valuable appreciation of Kahn's graphic art by Vincent Scully. The show has been extended to September 9, and in early September there will be lectures on Kahn by Scully, Mrs. Esther Kahn, Romaldo Giurgola, and others. The Center is at 137 Greene Street.)

Twenty-four self-portraits in drawing and wash by the Viennese Expressionist painter **Egon Schiele** are being shown at the Sabarsky Gallery (987 Madison Avenue, through August 31). Schiele was almost pathologically obsessed with his own image. Drawing with what art historian Alessandra Comini has termed a "seismographic needle," Schiele served himself up again and again, in some cases (not included in this show) bifurcated into twins, adding further resonances to an already complex psychodrama.

Sometimes it is a ritual of self-mutilation: Schiele gouges long planes from his torso, then decorates it like an African tribesman's—vermilion highlights in the eyelids and nostrils, buttocks shading like a bruise from mauve to yellow.

In another mood he will play up the somewhat punkish beauty of his face. In a dramatic 1910 self-portrait he is a beanpole with a forehead equal in height to the rest of his face, which is lit from below to suggest "bestiality." Or, in a nude embrace with a woman who has her back to us, he stares straight into the viewer's eye (i.e., his own), indicating where his thoughts are at this particular moment.

A little of this goes a long way. But Schiele was a genuine, if minor, artist. These sparsely tinted sketches, more than the elaborately worked and sometimes turgidly symbolic oils, distill the bitter nectar of his art. ■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Of course, you were probably a lot older when you got your first Sony, but times have changed. Anyway, she deserves it. (You know the quality of Sony products, isn't that why you buy them for yourself?) This is Sony's new AC/DC 12" (measured diagonally) black-and-white television. It's housed in an attractive all-white case, just perfect for your little princess' room. Or as a second set for any room. And it's going to cost you a lot less than you thought a Sony would. So get her a Sony. Give her advantages you never had as a kid.

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Fashion/Carol Fertig; photographed by Dan Wynn

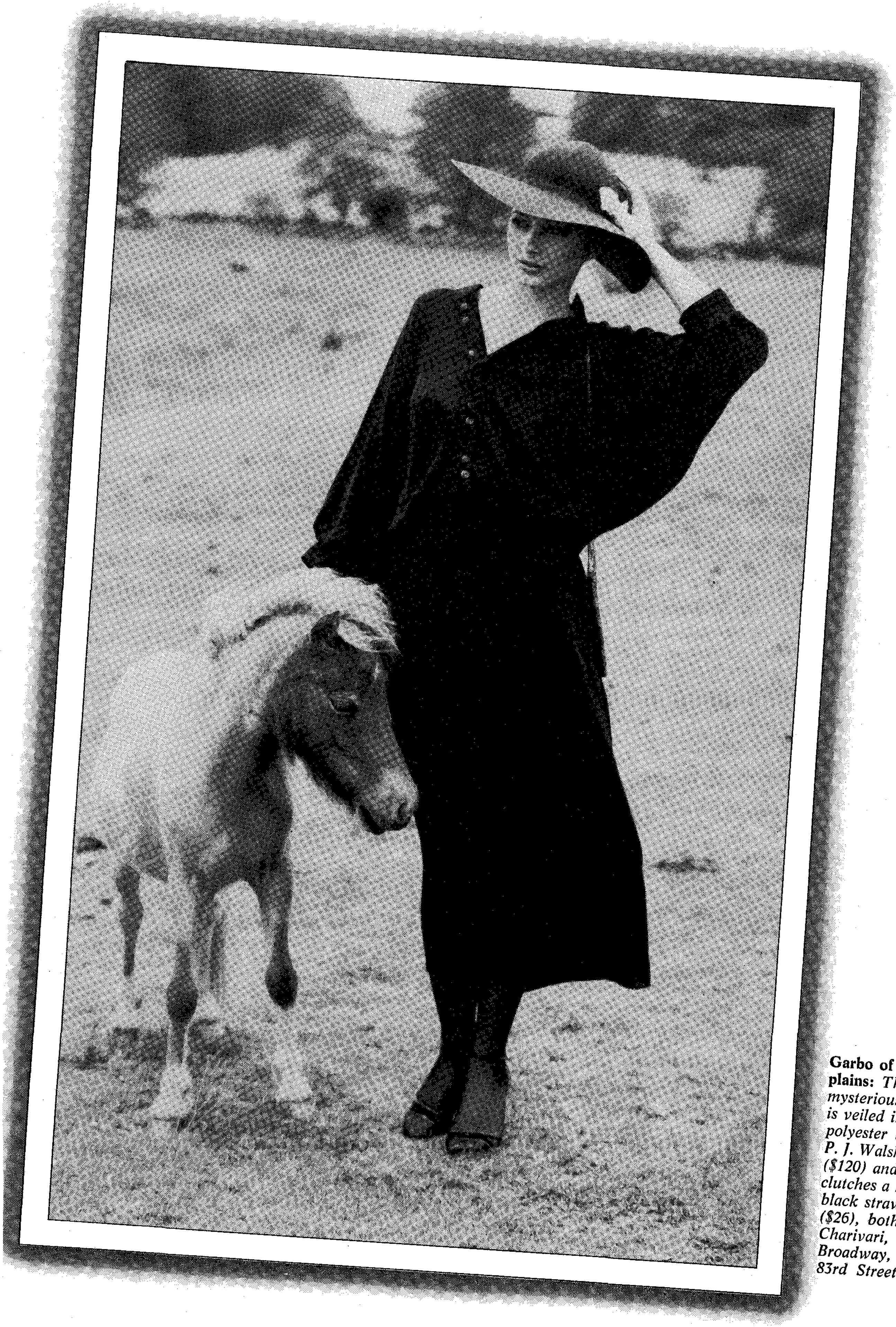
IMITATION OF LIFE

Sometimes you have to look twice to see if a garment is made of polyester—once at the clothing, then at the label. With recent improvements, the better grades of polyester have been artfully imitating silk, satin, and crêpe de Chine. And adding polyester to natural-fiber clothes means they can go straight from clothesline to closet. All of which makes polyester a natural for living fast and traveling light. Or just talking to the animals.

Bringing out the beast: *Riding high in Christian Dior's robin's-egg-blue teddy, $60 at Ultima, 18 East 53rd Street. High-heeled sandals, here and on facing page, by Martini Oswaldo, $56 at Macy's.*

Feathered friends: *An emu (below) peers at a peacock-patterned dress in navy blue, lavender, and mauve by Morning Lady, $68 at Macy's. Combs, by Cat Mountain ($10), will be at Henri Bendel in August.*

Little lamb, who made thee? *This blue-and-gray Norman Hilton suit is 60 percent polyester, 30 percent wool, and 10 percent linen; it's $265 at Barney's.*



Garbo of the plains: *The mysterious lady is veiled in black polyester by P. J. Walsh ($120) and clutches a French black straw hat ($26), both from Charivari, 2307 Broadway, at 83rd Street.* ▬

Animals supplied by Animal Talent Scouts, Inc., N.Y.C.; hair and makeup by Irmfried von Wechmar for Il Makiage

Movies / David Denby

MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

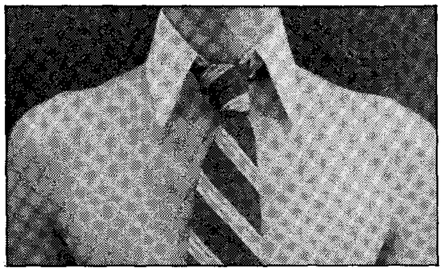
"... In *Bread and Chocolate,* Brusati paces most of the individual sequences well, but the movie as a whole lacks speed and verve ..."

It would be pleasant to greet you with a flourish of drums and trumpets in praise of some brilliant new film. However, a modest fanfare is the best I can do. **Bread and Chocolate,** a film directed by the popular Italian playwright and screenwriter Franco Brusati in 1974 and just opening here now, is a sweet and poignant work. Like Chaplin or the young Fellini, Brusati knows what outsiders are up against—how they can be pushed so hard they lose everything, including their self-respect. If only Brusati shared these filmmakers' poetic intensity and their sense of form!

Brusati, who wrote the screenplay with Iaia Fiastri and Nino Manfredi (the star of the movie), has created a warmly appealing common-man hero in Nino Garofoli (Manfredi), a fortyish Italian worker who has emigrated to Switzerland to make money and escape the messiness of his homeland. A quiet and modest fellow, Nino demands little of life except that it be orderly, decent, and sane. In short, he demands exactly what modern life can't give him. In the course of the movie, Nino's naïve faith in his adopted country undergoes many trials. He may be eager to emulate the Swiss, but when the Swiss look at him they see only another disreputable Italian who should probably be deported. Poor Nino is always violating some rule or other. When cleared of a murder charge, for instance, he happily relieves himself against a wall and is arrested for indecent exposure. Yet every time the Swiss lose patience and put him on a train heading south, he encounters some Italians serenading the sea and sunshine of Naples or someplace and he gets disgusted by the banality of it all and jumps off.

Bread and Chocolate is a comedy about a man who doesn't fit anywhere, who becomes spiritually as well as geographically homeless. Although the temptation must have been strong, Nino Manfredi doesn't play him as a "universal" outsider but as a very specific Italian who has lost hold of his identity. A popular star at home, whose films are rarely exported, Manfredi is slender and handsome, with a full mustache and beautiful brown eyes that he uses with restraint. Unlike the goggle-eyed Giancarlo Giannini in *Seven Beauties*, Manfredi creates a character of only moderate intelligence and will without resorting to caricature.

Brusati wrenches a good many laughs out of Nino's scrounging, hustling maneuvers—and also an aching sense of loneliness and exclusion. It's the same mix of comedy and pathos that Chaplin made famous. Indeed, Nino's knockabout adventures as a waiter in a posh restaurant are reminiscent of the roughhousing in Chaplin's early shorts.



What's fatally missing in this movie, however, is the exhilarating fury of Chaplin's rebellion and the sweetness of his triumph. The Tramp was a man of infinite resourcefulness; Nino remains a sympathetic but indecisive bumbler. A certain depression settles in when we realize that Nino will never take his fate into his own hands, that the movie will drift along from one sad-funny vignette to the next and never come to a climax. After a while we lose patience with the basic premise. (What's so special about Switzerland anyway? Maybe Nino has never taken a good look at Italy.) Brusati paces most of the individual sequences well, but the movie as a whole lacks speed and verve, and we wind up, after two hours, in the same place where we began. The inertia of a man caught between identities is often affecting, but it isn't, finally, a situation of the highest dramatic interest.

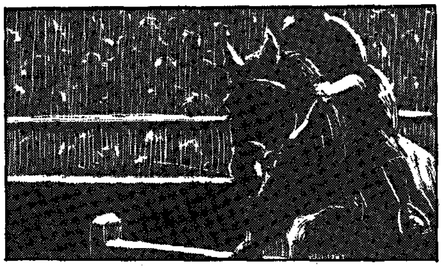
Everyone has had the experience of being bored and unhappy amidst an audience hugely enjoying itself, and this happened to me during **Foul Play.** This jumpy comedy-thriller-romance, with Chevy Chase as a San Francisco police detective and Goldie Hawn as a sexually withdrawn divorced librarian (yes, she wears glasses, and yes, she takes them off), is about a conspiracy to murder the pope during a visit to San Francisco, but anyone can see that the story is nonsense, that its only function is to chase the actors all over the city and generate as many easy laughs and thrills as possible. *Foul Play* gets its laughs and keeps the audience on edge, but it does so in the overemphatic, mechanical style of a hit TV series.

I'm constitutionally averse to movies in which women living alone are repeatedly menaced by ugly and deranged assassins (the *Wait Until Dark* syndrome). In *Foul Play* Goldie Hawn is attacked about fourteen times by a variety of heavies who are forever sneaking up from behind or stepping out from darkened doorways—the cheapest way of scaring an audience. It's the kind of thriller in which the clue that explains everything sits around in broad daylight and no one spots it, the kind in which the murderers capture the good guys and then obligingly tell them what they intend to do next. Shameless in his borrowings, writer-director Colin Higgins (the distinguished author of *Silver Streak*) has reduced some of Hitchcock's best ideas to simple scare routines, and he's staged that same damn stomach-churning car sequence on the San Francisco hills that we've seen in *Bullitt; What's Up, Doc?;* and a hundred TV shows. Higgins has compiled an anthology of sure-fire effects; he should get a hit out of *Foul Play*, but he won't get a movie he can call his own.

Goldie Hawn works very hard and looks great, but I wish to God her feelings had more range and depth; she's not a giggling doll anymore, but

Illustration credits: top left, Jennifer R. Lynn; bottom right, Steven Guarnaccia

she's not quite a woman, either. In his first starring role, Chevy Chase has made the mistake of trying to match her in bland adorableness. I'm sorry to say that he succeeds. Isn't it a little early (to say the least) for Chase to give in so completely to what people want of him? The satirical comedian with surprising sex appeal has already disappeared and been replaced by a cuddly-cute star who does little else but ride on his charm. At the end of this gutless performance I felt like rewarding Chase with a saucer of milk.



MGM's 1944 family classic *National Velvet* was a romantic fable about a dreamy Devonshire girl (the rapturously beautiful Elizabeth Taylor, then twelve years old) who falls in love with a magnificent horse and, forgetting everything in life but his training, rides him to victory in the Grand National Steeplechase. The girl's passion was presented in all innocence as a sacred mystery; watching *National Velvet* today, one might be tempted to snicker when Elizabeth Taylor caresses a bedpost while rhapsodizing over the horse, but the movie wins one over in the end. It's not often that a child's emotional world is taken so seriously and presented with such conviction and love.

MGM has now released **International Velvet,** a sequel of sorts written and directed by the English master of shopworn "sensitivity," Bryan Forbes (recently, *Long Ago, Tomorrow; The Slipper and the Rose*). In Forbes's version, young Velvet Brown has grown up into an ordinary, intelligent, dull woman (Nanette Newman, who is Mrs. Forbes) suffering from childlessness; she lives with a writer (Christopher Plummer) who also has a problem—he's afraid of "commitment." Together they adopt her orphaned niece, American-bred Sarah Velvet Brown, and *her* problem is that she's a hard, cold, remote girl who can relate only to horses. Under the training of a crusty, super-British riding master (Anthony Hopkins), she enters and wins the equestrian competition in the Olympics, and thus becomes "International Velvet." At the end, all these terribly nice people solve their problems and go home. But where in all this flossy ladies'-magazine banality is the wildness and strength of the original story? *International Velvet* is truly dreadful—boring, genteel, saved from total worthlessness only by some lovely footage of horse and rider plunging over walls, fences, and hedges.

Mr. and Mrs. Forbes much overvalue their own sensitivity. What makes them think that we are interested in Velvet Brown's search for feminine fulfillment? Velvet Brown was perfect in her passionate folly as a child; she has no reason to exist as an older character. Anyway, the mere thought of Elizabeth Taylor growing up to become the placidly uninteresting Nanette Newman is hilarious. Unfortunately, Tatum O'Neal, in the role that parallels Taylor's, isn't very exciting either. An iron-willed young champion, tight and prim, her Sarah Brown seems based on Chris Evert; she does most of her acting with her lips pressed firmly together. The primness is one of those misguided actors' strategies that shuts out the audience. By the time Sarah comes out of her funk and marries a blond California boy (in the movie's terms, absolute bliss), we no longer care about her.

Fraternity-house pranks, which depend on humiliating your rivals and yourself at the same time, may be the lowest of all forms of humor, but they have a necessity that anyone can see: They are probably the only form of rebellion available to square college boys. (Hip kids tend not to join fraternities, i.e., they get laid off campus.) In a few years those boys will be doctors, lawyers, businessmen, but at nineteen they can make outrageously cruel and infantile jokes and no one will give them too hard a time. At college I halfheartedly admired the guys who tore themselves apart on Saturday night, but I never wanted to join their revels. **National Lampoon's Animal House,** which is a genial, uneven, occasionally hilarious celebration of frat-house anarchy, doesn't give you the chance to stand back: The movie says that anyone who won't join the fun is a prig. In a scene that may become famous, John Belushi (from *Saturday Night Live*), as a raunchy, beer-guzzling student, climbs a rickety ladder perched against a girls' dormitory and blissfully watches a gorgeous but prissy co-ed undress and fondle herself; just before Belushi faints dead away, he turns to us and flashes a huge conspiratorial grin. At that point I realized that Belushi was right and that resistance to the movie's crudity was hopeless; I enjoyed seeing that girl undress, too.

Animal House was written by three *National Lampoon* contributors (Harold Ramis, Douglas Kenney, and Chris Miller) as a continuation of that magazine's nonstop guerrilla war against respectful attitudes toward culture, women, blacks, animals, etc. The year is 1962 at Faber College, one of the less rigorous West Coast institutions. The place is in a state of war. On the one side is Delta House, a sorry collection of fatties, geeks, near-criminal misfits, and outrageous make-out artists (our heroes). On the other side are the embattled dean (John Vernon) and his obsequious student allies in Omega House, an even sorrier collection of murderously ambitious John Dean types with prom-queen girl friends who are all hot and bothered underneath their colorless, waxy lipstick. The war is fought in the frat houses, in bed, and in the dean's office, where such genuine atrocities as shooting the ROTC commander's horse are regularly committed.

Director John Landis *(Kentucky Fried Movie)* doesn't have what you would call a light touch, but he's good at keeping the frenetic action clear, and he uses the large cast well. Fat, unshaven, and sweaty, John Belushi stuffs his face with food (literally) and crushes beer cans against his forehead. This near-inarticulate performance is often funny (at a frat-house toga party, he looks like a Roman senator ready to devour a Christian himself), but it's also very close to masochistic slobbiness—the Three Stooges all in one man. Harpo Marx was all appetite, too, but he never lost his touch of lighthearted poetic fancy; Belushi is in danger of losing his. Fortunately, the other actors aren't required to be gross all the time. I particularly enjoyed Tim Matheson as a self-confident undergraduate seducer, Verna Bloom as the dean's randy wife, who gratefully gives Matheson a tumble, and Karen Allen as a smart girl waiting for her boyfriend to outgrow the fraternity house. In this movie women are definitely seen as prey, but they have their own feelings, too. Or at least their own desires: Sex is the one thing the *National Lampoon* can't bring itself to ridicule. The sexiness, even tender sexiness, that gently breaks through the scabrous surface is the redeeming sign of grace in what could have been a very rancid show. ▬

Illustrated by Nina Duran

Theater/John Simon

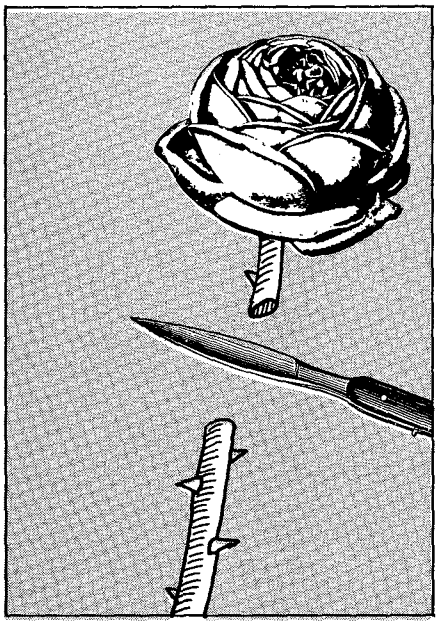
IN DEFENSE OF WEDEKIND

"...*Spring Awakening* is the best play Frank Wedekind has written, but Liviu Ciulei's production of it is a near-total disaster..."

Frank Wedekind's **Spring Awakening** is about childish innocence subverted by adult hypocrisy—about how normal sexual appetites are repressed and distorted by the ignorance fostered by parents, and the punishments inflicted by teachers. Written in 1891, the play ran into immediate censorship problems (as it did in England as late as in 1963), even though it is about as prurient as *Samson Agonistes.* It is, however, a lusty attack on the bourgeoisie and a decorous defense of healthy appetites, even as it is a remarkably astute pre-Freudian perception of how, and with what consequences, such appetites get stunted.

But Wedekind is no cool ideologue or shrill propagandist—no rebel without a prose style. He has, in fact, a unique one: expansive and gnarled, shifting from prolixity to grotesque terseness, faintly inhuman and yet shamelessly emotional. No adolescents ever spoke like his fourteen-year-olds; but, then, no adults ever spoke the language of his adults, either. Still, they are all real, even the professorial caricatures, because so much humorous hatred, frustrated compassion, and enraged lyricism cannot fail to create their own truth. Not that they lacked factual underpinning, either; as Wedekind insisted, virtually every scene—even the terrible exclamation of the father whose son has killed himself to spare his parents' feelings, "That was no child of mine!"—was based on fact.

Briefly, it is the story of Melchior, the bright and sensitive boy who thinks himself a cynic and becomes the lover of Wendla, whose mother won't explain the facts of life to her. Melchior is also the friend of the imaginative but overwrought and unscholarly Moritz, at whose request Melchior composes a treatise on sexuality. When Moritz, aghast at the humiliations he thinks he will cause his parents by flunking, shoots himself—despite the blandishments of Ilse, a former schoolmate turned artists' model and concubine—Melchior's treatise is discovered, and the school faculty, as ridiculous as it is ruthless, pusillanimously and hypocritically expels him. His parents, on finding out that he has also "seduced" Wendla, consign him to a reformatory, while the girl dies of a crude abortion arranged for by her benighted mother. Melchior escapes from reform school to the graveyard where Wendla and Moritz are buried; the ghost of the latter appears to the distraught boy and is about to lure him into death when a masked stranger arrives, offering Melchior the challenge of living. Even the dead Moritz now encourages his friend, who follows the stranger into a life without illusions perhaps, but with some comforts and pleasures.



The plot is mundane enough. But the short, headlong scenes, each making its passionate or sardonic point with furious wit and a poignantly conveyed sense of abused vitality not knowing what to do with itself, form a mixture of irony and poetry, of tenderness for the victims and puncturing sarcasm for the victimizers, that clearly harks back to Büchner, and as clearly heralds Brecht. In 1964, at Munich's Residenztheater, I saw a production of *Spring's Awakening* (as the title is usually Englished) that took my breath away. It did not strive for proto-Expressionist effects, and allowed the fantastically exacerbated realism to find its own idiosyncratic voice.

The internationally known Rumanian director Liviu Ciulei originally staged the play for the Juilliard Theater Center; that acclaimed production has now been invited to the Public Theater. It is a near-total disaster. Ciulei, who also designed the set, conjures up a tall wire fence that laterally bisects the stage and displays a basket under which the schoolboys are initially seen playing basketball. In a nineteenth-century German school? Preposterous—but that is the least of it. The fence remains there throughout; in front of it are scattered dry leaves supposed to represent the realm of nature—here the scenes involving natural instincts take place. The scenes hinging on adult repression, however, are played behind the fence, and are hard to watch. Do we need such obvious symbolism, especially if it obstructs our vision on one half of the stage, and does not, on the other, convey living nature with the crackling of dry, dead leaves underfoot?

Wedekind writes that he has imbued all scenes with comedy except the one where Melchior's parents resolve to send him to reform school; Ciulei makes precisely that scene one of the funniest. Wedekind writes that his performing (he was also an actor) in Düsseldorf caused head wagging because he did not turn his back on the audience and did not swathe his plays in scrims. So Ciulei, in an effort at anti-naturalistic staging, often shows his actors from the back (including in a quite uncalled-for nude scene), and gives us that offensive fence, worse than any scrim. Altogether, he goes in for bizarre, strained, absurdist effects, and manifestly mistrusts the play's ability to speak for itself. Thus not only the satirized adults are made to move and speak in marionette fashion (which is defensible), but also the kids, who are forced into overstylized, exaggeratedly insistent gestures that, so far from expressing either vivacity or nervousness, merely turn actors into director's puppets.

To cast both characters who have yielded to their natural impulses—Ilse and the Masked Man—with black ac-

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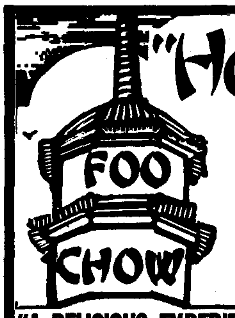

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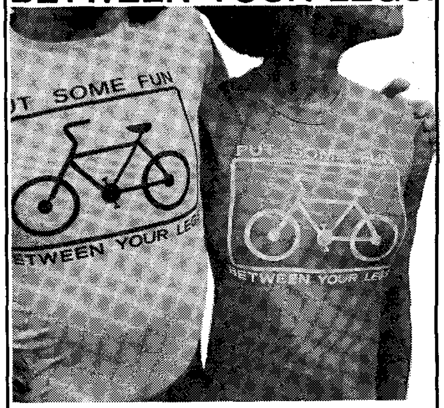
tors borders on inverse racism. Blacks, anyway, are as out of place here as basketball—whether, like Keith Williams, they seem talented, or, like Sheila Dabney, they seem anything but that. Again, the mysterious gentleman's mask represents the mystery of the life Melchior heads for, and may also have overtones of carnival revelry; it should be an unassuming domino, calling minimal attention to itself—certainly not, as here, something like a creepy death mask in negative exposure. And there is absolutely no excuse for having a vision of four mermaids clamber across the convened faculty: The accused Melchior who has been summoned to this meeting would hardly have sexual fantasies there, or whatever this Ciulei-begotten image is supposed to convey. And how could the director perversely refuse to show us Wendla's tombstone, which Wedekind considered important enough to print a drawing of in the text? And what of the scenes that have been capriciously transposed or cut?

The acting by the Juilliard students is respectable enough, but still, by and large, insufficient. Boyd Gaines is a very handsome and promising Melchior, Richard Frank is a decent Moritz (but, oh, to have seen the young Peter Lorre in the original production!), and the Wendla of Kathryn Dowling has a nice quality underneath the direction that, in her case, seems particularly arbitrary. The costumes and lighting are elegantly restrained, but the piano music between scenes is inappropriately self-conscious.

The translation is a fairly recent one that the playwright Edward Bond prepared for the National Theater of Britain. It is lively and apparently free of Britishisms; but it is sometimes ungrammatical ("*under* which he must at all times subordinate himself," "the handwriting of the *entire* fellow students"—unless these are errors perpetrated by the actors) and at times misunderstands the original: "Mag er noch so vermummt sein—er ist es wenigstens!" is not properly rendered with "It doesn't matter how well he's masked, at least he is." It should read, "Masked as he may be, at least he is *that*"—i.e., better the inscrutability of life than the obviousness of death.

Finally, though, Ciulei's offense is that he could make the intelligent and sensitive actress with whom I saw his *Spring Awakening* think that this must be an inferior play. It is, surely, the best that "this deep and tortured man," as his admirer Thomas Mann called Wedekind, has written. But perhaps it suffices to remind you that Ciulei was the teacher of Andrei Serban. ■



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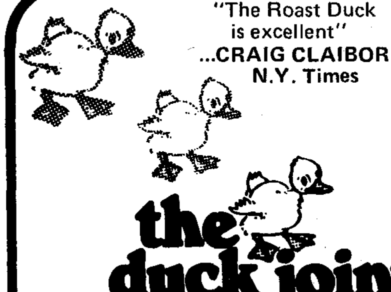

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WET CELLOS IN A BRAZILIAN BACKWATER

"... Imagine a rutted dirt road fronting a beach, with cows and pigs wandering freely. Then, add the sound of 50 cellos ..."

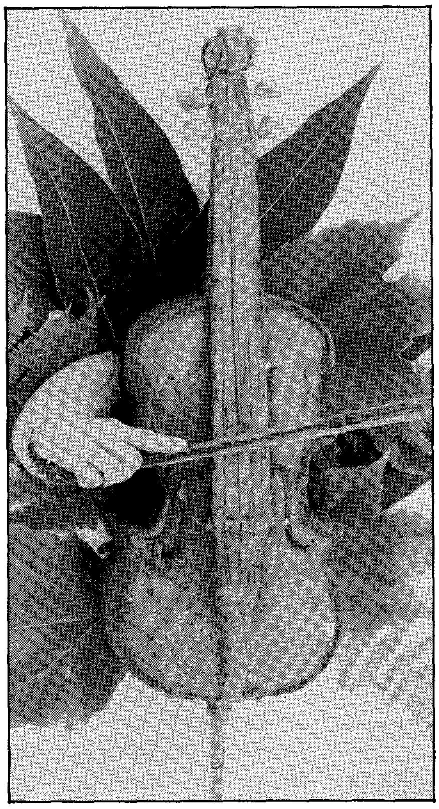
Monday, June 26. The man from Yale is on the phone: Aldo Parisot is giving his cello master class in Brazil, and he wants me to come down and talk to the students. The Brazilian government will pick up the tab. I gulp; one does not begin every day by thinking of going to Brazil. I argue: I have to give a lecture in Ohio on July 15, in Oregon a day later; where do I squeeze in a trip to Brazil? But the man from Yale has made an offer I can't refuse, and in my heart I know he is right. I will hear from Varig in the next day or two about my prepaid ticket; not to worry about a thing. I remember reading somewhere that in Brazil the seasons are backwards, so I take some sweaters out of moth balls.

Wednesday, June 28. Liz Parisot is on the phone, about to leave to join her husband. Aldo's class is in the town of João Pessoa, some 1,700 miles north of Rio, but I have to go to Rio first and then fly north to Recife (a little like going to Chicago via Seattle). There I will be met and driven the last 65 miles to João Pessoa; all I have to do is cable a Doctor Burity in João Pessoa when I have my flight. No confirmation from Varig? Not to worry, Liz assures me; Doctor Burity will arrange everything.

Monday, July 3. After a series of hourly phone calls, I have developed a certain closeness to a girl named Anna at Varig's prepaid desk, but it's a relationship a little like that of Magda Sorel and the Consul's secretary in the Menotti opera. Anna calls at four; no word yet, but I can always pay for my own ticket and be reimbursed when confirmation comes. At six I am at JFK, putting myself in hock to American Express. I suddenly remember to send a cable to Doctor Burity.

Tuesday, July 4. At noon I arrive at the Recife airport, bleary-eyed and hungry. The scene somewhat resembles pictures I've seen of the steerage on old ocean liners. There is no driver from Doctor Burity and, apparently, nobody within a thousand miles who speaks anything but Portuguese. Brandishing a piece of paper with Doctor Burity's address, I find a taxi driver who will take me to João Pessoa for $40. He takes a friend along; perhaps I am being kidnapped by Tupomaro guerrillas, but with the temperature about 90 and the humidity about 200 (Brazilian winter, hah!), I am too miserable to care. Three hours later I am handed over to Doctor Burity. His French is halting but clear; he is *désolé,* but my cable just arrived. I am deposited in a hotel in the attractive, jumbled old town where, two floors above a sonorous traffic jam that makes the LIE look like the Siberian steppes, I grab a cold shower and a nap.

At six I am driven to Parisot's encampment, which is at Camoinha, a beach some ten miles out of João Pessoa. Imagine, if you will, a row of handsome, small beach houses fronting an idyllic stretch of shore, each built with great taste and obviously lavish resources. In front runs a rutted dirt road, its ruts filled from the frequent rains, with cows, pigs, and goats wandering freely. Now add the sound of cellos: a Bach suite from one open window, the Dvorak concerto from a courtyard. Parisot, who was born not far from here, established his summer school a year ago. Some 25 American students, many from the classes Parisot teaches at Yale during the winter, others chosen by audition, are brought down and billeted here for the master classes. Another 25 Brazilian students are brought in on government scholarships. Since the season is "winter," the houses—most of them belonging to rich Brazilians from Rio and São Paulo—are empty, and ther owners have donated their use to the school. There is also a dinky little country club where master classes will be held.



Sculpture by James Victor/Photographed by Bob Ghiraldini

Parisot greets me, and we make our way to the student dining room. A chubby teenager rushes up: "Are the Red Sox still in first place?" he screams. (Is there anywhere else in the world so remote that American baseball scores cannot be easily had?) Dinner is rice and beans, which, I am told, alternates with beans and rice. After dinner there is a student meeting at which gripes are aired: not enough fruit at meals, cellos coming apart in the humidity, the difficulty of finding practice areas free from other sounds. At this last beef Parisot displays some scorn. "I always practice with the television on," he explains by way of small comfort.

Wednesday, July 5. I am now at the Hotel Tropical Tambaú, a circular building on the beach, looking a little like a World War II bunker with a rocket pad in the center, but comfortable and with an inspired chef.

Cellists are a clubby bunch. Driven by the beauty of sound of their instruments against the relative paucity of good repertory, they band together and spend long hours in ardent conversation. Maybe there are master classes for clarinet, or trombone, somewhere in the world, but I doubt that they operate on the level of intensity that you find at Parisot's class in Brazil—or, I am told, at his classes at Yale. He is not quite the world's greatest cellist; as a teacher, however, he is an object of pilgrimage.

Bob Sherman of WQXR is also here,

and in the afternoon he and I interview each other in front of the group, mostly on what life is like in the musical world. The questions, from both American and Brazilian students, are alert and intelligent, and I feel that my being there may have done some good.

At dinner that night at the hotel the headwaiter brings Parisot a bag full of corks from wine bottles. Parisot explains that a cork stuck under the fingerboard can help compensate for the way the wood swells in the constant humidity. (Did I forget to mention it has been raining nonstop? At least that rain is warmer than the water in my shower in this elegant resort hotel.)

I never see Doctor Burity again. He, it turns out, is the regional cultural minister, but he is now off in Brasília, arranging to become the next regional governor. Visions of my still-unarranged-for plane ticket, and of debtors prisons, begin to haunt me; I, too, become a little *désolé*.

Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, July 6–8. The master classes *are* extraordinary—Parisot has that enormous, rare gift of translating musical feeling into solid information about what to do with a set of fingers and a bow. One girl, with rather small hands, demonstrates some struggle with the Debussy sonata. A few words from Parisot relating to shortening the tail pin have apparently launched the girl on a whole new way of playing.

I ask some of the kids what value they find in traveling 5,000 miles to cello classes they could get at home. They speak mostly of the intensity of the experience, the rare chance to do nothing but play and practice for an extended time, the stimulation of being only with other cellists, the spell of Parisot. The mix between Americans and Brazilians is also of great value. There is apparently good cello teaching in Brazil, but the contact between musicians who live in a relatively isolated land and those close to the New York mainstream is beneficial to all. The very remoteness of João Pessoa invests the whole notion of a cello master class with a kind of madcap magic. I am sorry to leave but would be a fool not to spend time in Rio.

Sunday and Monday, July 9, 10. If a physical setting were enough to vouchsafe the beauty of a city, New York would be the most beautiful city on earth, and Vienna the ugliest. The singularity of Rio is that its architects have been spiritually moved by the setting. There is no discrepancy between the work of God and man in this city; of no other place can this be said. Two days here are hardly enough, but at least it doesn't rain. ▬

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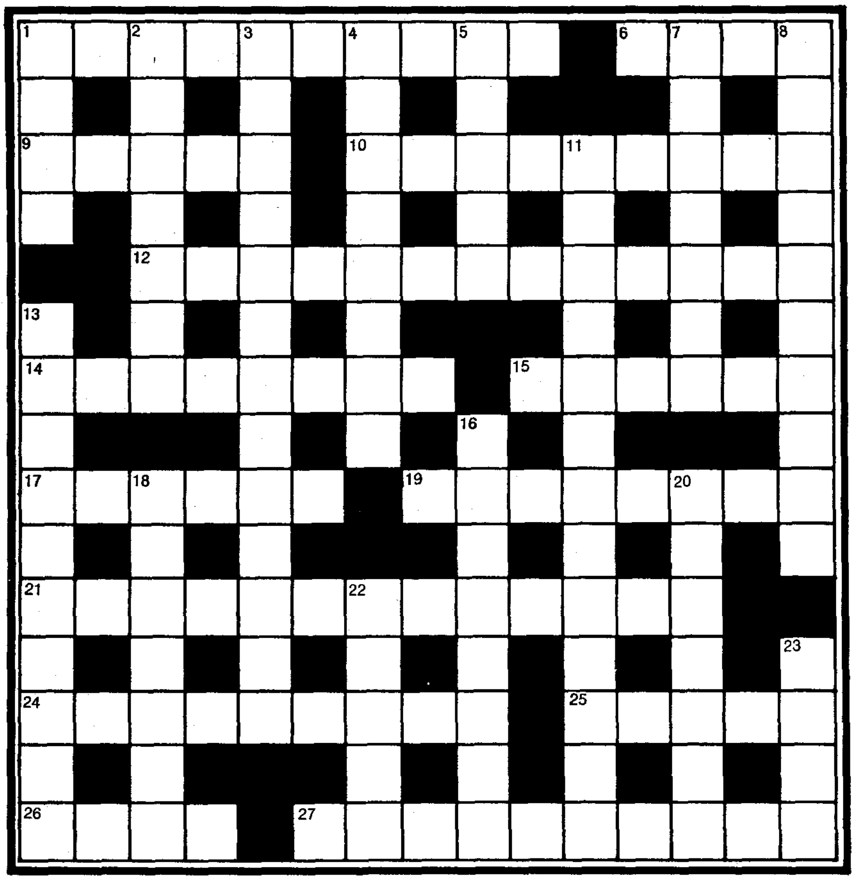
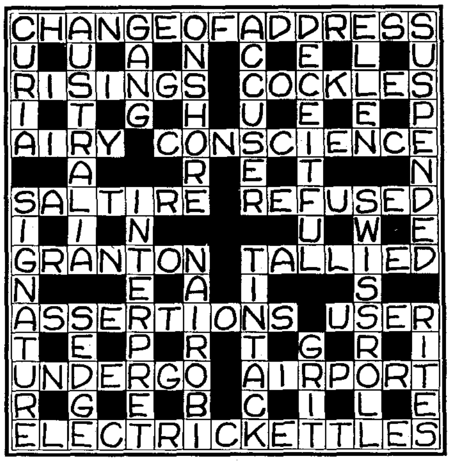


Solution to last issue's puzzle:



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Clues

ACROSS

1 Saw nothing turned into capital. (10)

6 Woman who needs a penny for a trick. (4)

9 How to make love or what to use on one's sweet. (5)

10 With broken legs Dad is slid down. (9)

12 Time and place for a parliamentary procedure. (6, 7)

14 In courts or possibly in forces. (8)

15 Makes a loud noise, being born before the gods. (6)

17 Take back in exposing that peccadillo. (6)

19 The unit goes into shelter for a drink. (8)

21 Interior with man and his wives somewhere in Scotland. (5, 8)

24 Whatever happens, it is somewhere in the luggage. (2, 3, 4)

25 Girl who is less than ordinary. (5)

26 Even appearing before one it is a mysteri-out beast. (4)

27 The competitor sat about in satisfaction. (10)

DOWN

1 A stinger even if beheaded. (4)

2 Points in track for a guarantor. (7)

3 Not a criminal although he takes ring and coin during hotel festivities. (8, 5)

4 Huge carriage with fantastic movement. (8)

5 Right above this tree it would be brighter. (5)

7 "O —— than the cherry" (Gay). (7)

8 Indeed guts are ruined when it is in a raw state. (10)

11 In the grammar school there is little grasp of peasant occupations. (13)

13 Courtesy towards inferiors ensures a following with competence. (10)

16 Once more take a back seat. (8)

18 The intermediary has to study skill in dealing with people. (7)

20 Country which has us in the courts. (7)

22 Time to join and become a poet's friend. (5)

23 It is used to make boots for the final. (4)

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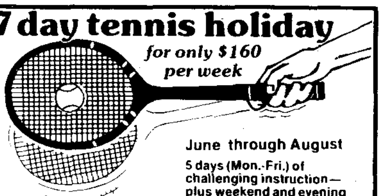

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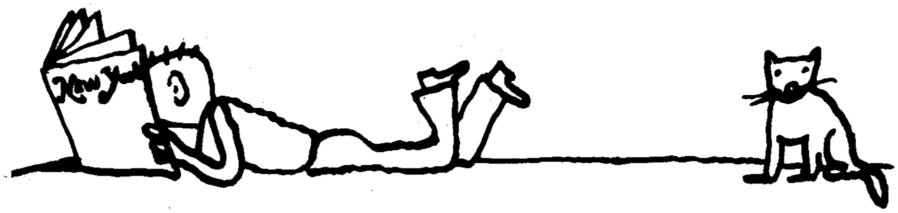

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This is a biweekly Section for Galleries, Antique Dealers & Auction Houses limited to Display Ads only. Display Ads are sold by the inch. The Introductory Rates for this Section are as follows: 1 time ad—$134 per inch; 2 consecutive ads—$117 per inch each; 3 consecutive ads—$109 per inch each; 4 consecutive ads or 13 during the year—$100 per inch each. Long term rates also available. Larger sizes available in increments of ¼ inch. Extra $5 for NYM Box Number. Complete rates available upon request. Closing is every other Monday at 1 p.m., for following Monday's issue.

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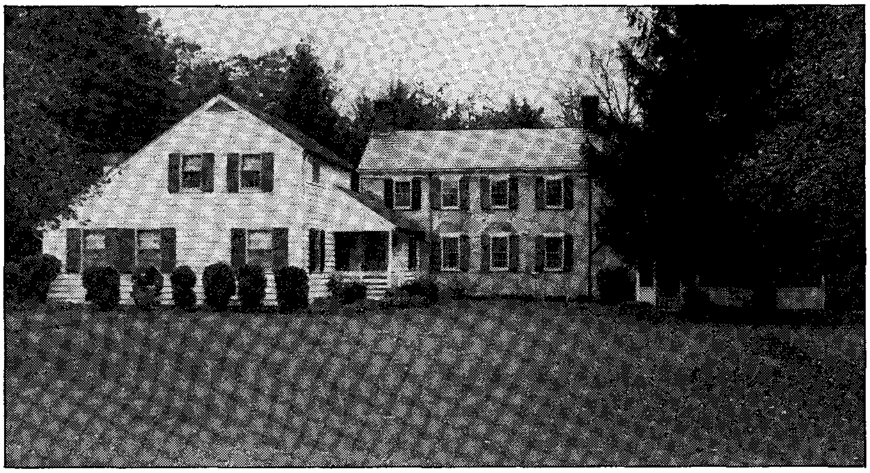

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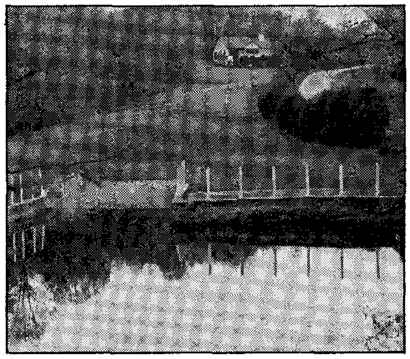

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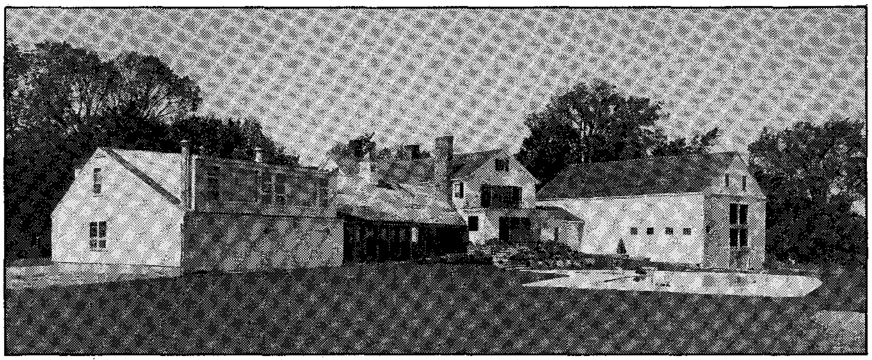

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Secluded rustic contemporary on 9 acres. Perfect hideaway with master suite, heated pool, antique brick fireplaces. $62,500.

John T.
Roohan
Realtor
43 Union Avenue Saratoga Springs, New York
(518) 587-4500

WOW!!

MORTGAGE FORECLOSED!!

Buy the finest home in magnificent "Skunk Hollow" section of suburban Clifton (Passaic Co.) for $100,000 less than assessed value!!

Minutes from Manhattan via Rtes. 3 - 46 - 80, close to Upper Montclair & State Colleges. Private wooded acre lot!!

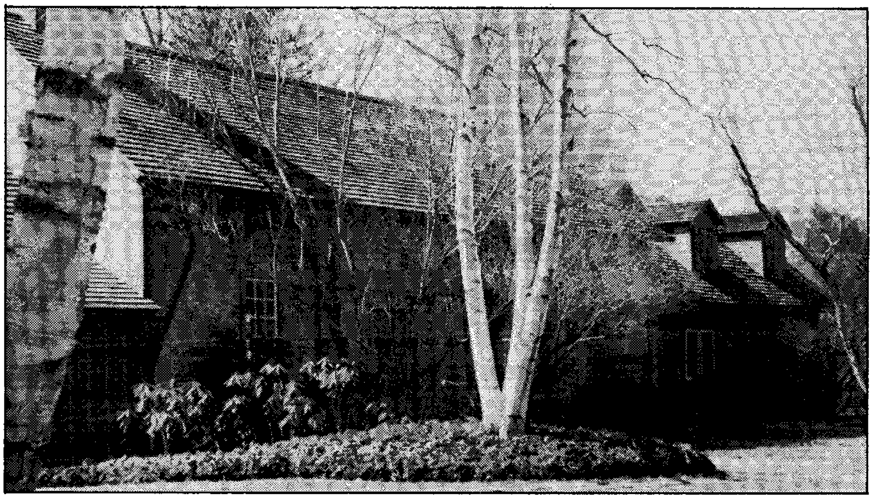
Contemporary brick Split-level with 18 rooms (including suite for help or "in-laws"), 7 full baths, 2 "Lav's", 7 car attached garage, 2 story glass enclosed heated pool with sauna, whirlpool, two huge deck areas, secluded redwood patio, and much more!!

Perfect floor plan for Professional Office/Home use, with huge finished grade & lower level rooms apart from main living areas.

About $10,000 in repairs & redecorating needed to bring this home back to "Prime" condition.

Six years ago, the owner invested over $300,000 in this home, now priced at $245,000!! Mortgage holder only wishes to obtain his investment back — Someone Will Get A Steal!!

COVENTRY AGENCY
(201) 647-4200



NORTHWEST CONNECTICUT
Masterpiece Of Old And New

18th Century Farrier's Forge has been converted to elegant country home by designer John Saladino. Living room has cathedral ceiling, wishbone flue, indirect lighting. Property is beautifully landscaped and private on the banks of a small, scenic river. Added bonus is ice house which has been converted to apartment and very special guest suites. Offered at $159,000.

The DeVoe Realty Company
Call Collect (203) 927-3571 (203) 364-5571

TOWN & COUNTRY PROPERTIES

100 Acres with Cape, Woodstock, Ct.

Magnificent northeast Ct. country place. 7 rm. modified cape home with 3 or 4 brms., 2 fp., full bath. Garage. Screened porch. Outstanding value with a beautiful view for all nature lovers at $53,000.

Ct. Colonial on 17 Rolling Acres

12 rm. spacious colonial, circa 1771, complete with 4 or 5 brms., living rm. w/fp., spacious fam. rm. Spring. Pond site. Also large barn and 2 brm., guest house (currently rented). Tucked away for the country gentleman on 17 lush A. for $165,000.

Lake Estate - 150' Waterfront

Sprawling 12 rm. Ct. home with 150' on lake. Perfect year 'round family retreat on 2½ rolling A. Very private. 7 brms., 5 baths, formal d.r., library, marble fp. Over 5000 sq.' space, 4 car garage. Unfinished cottage, dock, storage shed. Incredible opportunity in n.w. Ct. for $165,000.

97 Acre Wildlife Retreat With 11 Acre Lake

Nature lovers note! Remodeled 1858 colonial, 9 rms., 4 brms., in picturesque setting on 97 A. (90 A. mixed hard & soft wood) WOODED PATH LEADS TO BEAUTIFUL 11 A. LAKE, FISHING, SWIMMING, TRAILS FOR HORSEBACK RIDING. n.e. Ct. location, 24 min. to Worchester, 50 min. to Hartford, near tpke. Magnificent @ 135,000.

175 Acre Farm $68,000

Over 150 A. open land, balance wooded, 2300' on trout stream all highlight this N.Y. state farm. 114 year old, 8 rm. farmhouse, 40 x 80 2 story barn, carriage house, chicken house. Shade trees, fruit trees, large pond, ¾ mi. rd. frontage. Perfect investment or starter farm for $68,000.

50 Isolated Acres, $72,000

Solid 8 rm. colonial accessable yr. round, in Carlisle, N.Y. 1/3 lush woodland; 2/3 pasture, cropland w/stone walls-tree lined fences. Spring fed lake, stocked w/bass. Wonderful for artists, career people looking for a getaway/happy farm. $72,000.

N.Y. Lakefront Contemporary

WONDERFUL HOME FOR ACTIVE FAMILY; Entertaining; yr. round living, on Lake Champlain. 10 rms., 3 brms., 3½ baths, dbl. fp., lg. kitchen & fam. rm. 325' lake frontage. Central intercom, central air, and antenna systems. $145,000.

Hudson River Estate - 63 Acres

Designed by Churchill this exquisite mansion is one of a kind in HISTORIC HYDE PARK, N.Y. The ivy covered beaux arts main blding. has 19 rms., 9 fp., staff qtrs. Formal garden, very private, open & wooded on 63 A. Also greenhouse, barns & caretakers cottage. $525,000.

Our subscribers are the leading Brokers in the areas they serve. Contact us for any type of Real Estate.

The Settlers Corporation
100 Constitution Plaza
Hartford, Conn. 06103

(800) 243-8998

In Conn. Call:
(800) 842-4326

85 Acres Ma. Hideaway

5 A. of fields and 80 of woodland surround this 6 rm. country farmhouse. LIVING ROOM WITH FIREPLACE, 3 brms., family rm., greenhouse and small shed. Privately situated on a country dirt road for $64,500.

80 Acres Recreational Land With Barn

Exciting northwest Mass. location with 500' hardtop rd. frontage. Overlooking Deerfield River. 24 x 30 new barn surrounded by open fields and woodland. Magnificent brook and pond site. 2 MILES TO BERKSHIRE EAST SKI AREA. Perfect site for a gentleman's home. $39,000 with owner financing.

Ma. Country Colonial on 25 Acres

25 rolling A. with brook, lush woodland is setting for handsome 8 rm. home c. 1700, 3 fp., fam. rm., studio expertly renovated in excellent condition, in Buckland. Barn, bunk rm., carriage storage, hay loft. Historic 5 college area. Berkshire ski center nearby. Perfect retreat for artist, writer, academician or executive. $100,000.

West Stockbridge Retreat

Fully furnished Berkshire contemporary, offers YEAR 'ROUND RETREAT WITH LITTLE UPKEEP. Seclusion, yet proximity to Tanglewood, Jacob's Pillow, short drive to several ski area. 5 rms., 2 brms., living rm., with free-standing fp. Summer-Winter sports haven. $60,000.

Superb Investment

Exquisite setting for homes on 168 A. in beautiful Sharon, Ct. 3 A. zoning - All SUBDIVISION APPROVED. Open & wooded gently sloping land. Spring & brook - parcel separated w/colonial stone walls. Quiet natural surroundings in exceptional area, overlooking Sharon reservoir. 850' rd. frontage. $277,000.

40 Acre Getaway with Pond

TOTAL SECLUSION in a hidden valley in Norway, N.Y. Private 3 A. pond and stream. 15 yr. old 1 brm. cabin w/stone fp. Also log trapper cabin. Super hunting and fishing. A steal @ $27,500.

EXECUTIVE RETREAT DUNE HOUSE - COMPLETELY FURNISHED!

One hour to midtown Manhattan - convienent to all airports. Fantastic split level house featuring large living room with outstanding mural wall, large dining room adjacent to huge panelled country kitchen.

Step below to a pine panelled family room with bath & jalousied doors entering onto an amber lit barbecue pit. Completely furnished laundry room adjoins the attached 2-car garage.

The second level includes sumptuous master bath, 3 bedrooms, one featuring bath with stall shower. Third level completely pine panelled can serve as playroom/studio and perfect for a home/office combination.

Spend Indian Summer and an exicting season at the exclusive Dunes of Lido Beach. Excellent schools, transportation & houses of worship nearby. This won't last at $700 per month. The season begins from September 15 to June 15. All new appliances & landscaping complete the offer of the year. HURRY! Highest recent references required.

Possible sale consideration, fully furnished - $130,000 firm. Call (516) 889-8582 - By appointment only.

PLUSH PENTHOUSE

Huge condominium penthouse on Lake Winnipesaukee, New Hampshire. Floor to ceiling, wall to wall fireplace the focal point of huge living room with wet service bar and glass sliders overlooking lake & mountains. Oversized master bedroom suite with breathtaking, all mirrored master bath, double sink and bidet. Guest room, 2½ baths, billiard room in Vermont barnboard with antique pool table, large dining room, full kitchen, including built-in charcoal pit, 50' x 20' private deck, boat slip, etc., etc., etc. $125,000. Call Owner (617) 868-4900 days only, Monday - Friday.

DUTCHESS COUNTY DOVER PLAINS, N.Y.

90 Miles Manhattan, scenic, relaxed, 6.7 acres, landscaped, 40% woodland, 325 foot frontage. Well constructed Ranch, 2 large bedrooms, 1½ baths, living room, dining room, eat-in kitchen, full basement, garage. Suitable commuting. Price $51,750. Appointment (201) 534-2940 or (914) 877-3602.

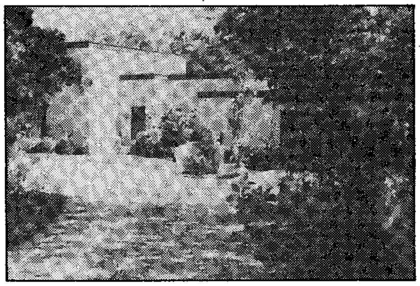
Secluded Year Round Retreat

Escape from rigors of city to a spacious contemporary home on 16+ wooded acres with winding brook in game area. 3 Bedrooms, Japanese style master bath with double Jacuzzi whirlpool, two additional full baths, modern kitchen with handcrafted cabinets, fireplace, pot bellied stove, big wrap-around sun deck. 80 miles NYC in New Paltz, N.Y., 5 minutes NYS Thruway. Mid 70's. Owner (201) 568-9061 (evenings).

Treetop House - Waitsfield, Vermont

Enter unique house via 50' covered footbridge: 3 bedrooms; 2 baths; 2 fireplaces; all major appliances; all furniture built-in; easy maintenance, magnificent views, near shopping, restaurants, all sports, cross country trails, 3 major ski areas. $58,500.

GRAVES REALTY COMPANY
Waitsfield, Vermont 05673 (802) 496-2523



EAST HAMPTON

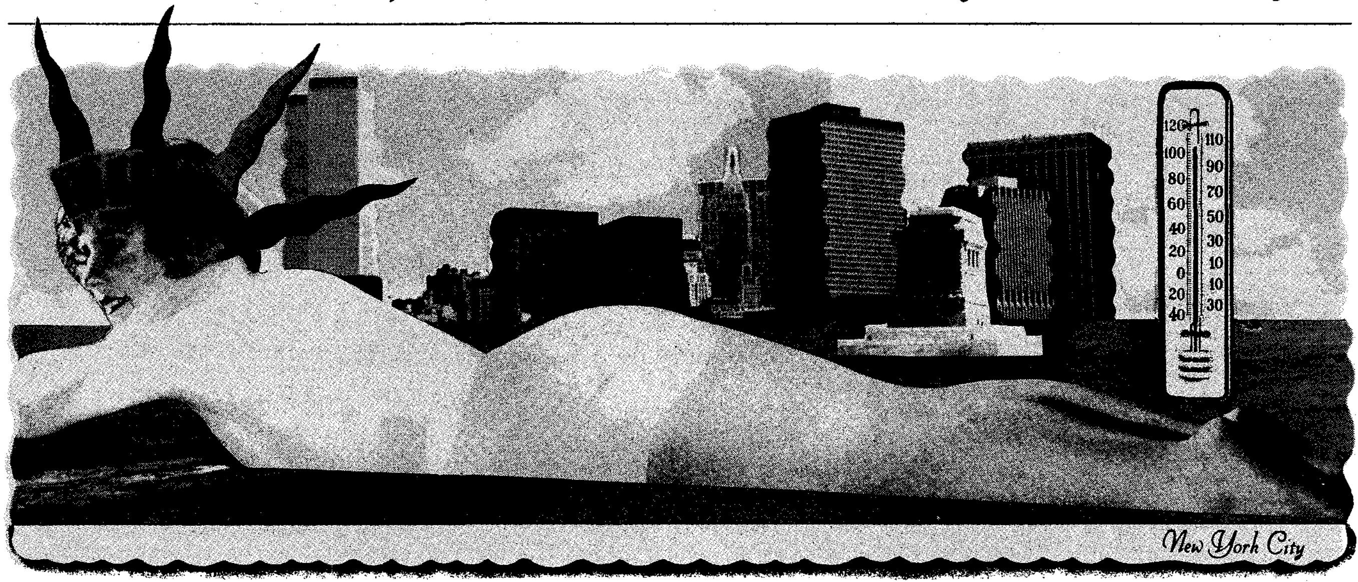
Peace and contentment surround this finely-designed contemporary in a park-like setting bordering reserve area. Superbly-designed and built. $115,000.

JACK DOUGLAS REALTY
76 Woods Lane East Hampton, N.Y. 11937
(516) 324-1133

Page of Lists / Michael Musto

THE HEAT FANTASTIC

...The tropical heat of New York has made motorists strip and horses faint. Below, the most uncomfortable days of the century...



As the mercury soars into the higher nineties—and it will—remember that it not only could be worse, it has been. Since the founding of the Weather Bureau, in 1869, the mercury has topped 100 an uncomfortable number of times. According to readings taken at the Belvedere Tower in Central Park, these are the worst scorchers of the past century:

1. July 9, 1936: 106°. This record-holding day was such a scorcher that pavements in the shopping district were dotted with rubber heels caught in the melting asphalt. But there were some compensations: Wilting jurors at General Sessions Court were allowed to remove their coats and vests and open their collars. Hoboes—and anyone else who cared to—were permitted, by Mayor La Guardia, to sleep on park benches.

2. August 7, 1918: 104°. The day was the hottest then recorded in New York City, but other news pushed the weather off page 1 of the New York *Times*. While thundershowers offered some relief from the local heat, the British troops were penetrating Lys Salient in France, and the Allies crossed the Vesle.

3. July 21, 1977: 104°. The official high temperature was 104 degrees, but in the boiler rooms of the two Staten Island Ferry boats still powered by steam, it shot to 145 degrees. The three stokers and one water tender on each boat took five-minute breaks and somehow survived. Meanwhile, eight days after the power blackout, Con Ed was faced with an all-time high demand: 8,271 megawatts between 3 P.M. and 4 P.M.

4. August 26, 1948: 103°. Subway riders said that, for the first time, the IRT was cooler than the street. An ice cream vendor remarked: "It's good for me when it's hot, but this is overdoing it. People don't have the energy to stop."

5. July 3, 1966: 103°. The beaches were the sites of record crowds—900,000 at Coney Island, 210,000 at Jones, 130,000 at Orchard—and people were spotted driving in swimsuits or less. Drawbridges expanded in the heat and remained open, blocking traffic for miles.

6. July 31, 1933: 102°. In Montana, there was a cold wave, but not here. Many suffering New Yorkers packed up beach blankets and skeletal household equipment and spent the night on Coney Island.

7. July 10, 1936: 102°. Victims of sweltering heat included a horse, which fainted at the intersection of Washington and Atlantic avenues in Brooklyn and was revived by a bucket brigade of policemen. Thirsty New Yorkers pushed the price of lemons up $2 per box in 24 hours.

8. August 11, 1944: 102°. Concern with the fate of American troops in Normandy distracted New Yorkers from the brutal heat. Wall Street brokers suffered losses as stock prices dipped while the mercury rose. A young man jumped from a rowboat into Jamaica Bay in an effort to cool himself and drowned.

9. July 4, 1949: 102°. This day's weather was memorable not only for the heat but also for a freakish windstorm, with gusts of up to 70 miles per hour. The violent storm resulted in seven deaths, scores of injuries, and considerable property damage, and caused the crowd of 1.5-million at Coney Island to flee from the water's edge, pelted by wind-driven sands.

10. September 2, 1953: 102°. The ninth successive day above 90 degrees, this culminated one of the longest heat spells in the city's history. The water supply was dangerously low, so much so that at the Kensico Reservoir, New York, the foundations of buildings that existed before the reservoir was constructed began to surface above the water level.

11. July 19, 1977: 102°. In an effort to save water after the blackout, city officials banned lawn watering and hydrant opening. Health officials warned of increased pollution due to stagnation. And New Yorkers who dialed the Weather Bureau for information were cheerfully advised of temperatures in "the baked Apple." ■

Illustrated by Jeanne Grundberg

17 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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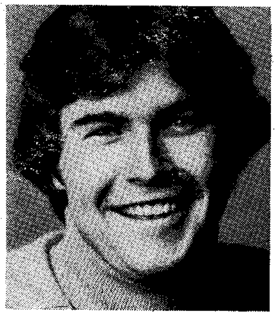
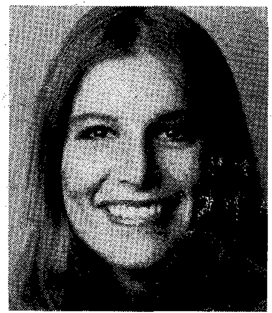
9 OUT OF EVERY 10,000 AMERICANS PREFER CAMPARI

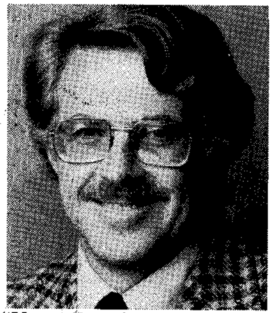
Compared with Europeans, Americans are meager consumers of Campari & Soda. But a few new converts are won every day by its unique bittersweet taste.



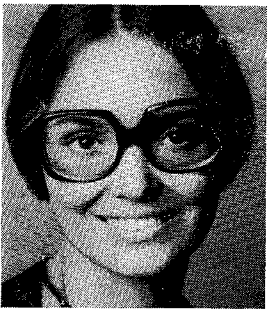
"Sometimes I like to drink Campari with soda. Other times I like it with tonic. But mostly, I like to drink Campari with Melissa."
—Steve Gibson, San Fran.



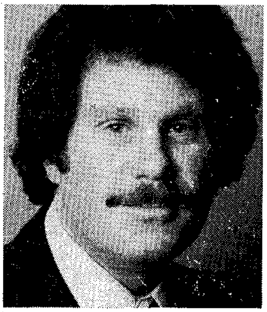
"I still haven't gotten Fred to drink Campari. But I'm hopeful. After all, last month I got him to give up suspenders."
—Joan Gringer, N.Y.C.



"Yesterday, when everybody ordered cocktails, I said, 'Campari' instead of what I usually say ('Martini'). I found it improved my articulation."
—Mort Goldstein, Boston.

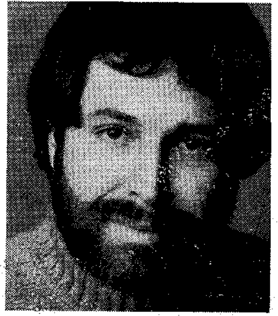


"A Campari & Soda prepares my palate for a good meal. After I finish the drink, I go to bed, and my palate goes out to dinner."
—Lea McIntyre, Reno.



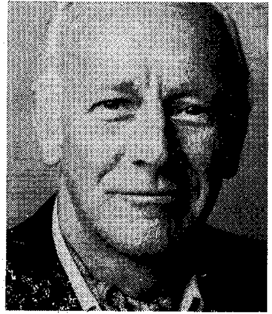
"With a lot of soda, Campari is a perfect before-dinner drink. With a little soda, it's a great cocktail. With nothing at all, it's in a glass by itself."
—Jeff Landis, Atlanta.

"I allow myself one drink before dinner. Since I discovered Campari & Soda, I've been eating six dinners a day."
—Iby Korody, New York.

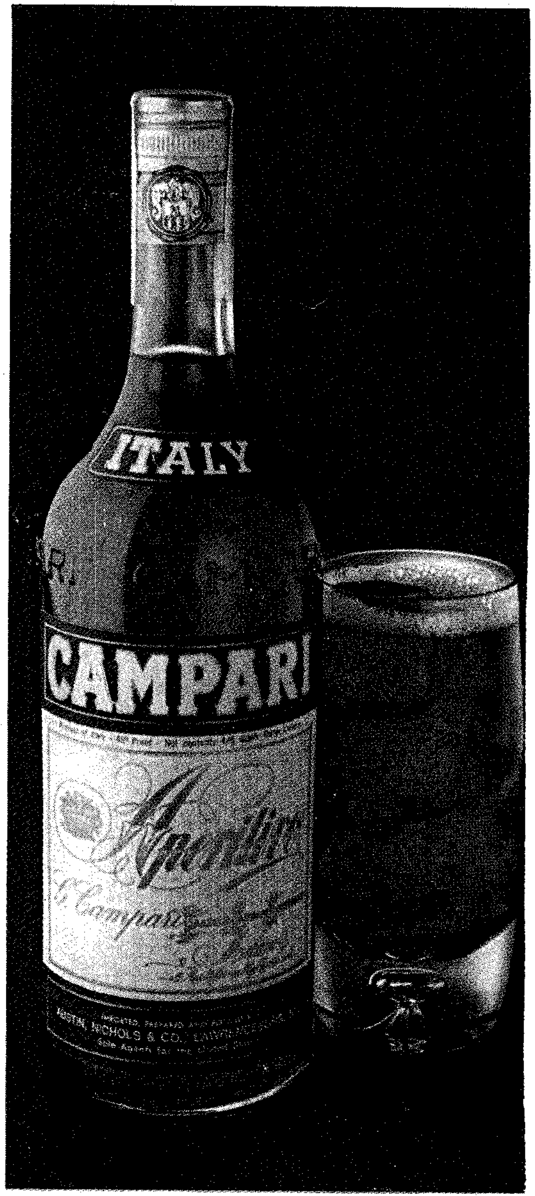


"Whenever I spot another Campari drinker I always honk my horn and wave."
—John Gray, Seattle.

"I first tried Campari on the Via Veneto in Rome and didn't care for it. But that was before I met Marcello."
—Greta Westfall, L.A.



"I never knew a foreign agent who didn't drink Campari."
—James Barker, Wash., D.C.



CAMPARI & SOD

Pour a jigger (1½ oz.) of Campari over ice in a tall glass. Add 4 ounces of club soda. Squeeze in a wedge of lemon or lime to taste, if desired.

You too can be in a Campari ad!

Just send your "Campari Quip" and a snapshot to P.O. Box 2782NY, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017. If selected, your photo, name and witticism will appear in a future Campari ad—and you'll receive $100. (Sorry, nothing can be returned.)